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The Iron Man

IN THIS ISSUE

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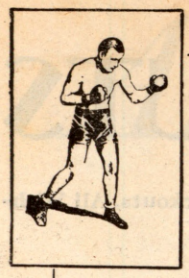

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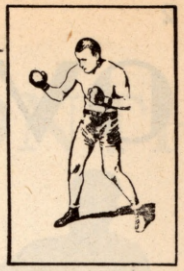

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Next Issue

The world's heavyweight championship fight between Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey will soon take place. The training methods of champion and challenger, the style of each, how they shape up—these are thoroughly discussed by Wilbur Wood, one of America's foremost boxing writers.

Newcomers are keeping the interest in fisticuffs alive. Sammy Fuller and Baby Arizmendi are among those who have attracted considerable attention. Read about them in the June number.

Who are the clouters of the present era? Charles F. Mathison discusses that in his inimitable style.

These, in addition to a continuation of the thrilling story of "The Prize Ring in New Orleans," by Clem G. Hearsey; the history of New England pugilism by "Doc" Almy; tales of the bare knuckle days by Arthur Lumley and A. D. Phillips, two veterans of sport; fiction by Daniel M. Daniel and special contributions by Nat Fleischer, Dan Morgan, "Tex" Austin, Joe Humphreys and Jack Curley.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Recently a reader of this great boxing magazine, wrote to Nat Fleischer, the Editor and Publisher, and asked if there was proof of Gus Martel's wonderful feat of scoring four knockouts in one night. Here is a copy of the letter that THE RING Editor sent in answer to his reader's request.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 1, 1922

The RING

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"World's Foremost Boxing Magazine"

EDITORIAL OFFICES
11 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. George Miller,
1745 Amsterdam Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Miller:

I'm sorry for the delay in answering your letter in - re the authenticity of the record of Gus Martel pertaining to his claim of having knocked out four men in one night.

I herewith want to go on record as stating that his claim is a bona-fide one, otherwise I would never have permitted it to be carried in his advertisement in my publication, The Ring. Here is the statement of Frank Ragan, former Alderman of Chicago, who handled Martel when he was in the ring, and to whom I appealed for the record.

"I knew Gus well. He was a great, two-fisted fighter. He developed the habit of knocking his opponents out either in one or two rounds. He was a whirlwind on attack and could hit as hard as they come. One of the most remarkable exhibitions I've ever seen or heard of, was that of Martel back in Chicago in 1905 when he clashed in a series of bouts at the Wateida Hall, Forty-seventh and Halstead Streets. He started off as a lightweight and after knocking his man cold in the first round, I found that my welterweight who was due to fight, did not appear, and I announced that Martel would fight the welter who was waiting for my man.

"Gus did the unexpected, by knocking him out also in one round. The crowd went wild over this feat and yelled for Gus to tackle a middleweight. Martel willingly obliged, for he was a most fearless fighter and we pitted him against a middleweight who went the way of the others-knocked cold in the first round.

"Pandemonium reigned and the crowd started to throw money into the ring in appreciation for what Martel had accomplished. Then came a yell for Gus to show against a heavier man and to avoid a possible riot, I induced Martel to tackle a light heavyweight and he was sent into dreamland in less than one minute of the second round.

"I have read of many sensational ring accomplishments, but I think you've got to hand it to Gus Martel for having set a world's record that night. His feat has never been repeated and I doubt will be duplicated in many years."

So there you are, Mr. Miller. I hope this answers your query - "Believe it or Not."

Sincerely,
NAT FLEISCHER
Editor Ring Magazine.

An Outcast for a Month

By Max Fleischer

AN "outcast" for only one month following his fiasco with Freddie Miller, Bat Battalino, who had his featherweight crown taken from him, was permitted to come back in the rôle of a welterweight and to fight both Eddie Ran and Billy Petrolle in Madison Square Garden and carry off as his end of the purses, about $25,000. When I wrote the editorial that appeared in the April issue of THE RING, little did I think that both the Madison Square Garden officials and the New York Boxing Commission would go back on their word and reinstate Battalino in order that two good matches could be made for the New York organization. Apparently they had forgotten the statements that they had issued when the National Boxing Association had suspended the Hartford fighter for trying to dispose of his featherweight crown to a stable mate.

For the sake of boxing, I am glad that the sport can have the services of Battalino, because he is too good a fighter, too great a fistic attraction to have on the sidelines, yet in the interests of clean sport, the New York Commission and the Garden should have penalized Bat for a few months instead of turning over a fortune to him immediately following his bold, brazen attempt to have deceived his army of supporters in that Cincinnati fiasco.

* * *

NOW that Battalino has fought such a hectic contest with Petrolle, everything will be forgiven and forgotten. Especially so, because he paid dearly for his sins in that bout. As Jack Hurley, manager of the Fargo Express remarked after the contest: "It seems that the boxing moguls of the country wanted Battalino punished for what he did in Cincinnati and they delegated an old man to chastise him. And how he obeyed!"

Bat paid, and he paid heavily. He did penance for his sins and now that the score has been evened, the fight fans are satisfied. They will forget with the hopes that henceforth that great little Connecticut fighter will abide by the rules of true sportsmanship and be a credit to the sport that has made him famous and wealthy.

* * *

PERHAPS Petrolle has taught Bat that lesson. I hope so. Fighters of Battalino's type are too scarce. Boxing needs them. They are the kind that will eventually bring back the good old days, but not while they permit manipulating managers to control them.

As for Battalino's showing against Petrolle, it was a revelation and so was the fighting of the Fargo Express. Unlike the shell-like attitude he assumed in his fight with Eddie Ran, Battalino fought viciously, openly, desperately, aggressively—against the Fargo Express. It was one of the most sensationally-fought battles of modern times, a fight with a note of savagery evident from the start and because of his brave showing against the master of the lightweights and welterweights, the veteran, battle-scared mid-westerner, I doff my cap to Battalino. From now on, I hope he'll steer clear of the machinations of the gang and be a credit to the sport.

* * *

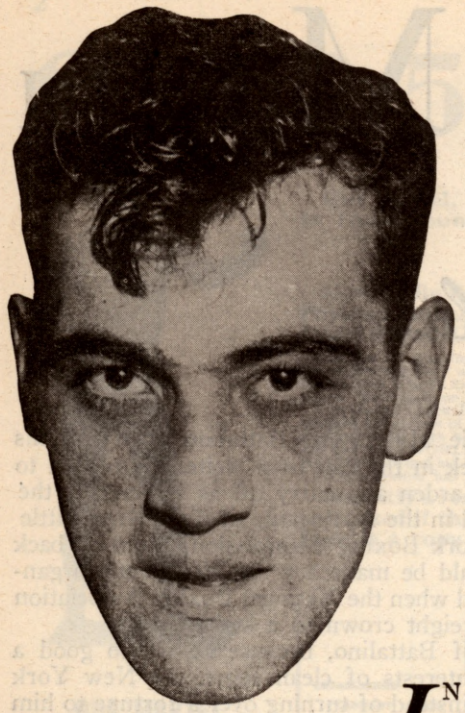
THE RING has no axes to grind. It acts at all times in the best interests of the sport. It often has taken to task the National Boxing Association, the New York Commission and others who rule the sport, playing no favorites at any time. The Battalino case, so far as New York is concerned, is ended. The betrayer of his followers has given up his featherweight crown and is now seeking both the lightweight and welterweight championships. Perhaps he will succeed in winning one. Billy Petrolle took care of him in the other.

THE RING wishes him luck in his campaign. But the fact still remains, that boxing would be far better off, had the New York Commission stood by its guns and kept Battalino on the sidelines for at least three months so that every source of income open to him in the sport which has made him wealthy, would have been taken from him. A circle of iron around him would have taught the Nutmeg State champion and those who would follow in his footsteps, that honesty is the best policy. Those who are permitted to become rich and to become public idols through the support of boxing fans, have certain ideals to live up to.

* * *

BUT how can boxing be kept clean? How can the sport be kept out of the hands of the shrewd gamblers when these, who through legislation are supposed to protect the sport, play directly into the hands of the unscrupulous by aiding their clever manipulations through the closing of their eyes to the wrongdoings of those who owe their very existence to boxing.

It is high time that politics in boxing be cast aside and that the protection to which the sport is entitled, be given it by those empowered by law to supervise pugilism. Spite work gets us nowhere. Regardless of the differences between the National Boxing Association and the New York Commission, the proper action of the Empire State Board, the ruling body of its kind in the world, would have been to stand hand-in-hand with the National members and keep Battalino from earning his livelihood for an indefinite period—a sufficient time to enable his brain to absorb the difference between right and wrong. Boxing has been used as a football too often and it is high time that politics be laid aside in the administration of the sport.



Primo Carnera, the Giant Venetian

The Outdoor Season

Garden Promoter Discusses Bouts That Will Throw Harpoon Into Kid Depression This Summer

By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

IN the March issue of THE RING, there appeared an article by Nate Lewis, promoter at the Chicago Stadium, "Fistic Attractions that Hold the Spotlight." In that article, Nate named twenty fights, which, he figured, would keep the pot boiling in fisticuffs throughout the spring and summer months. Heading his list, was a Dempsey-Schmeling fight; No. 2, was a Schmeling-Sharkey battle and No. 3, a Dempsey-Walker contest.

It is not my object to throw the harpoon into my old friend by criticising his choices, but recent developments, through contests that have taken place within the past month, indicate that aside from a possible return engagement between Dempsey and Levinsky and a Dempsey-Carnera fight in Chicago, if such can be arranged, something I have my doubts about—Jack Dempsey will figure little in the outstanding outdoor bouts next summer.

The reason is obvious. Where only a month ago, when the Levinsky-Dempsey contest had all the fight world agog, and Dempsey seemed the outstanding attraction, his mediocre showing against The Kingfish was so convincing so far as his failure to comeback is concerned, that there isn't a chance for him to become the attraction of old. The best that Jack Dempsey can now do is to continue to fight set-ups in hick towns, where the glamour of his name still holds sway, but the fact that Dempsey has conclusively proved that he cannot hope to mingle with success against the top notchers of the height weight class, Sharkey, Hamas, Schaaf, Poreda, and others, puts him out of consideration in the heavyweight picture for next summer.

Pity that it had to be so, for were Dempsey able to make a successful comeback, the outdoor season of 1932 would be the biggest boxing has experienced since the depression first hit the sport. There is no doubt about Dempsey still being the greatest magnet. Wherever he goes, he still packs 'em in, but when one is catering to the public as Nate Lewis and I must do for the respective organizations which we represent, financial success is not the only thing to which we must look forward.

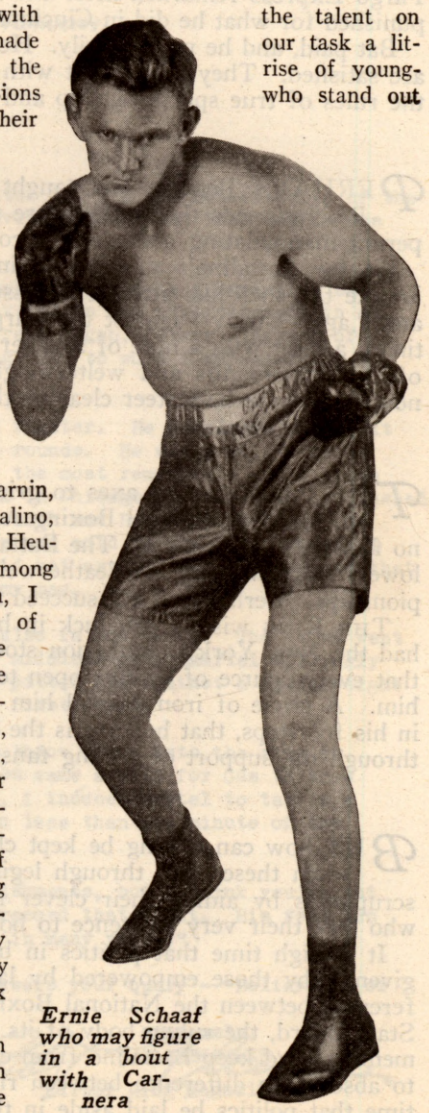
Pleasing the public is our biggest job and we cannot hope to overcome depression by putting one over on John Public. That is exactly what we would be doing, were we to pit Jack Dempsey against Schaaf, Sharkey or any other of the top flight among the heavies, knowing as we do, as does the public that pays the freight, that Dempsey cannot give a good account of himself for more than two to four rounds at most. Thus we must eliminate Dempsey and harp on others to make the outdoor season of 1932 a banner one and fortunately for boxing, there are more available cards with high class talent than have been possible in almost five years.

* * *

HEAVYWEIGHTS are not the only fighters one must consider when discussing the outdoor season. This year, the big time promoters of whom I am glad to be considered one, can run two excellent shows a month at the ball parks with the talent on hand. What has made our task a little easy this year, is the rise of young-sters in various divisions who stand out and who, through their possession of color, courage and that greatest of all assets —"sock" have attracted to themselves a following that may be depended upon, a class of fight fan who will turn out en masse to see their idols in action.

With Billy Petrolle, Jimmy McLarnin, Eddie Ran, Bat Battalino, Tony Canzoneri, Adolf Heuser and Ernie Schaaf among others to draw from, I can forsee a year of prosperity for the sport so far as the outdoor season is concerned. And then, added to the above, we have the former king of the lightweights, Benny Leonard, whose display of cleverness and hitting against the tough, two-fisted youngster, Billy McMahon, recently brought Leonard back with a bang.

Every now and then there does come forth one fighter to upset the



Ernie Schaaf who may figure in a bout with Carnera

dope so far as comebacks is concerned, and this year, it seems that Leonard is the boy who will gain fistic fame through a turn of the tide. I am not going to delve too deeply into the possibilities of Leonard succeeding because Harry Grayson has handled that subject exceedingly well in another part of this publication, but suffice it to say that if Benny makes good, boxing will emerge from its slump with a profit of close to half a million for the summer over and above the cost of the summer's fistic productions. I speak, of course, of all big attractions staged by the leading promoters of the East and Middle West.

If Benny makes good, and at this writing it seems certain he will, a McLarnin-Leonard and a Petrolle-Leonard bout will each be good for a $300,000 gate next summer in New York. Especially so the former, for that would be a natural more so than was the great Tendler-Leonard bout of a few years ago. Is it any wonder that I am rooting hard for Benny to make good? Leonard has a tentative agreement with me for an outdoor shot with McLarnin and if he comes through in his test contests, I will stage the battle with McLarnin in August.

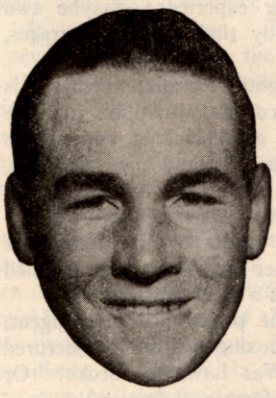
* * *

SO much so for the boys in the divisions lower than the heavyweights, for, as my readers are aware, the most-talked of fight in recent years, the return engagement between Sharkey and Schmeling, will be the chief attraction of the outdoor season. That tilt will see, in my opinion, the return of close to the million dollar gate.

There never was a fight that could be termed a better natural than this one. For almost two years it has been the talk of the fistic universe, and regardless of financial conditions, I'll venture there isn't a fight fan who won't try his utmost to be among those present at the ringside when the bell clangs to send the boys on their way.

Unlike heavyweight championships of the past, the fight will be brought within the range of every fight fan. It is our aim to popularize this show and because of the unsatisfactory ending of the first encounter which was won by Schmeling on a foul, the prices will be scaled so that it will be within the range of the ordinary layman. That the Sharkey-Schmeling encounter will be a great affair, is the opinion of every fistic expert. It will be a grudge battle and as such will be a hair raiser. That is why I predict a banner throng in attendance.

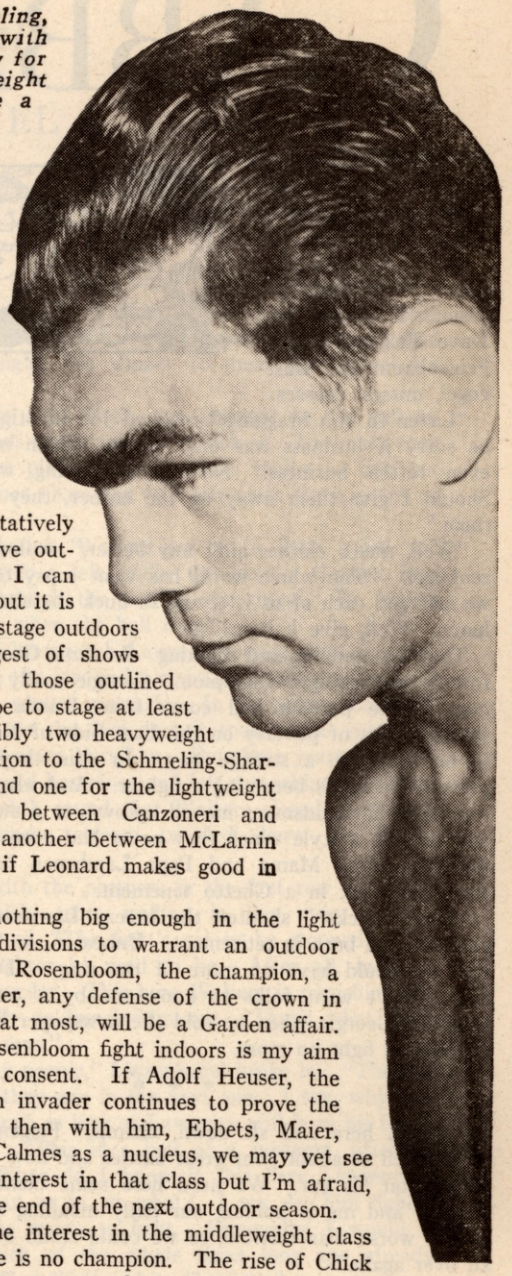
I have definite assurance from Leon See, manager of Primo Carnera, that if Carnera comes back here instead of going to South America, he will appear under the auspices of Madison Square Garden. In which case, I will do my utmost to clinch a match between Carnera and that great Boston fighter, Schaaf. I consider Schaaf one of the greatest fighters of the age and in view of what happened in the battle which I staged between the Venetian Gondolier and Schaaf's manager, Jack Sharkey, last summer, I feel confident that a fight between Ernie and Primo will be one of the biggest outdoor attractions in this city. That is one of my headliners for an outdoor show.



Jimmy McLarnin, who may meet Benny Leonard

I still think that Mickey Walker will be a good attraction in New York, and I hope for Micky's sake, that his manager, Jack Kearns, will see fit to stop his idleness and get him started soon. If it is agreeable to Kearns, I shall be happy to stage an outdoor fight between Walker and Schaaf, an attraction that I think would draw $200,000 or more.

Max Schmeling, whose bout with Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight title will be a "Natural"



I HAVE tentatively arranged five outdoor shows. I can put in more, but it is my object to stage outdoors only the biggest of shows among them, those outlined above. I hope to stage at least one and possibly two heavyweight cards in addition to the Schmeling-Sharkey battle, and one for the lightweight championship, between Canzoneri and Petrolle, and another between McLarnin and Leonard if Leonard makes good in his comeback.

There is nothing big enough in the light heavyweight divisions to warrant an outdoor show. With Rosenbloom, the champion, a colorless fighter, any defense of the crown in that division at most, will be a Garden affair. A Nichols-Rosenbloom fight indoors is my aim if they will consent. If Adolf Heuser, the latest German invader continues to prove the socking fool, then with him, Ebbets, Maier, Nichols and Calmes as a nucleus, we may yet see a revival of interest in that class but I'm afraid, not before the end of the next outdoor season.

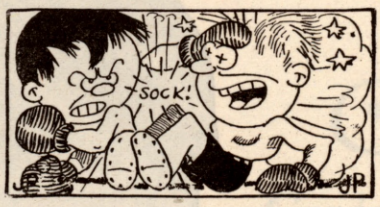
Likewise the interest in the middleweight class in which there is no champion. The rise of Chick Devlin, Coast scrapper, who recently eliminated Young Terry, has added interest to that division, but there are not sufficient high class men in that section to warrant talking about.

The welters command the respect of all promoters for in that group, as already outlined, are to be found pugilism's greatest sockers, and as such, the most colorful and biggest drawing cards. With Petrolle, who has temporarily taken the place of Jimmy McLarnin as the fistic idol of the East; Ran, McLarnin and Battalino to draw from, an excellent outdoor card can be arranged.

A Canzoneri-Petrolle fight and possibly a Canzoneri-Battalino tilt, will be one of the Eastern outdoor headliners. Then I have also Sammy Fuller as an ace. That gives me four good men to choose from among the lightweights.

I cannot see where the boys in the divisions under the lightweights can be expected to do much in an outdoor attraction, unless I am able to get together a card that will have three championships for decision on one night—the feather, bantam and flyweight. Such a card would draw well. I would then have Mastro, Lew Feldman and Freddie Miller from which to select the principals for the featherweight clash; Al Brown against Baby Arizmendi, latest California sensation in a bantam championship mill and Young Perez or Young Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa vs. Midget Wolgast to settle the flyweight dispute. This, at $5.00 tops, would draw well.

"CABBAGE EARS"



THEY met in Braunfinkel's restaurant, during the luncheon rush. "Don't ask me, business is rotten," said Dave Feigenbaum, of Feigenbaum and Lustvogel, misses' dresses.

"Listen to him bragging," moaned Joe Lichtig. "I wouldn't be sorry if business was only rotten. With me, there ain't even rotten business. Nobody is buying women's coats. Should I give them away on the corner, they wouldn't take them."

"Well, men's clothes ain't any better," wailed Charley Linzenkugel. "The whole world has went topsy turvy and here we are, and each of us is trying to duck the check for a $2.40 lunch. Well, give it here!"

They sat smoking and thinking. In came Georgie Lawrence, former welterweight champion. Georgie really was a Landsman, whose parents had come from Russia and struggled through days of poverty on the East Side of New York, only to be repaid in a strange way. In vain they had tried to prevent Georgie's becoming a fighter. And when the title became his the Landsmans moved uptown, to a swell apartment, and lived in a style which they never had even dreamed of in the days when Mama and Papa Landsman had shared the janitorial work in a Ghetto tenement.

"How's tricks?" shouted the breezy Lawrence. For three years he had been in retirement. Unbeaten, he had announced that he would have no more of the ring. "I've got dough, and I don't want folks to know me by a cauliflower ear," chuckled Georgie when he told the newspaper boys about his decision to fight no more.

* * *

"COME here and sit down, champ," Feigenbaum invited. "Tell us about your great battles and how you stood Kid Stinger on his ear. We need here some comedy. Joe and Charley and me is holding our daily moaning session. Business is worse than terrible, so we could stand even your story all over again."

"The trouble with you birds is you can't take it," laughed Lawrence. "You wouldn't go so well in the ring. When you get hit, that's the time to rally. Don't lie on the canvas taking the long count when you really can stand up and exchange punches with trouble."

"Listen to that guy," ejaculated Linzenkugel. "He's got accounts in five banks, with three apartment houses, and he sits there and kids us, which you understand if we knew where the next payroll was coming from, we would be magicians even."

Lawrence stopped laughing. "That's a good one, that is—those accounts in five banks," he replied. "Listen, you birds. Ever hear of Gilman and Flacks stocks? Ever hear how they crashed a hundred points? Well, wise little Georgie was down on that, hook, line and sinker. You've got troubles? Fellows, I am almost busted myself."

Feigenbaum, Lichtig and Linzenkugel looked at each other. "Well, not all the dummies is in the women's coats business," Lichtig said. "There seems to be suckers in other lines—even among smart Alecks like boxing champions."

* * *

THEY sat a while and smoked up. Feigenbaum finally broke the silence. In fact, Dave Feigenbaum, of Feigenbaum and Lustvogel, misses' dresses, broke into a war whoop. Jake Vasservogel, eating his noodle soup at the next table, swallowed a marrow ball whole, and almost choked.

"Listen, I got an idea which might make us rich—all four of us," Dave explained. "All you got to do, Georgie, is to come out of retirement. We form a syndicate and underwrite you for, let us say—well, $30,000. Ten grand apiece. Then we split the profits fifty to the fighter, fifty among the three of us.

"In one year we own maybe Madison Square Garden, and to hell with the garment industry and worrying about Cohen and Kelly in Seattle not being checked. The fight business, anyhow, can't be any worse than what we are trying to do now, with all them failures. How about it?"

"The question is if this here Lawrence feller is any good any more," broke in the cautious Linzenkugel. "Three years ago he is a champion, but now he is maybe like Jake Lieberman, which he is my designer for years and retires, and when he comes back he thinks the styles of years ago is in vogue and he makes me a line which not even the people in Painted Post would buy in Kelly's basement bargain counter. Retirements is tricky things. Now, my wife's cousin—"

"Don't worry about my being good," said Lawrence, his pride injured. "I work out every day in Hillman's gym, and if I can't knock out all them palookas which I see around there, then I never was a champ, and my name is Mud."

"Well, where I am going to find ten thousand smackers is another story," broke in Lichtig. "But the proposition sounds interesting and I am for calling another meeting to talk things over."

* * *

THAT night the boxing firm of Feigenbaum, Lichtig and Linzenkugel was formed, with a paid in capital of $30,000. Georgie Lawrence was to come out of retirement and stage a campaign for the reclaiming of the welterweight championship.

The firm was to give Lawrence a check for the $30,000 at once, and the fighter was to guarantee appearance in his first comeback bout within a period of three months.

"The first thing we do is we got to hire a press agent," announced Lichtig.

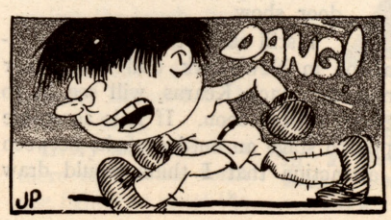
"Sounds reasonable to me," agreed Linzenkugel. "My wife's second cousin, Benny Smith, is a reporter on the Bronx Family Fireside and he's got long experience—maybe two years. He knows all the fighters by their batting averages, or something."

"That stuff is old. Now, my daughter Rosalie, which she is completing a course in journalism college, would be just the thing," said Feigenbaum. "She is good looking and she is smart, and I think a girl press agent would give us class, anyway. How about it?"

"I don't know about this girl press agent gag, but it's something different, anyway, and might create a stir," Lawrence agreed. "I suppose she takes after her dad, wears horn rimmed glasses and low heeled shoes and has a wart on her nose."

The Lawrence comeback, with the pretty girl press agent, certainly did create a stir. The boxing writers conjectured as to the reason for the move. Was Lawrence broke? Or had gay romance finally bitten the former champion?

For a while gorgeous Rosalie Feigenbaum got a bigger play in the public prints than Lawrence himself. She was photographed and interviewed, and she knew enough about the fighter and fights, and the argot of the ring, to make "swell copy."



Feigenbaum Wouldn't Have Them on His Son-in-Law, and a Comeback Fails

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Lawrence got sore. He called a special meeting of the cloaks and suits syndicate and protested.

"Who's making this comeback, me or Miss Rosalie Feigenbaum?" he shouted. "Look at this"—and he shoved a copy of the News under their assembled noses. "Girl Press Agent Predicts Title for Lawrence; Romance Hinted in Georgie's Comeback," he read. "What am I, a movie actor or something?"

Miss Feigenbaum blushed, then laughed. "It feels great to have a famous fighter jealous," she said.

"Jealous hell, Miss Feigenbaum, but we aren't getting anywhere with the plan. If you want me to be the press agent and you want to do the fighting, it's okeh with me."

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence," gurgled the girl. Georgie turned red in the face and wheeled from the scene.

* * *

THE next day, at Forty-Second Street and Broadway, Lawrence ran into Marty Walters. For several years, while Georgie was champion, Marty had tried in vain to get a fight with him. Lawrence hated Marty, and despite the fact that a Lawrence-Walters battle would have filled any stadium, Georgie had refused to give Marty a chance at big money.

Walters' henchmen had hinted that Lawrence had retired through fear of Marty.

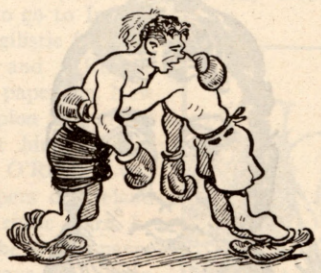
"So you're coming back, eh?" Walters laughed. "Sounds like a press gag to me. What are you going to sell—face powder or something? With that gal press agent, you can't be serious about fighting. Or are you going to open a dress shop?"

Well, you must have read about it in the papers. Walters made some wise-crack about Rosalie, and the next thing Broadway and Forty-Second Street knew the great Lawrence-Walters battle, which had eluded $600,000 houses, was on in full blast.

The cops separated the combatants. The story was played for all it was worth by Rosalie.

Officer Mullarkey corroborated it all. Walters had a mouse under his left eye. Lawrence's right knuckles were bruised. The firm of Feigenbaum, Lichtig and Linzenkugel was in high glee that day.

"That fight will come off now—and I can feel the dough already," ejaculated Feigenbaum.



Weeks went by. Lawrence worked every day. It was hard labor. The return to the severe regimen of the gymnasium and the morning road work left their imprint on Lawrence's face. He looked peaked.

Three months after the signing of the contract, Lawrence made his first appearance of the comeback campaign. He beat Louie Snooks, a second rater, in Boston. Snooks proved a tough bird. In the second round he had shaken Lawrence with a right to the jaw. In his prime Georgie had eluded blows of that sort.

"My judgment of distance is a little off," he explained to the syndicate. "Another six weeks, and I'll go again."

Two months later he fought Special Delivery Harrigan at the St. Vincent Club in New York, and it was another tough fight. Harrigan, a ham and egger, repeatedly caught Lawrence on the chin, and Georgie began to worry.

"I have been taking off weight too fast. I need a little layoff," he told the partners.

"Listen to him! He lays off three years, and now after a few weeks, he wants a vacation on our time," Linzenkugel protested.

"Well, you birds will take it and like it," snarled Lawrence. "I ain't going to endanger this comeback by rushing it. I want to protect your dough and you can't see it."

Feigenbaum broke the tension. "Georgie is right. He knows how he feels. If he wants a rest, it's okeh with me."

* * *

THE next fight was better. The fourth scrap was still a greater improvement. The buildup was perfect. Finally the big match was arranged for the Garden—the long delayed Lawrence-Walters fight, the winner to meet Kid Nagel for the title.

The big arena in New York was jammed to the rafters. The first three rounds weren't much to look at. Lawrence took it easy and Walters played a cagy game, trying to find out how much the former champion had left after three years on the shelf.

In the fourth session, Walters put on a little speed and rocked Lawrence with a left under the heart. Georgie held hard and stalled through the rest of the round. He looked pale under the gills when the bell rang.

The fifth saw Walters reach Lawrence's nose with a terrific right. Two lefts to the jaw and a right over the left eye made Lawrence a not so pretty spectacle. In his prime, Lawrence had prided himself on the fact that it took a real contender to muss his hair, let alone hurt him. But three years in retirement had taken the old Lawrence and left a mocking substitute.

It was in the eighth round that Walters closed Lawrence's right eye. A crimson stream trickled down the former champion's face.

Rosalie, sitting with the partners in the first row, looked at Lawrence in anguish, tears welling in her eyes.

Feigenbaum insisted, "The fight's got to be stopped. Lawrence is not the fighter he used to be. After all, men, we can't stand for a murder. This here Walters is punishing him without trying really to knock him out. That's what Spike Kelly, the trainer, says."

"Fighters is funny people," Linzenkugel broke in. "They are out one round and they win in the next one. I say, why take chances with our dough as long as Lawrence still is on his feet?"

Lichtig moaned. "This is a hell of a business, after all. What do I know if this here Lawrence is out or in, or what? I say, let him fight if he wants to fight. Personally, I would be sick of the whole thing long ago already. That Walters hits like iron."

* * *

IN the ninth, Feigenbaum rushed to Kelly. "Throw up the bottle or toss in the sponge or do something," he shouted to the chief second. "This Lawrence is so dumb he don't know when he has enough."

"What makes you so anxious to end this here fight?" Linzenkugel protested.

"I should have a son-in-law with a busted nose and cabbage ears!" shouted Feigenbaum.

"Lawrence?" asked Linzenkugel.

"Who then, you dummox?" shouted Feigenbaum.

"A son-in-law?" Linzenkugel asked again.

"You said it," replied Feigenbaum.

* * *

Eight months elapsed. They met in Braunfinkel's Restaurant during the luncheon rush hour.

"Say, Feigenbaum, that was nice of Georgie to return our thirty thousand smackers," jubilated Linzenkugel.

"Sure it was. He must have struck a gold mine in Honolulu where he says he's having a great time with my Rosalie."

The PRIZE RING

The story of Old and Modern Fighters in the making of lurid history and colorful romance in the famous Creole center

By Clem G. Hearsey

(This is the first of a series of articles by a veteran newspaperman who reported all the old time fights in New Orleans and was an authority on the sport. A few weeks after he had completed the series for The Ring, *he died.)*

WHEN Deaf Burke, the English champion, smashed and battered Simon Byrne, the Irish aspirant to the pugilistic crown, and stretched him unconscious and dying on the soggy turf of St. Alban's "No Man's Land," a blood feud was started which reached across the Atlantic, and saw its final chapter written in fierce blows and riotous scenes on the oak-lined banks of Bayou St. John, on the outskirts of romantic old New Orleans.

Burke and the brave Irishman Byrne fought for the British championship close to St. Alban's, England's famous cathedral city, on the 30th of May in the year 1833. It was a cruel fight, with bare knuckles, London Rules, and went through 99 rounds, lasting three hours and sixteen minutes.

Poor Byrne died four days later, and Burke and his seconds were tried for manslaughter at the Hertford Assizes, in July and acquitted.

That fight, although thousands of miles away, had its sensational sequel in New Orleans, and was the means of bringing to the great southern city, afterwards so famous in the history of the Prize Ring, the first recognized champion of a foreign country.

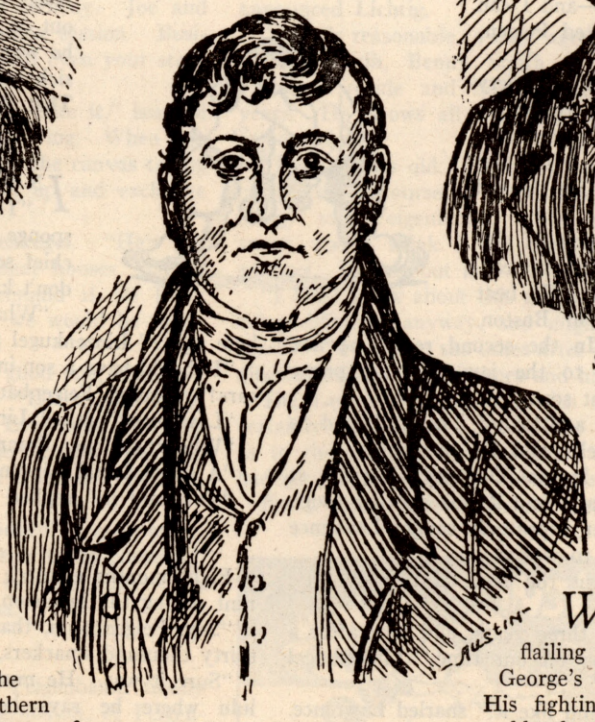
It all came about through the mad desire of Samuel O'Rourke, a brawny, heavy-fisted Hibernian, to avenge the death of his countryman, Byrne, and wipe away in blood, the stain on Ireland's pugilistic honor. O'Rourke was a fighter and a good one. He is credited with having introduced prize fighting, after the English fashion, in New Orleans along about 1829.

O'Rourke kept a tavern in Decatur Street, just below the French Market, in one of the roughest sections of the New Orleans river front. Having amassed a lot of money through gambling, and handling contraband from the ships at the wharves, he took a vacation in 1833 and went home to Ireland to see his kin folks.

Deaf Burke

Andrew Marsden

Samuel O'Rourke



Simon Byrne

* * *

WHILE he was in Ireland, news of Byrne's death under the flailing fists of Burke, came across St. George's Channel, and O'Rourke saw red. His fighting spirit was aroused and of a sudden he felt himself called upon to avenge

in NEW ORLEANS

The end of the Marsden-Marsaud tragedy

his race. In his early days he had won several mills in Ireland. With Byrne dead, O'Rourke elected to call himself the Irish Champion. It was under this high sounding title that he challenged Burke to combat on the turf.

He published the following rather verbose defiance in Stewart's Despatch, a combination news and sporting paper of Dublin:

"Mr. Samuel O'Rourke, Champion of Ireland, has returned from America and is ready to fight Deaf Burke for 200 pounds ($1,000) or 500 pounds ($2,500) a side in a twenty-four foot ring on the Curragh of Kildare in one or two months from this date. His money is ready at No. 9 Eden Quay. His challenge would have appeared earlier but for the fact that it might have injured Burke in the late trial for the manslaughter of Byrne."

Burke was riled at the tone of the challenge and the reference to the man he had killed in the ring, and he was for setting off for Ireland at once to take up O'Rourke's cartel. But Burke's backers dissuaded him from the venture. They pointed out that it might not be wise for him to go to Ireland so soon after the death of the Emerald Isle's pugilistic favorite.

Nothing came of the challenge, however, and O'Rourke crossed over to America and published in the papers in New York and New Orleans, that the English champion was afraid of him, and through Burke's refusal to fight him, he was minded to claim the British championship. O'Rourke was lauded as a hero in some of the sectional papers of Ireland and America and was commended for the patriotic spirit he had displayed in recording a solemn oath that he would never rest until he had avenged the death of Erin's brave son, Simon Byrne.

* * *

BACK in New Orleans, O'Rourke, to stimulate the business of his tavern which had suffered in his absence, opened a boxing club in the rear of the place, and every night there were savage set-tos with the gloves, in which sailors, rivermen and smugglers from Lafitte, the Pirate's old lair down on Baritaria Lake, figured.

In the course of a few months, those impromptu bouts developed a rugged and punishing fighter—Marsaud, by name. Marsaud was a Frenchman, who as a boy had been a powder monkey on one of Lafitte's ships, and he was a man of fierce courage and brutal purpose. In a little while nobody could stand before Marsaud, and just to test his mettle, O'Rourke, who had assumed his management, tried him out in a bare-knuckle fight against a powerful negro slave, hired for the occasion from his master, a butcher named Pitot.

Although the black was a giant in size and a bullock in strength, Marsaud, with the skill acquired from O'Rourke's instruction, soon knocked him out of time. The fight was a secret enterprise on an island in the swamps, as the law of Louisiana exacted the death penalty of a negro slave who struck a white man.

An English ship arrived in port, and one of the sailors was a hulk of a fellow named Andrew Marsden, who claimed to have been a pupil of the famous British champion Jem Ward, and to have fought a draw with the redoubtable Jack Carter. Marsden appeared at O'Rourke's tavern, engaged successfully in a few rough-and-tumble battles with some of the rowdies present, and then far gone in raw rum, leaped on the stage and challenged O'Rourke himself to a fight under Broughton's rules for ten pounds side bet.

O'Rourke laughed at the challenge. Taking the stage and placing his arm around the blustering Englishman's shoulder in a friendly manner, he told Marsden that if he wanted to risk his ten pounds, there was a good fight waiting for him. Marsaud, O'Rourke's man, was summoned from the tap room, snarled insultingly at the sailor, and agreed to fight him then and there or any other time and place that might be selected.

Early next morning—several hours having been allowed Marsden to sober up—O'Rourke and his gangsters repaired to Chalmette Battle Field, below the city, where some years before Jackson's raw recruits had repulsed the brave onslaught of Pakenham's British veterans, and saved New Orleans from sack and pillage. On this historic Plain of Victory, within sight of the imposing Villere plantation house, where generations of Louisiana's aristocracy had lived in a sort of feudal magnificence, the twenty-four-foot ring was pitched, and Marsaud and Marsden toed the scratch for bitter fistic argument.

* * *

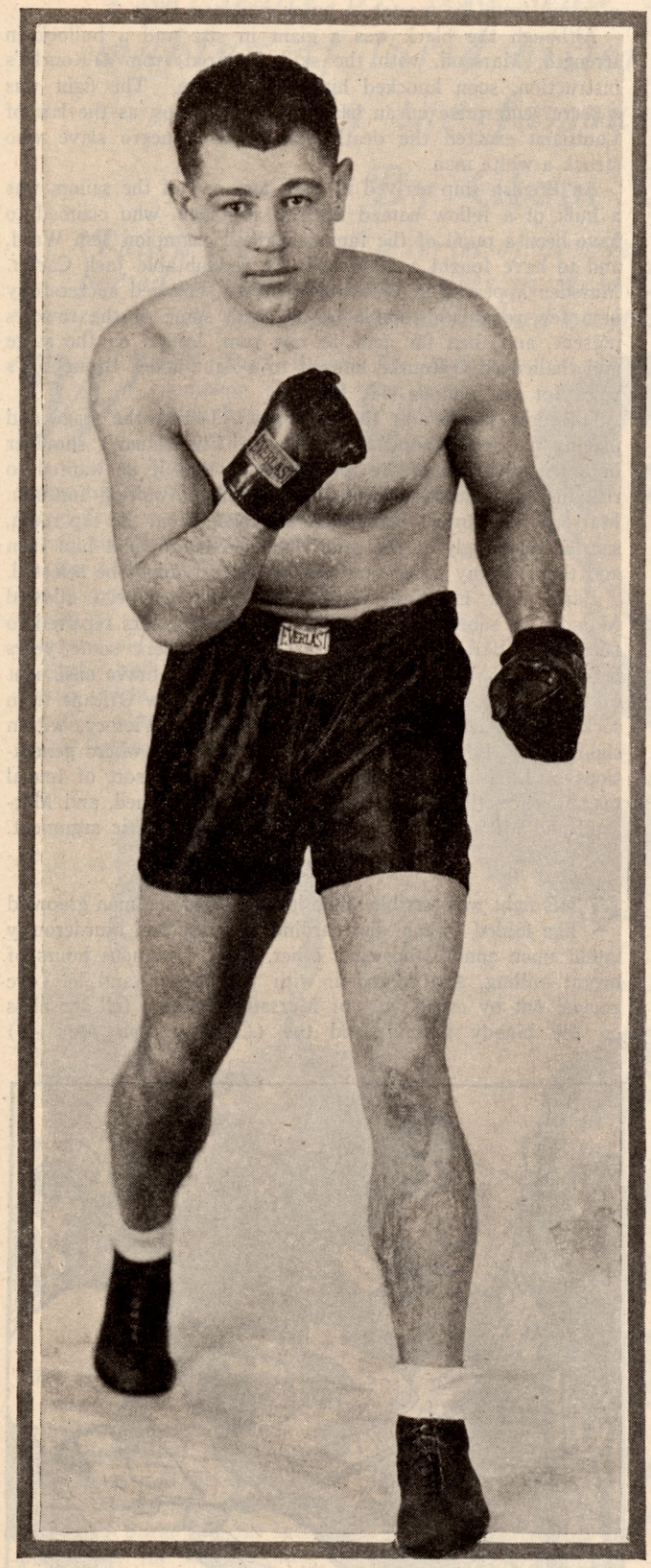
THE fight was terrible while it lasted and the men grappled like fabled Titans, disregarding all rules, and murderously intent upon annihilating each other. Two strenuous hours of brutal milling, and Marsden, with jaw broken and left eye gouged out by cruel twist of Marsaud's thumb, fell senseless on the bloody ground, and the (*Continued on page* 40)

The blow that caused the death of Simon Byrne at the hands of Deaf Burke

The Bull-dog of the Ring

Adolph Heuser, light-heavyweight champion of Germany, latest fistic sensation, carries T.N.T. in either mitt

By Dave Eagan



Adolph Heuser, a member of the Sharkey-Schaaf stable

ADOLPH HEUSER, light-heavyweight champion of Germany, who came to this country but a few months ago with the intention of gaining a match with Maxie Rosenbloom for the world's title is already knocking in a very loud and insistent manner at the door of Maxie. Heuser shapes up very much as though capable of removing the crown from the Broadway "Play-Boy."

Heuser arrived last November and made his first start at Cleveland at the all-star show conducted by the Cleveland *News* for its Christmas Basket Fund. Heuser met Patsy Perroni of Cleveland in a six-round bout. Others on the card included Ernie Schaaf vs. Frankie Simms, Paul Pirrone vs. Lou Brouillard and Billy Wallace vs. Frank Bojorski. Despite this large assortment of fistic stars, it was Heuser who proved the sensation.

Getting away to a slow start, due to his inexperience with the American system and referees, Heuser came on like a house afire in the last three rounds only to have the officials vote for Perroni. The decision did not meet with the approval of the fans, but Heuser didn't mind the reverse. He had made his mark in America. At least so he felt after the rounds of applause that had greeted his performance. The boys were rematched to meet on January 4, but an automobile accident to Perroni prevented their facing each other.

After the fight with Perroni, Heuser was matched to meet Pietro Corri at Portland, Maine, and Corri was knocked out in the third round. Al Rodriquez of California, next tried his hand against the German, and he was knocked out in one round at the Boston Garden. Then came Tony Ferrante of New York, who went out in two rounds at the Ridgewood Grove Club.

* * *

ON the card that brought Jack Dempsey into the ring with K. O. Christner at Cleveland, Heuser faced George Manley of Denver, in the feature ten-rounder. At that time Manley was rated as third best light-heavyweight in the country. Manley gave very little opposition to the aggressive and hard-punching German and was knocked out in the fourth round.

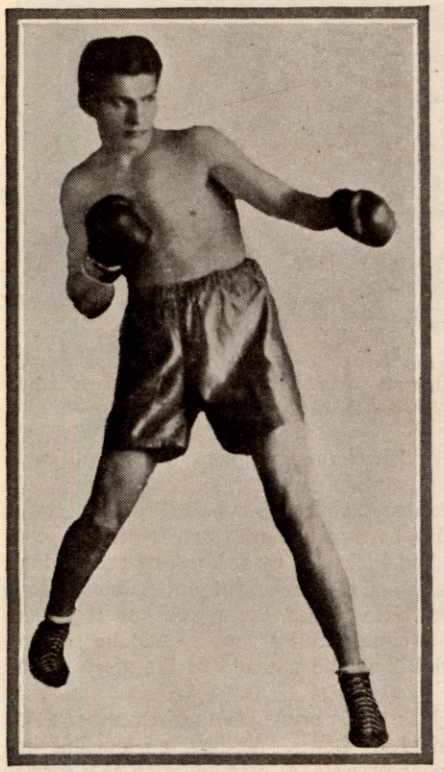
George had made several trips to the canvas and finally was knocked down with a right to the jaw in the fourth. Although he regained his feet at the count of nine, his manager, Suey Welch, tossed in the towel. Manley gamely congratulated his conqueror and assured him that his efforts would be crowned with success in this country.

Naturally that fight brought prestige to Heuser. His manager received numberless offers for his services. Los Angeles and San Francisco promoters, Jimmy Johnston of the New York Garden, Billy Ames from Boston and Nate Lewis of Chicago, all came through with offers for Heuser's services. He may be whipped before this story appears, but that won't alter the fact that Heuser is one of the best prospects developed abroad since Schmeling made his mark.

Following the bout with Manley, (*Continued on page* 42)

PITTSBURGH'S FISTIC HOPES

By William Pikor



Teddy Yarosz, welterweight flash

HARRY GREB, the original "Pittsburgh Windmill," planted Pittsburgh in the garden of fistiana. Frank Moran supplied the seeds. In the same sector, which developed Greb and Moran, scores of good fighters sprouted, but none scaled the championship heights as did Frank Klaus and Harry Greb. The Zivic boys, Pete and Jack, came close. Likewise Johnny Ray and Cuddy DeMarco. But the fact remains that only two Pittsburgh-developed ringmen were credited with possessing world championships. Frank Moran, internationally known as the owner of the famous "Mary Ann," fought Jack Johnson and Jess Willard when Black Jack and Big Jess ruled the roost, but Moran failed in his quest for the crown.

After a long spell, it looks like this district is ready to spring a fistic surprise. The present crop of Pittsburgh glove-tossers constitutes several promising boys who are coming up rapidly. They are Teddy Yarosz, Battling Gizzy and Mose Butch. From this array of talent may develop the Smoky City's next world champion.

Yarosz possesses the most impressive record. At this writing, Yarosz has engaged in forty-nine encounters in the professional ranks and has won all. His opponents include practically every welterweight of note in Eastern Ohio, West Virginia and the Pittsburgh district.

His first foothold on national prominence came when he defeated Bucky Lawless, the Syracuse veteran, who at that time twice conquered the then champion, Young Jack Thompson. One of these was an "over-the-weight" affair and the other just before Thompson gained the title a second time.

The victory over Lawless established Yarosz as a contender. He remains unbeaten as this goes to print. Ray Foutts, Teddy's capable manager, is a promoter at East Liverpool, Ohio, where Teddy worked himself up. Yarosz turned pro in 1930—having fought his initial contest at Junction Park Arena at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, near Monaca, where Teddy makes his home. Recently, on Christmas Day to be exact, Teddy defeated Jimmy Belmont for the welterweight supremacy of the Pittsburgh district. Teddy is out to win the crown now resting on the dome of Jackie Fields.

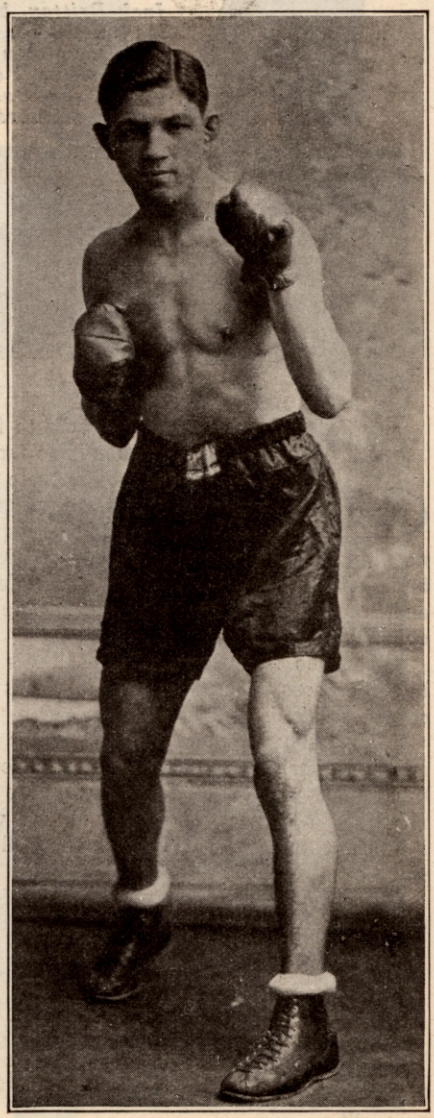
* * *

POSSIBLY the most interesting fighter in the Smoky City sector to-day is Battling Gizzy, "The Donora Windmill." Gizzy is referred to as the "Pittsburgh Windmill, II," for no other reason than his unorthodox style of boxing—the style that "made" Harry Greb famous. "The Donora Windmill" is a boxing gem of consistency. One can always depend on the Battler to bring home the bacon. At any rate this has been so for the last few years.

The secret of Gizzy's winning streak lies in his whirlwind fighting style. Gizzy lands punches from all angles every minute he is in the ring. That is why he is dangerous. He may yet reach the top.

Opponents who seem to have every possible advantage over him have fallen before his unorthodox method, among them Sammy Dorfman of New York, Roger Bernard, Eddie Brannon, Benny McArthur, Johnny Chiodo, Eddie O'Dowd, Windy Meyers, Harry Forbes, Mickey Doyle, Al (Rube) Goldberg, Babe Ruth, Ray Collins and Joey Boychan. Unlike Yarosz, the Donora boy has been knocked out several times early in his career but right now the famous Battler is in the midst of a streak which he hopes will land him near the top. He has been going like a house afire.

Next in our discussion of Pittsburgh championship prospects is a southpaw who is raising havoc among the bantamweight leaders. He is Mose Butch, a rugged, chunky, two-fisted fighter with a wicked wallop in either mitt. His southpaw stance, combined with aggressiveness, is enough to offset any opposition. He has had most of his opponents on the floor, which proves he packs a punch. His most notable knockout victories were scored over (*Continued on page* 43)



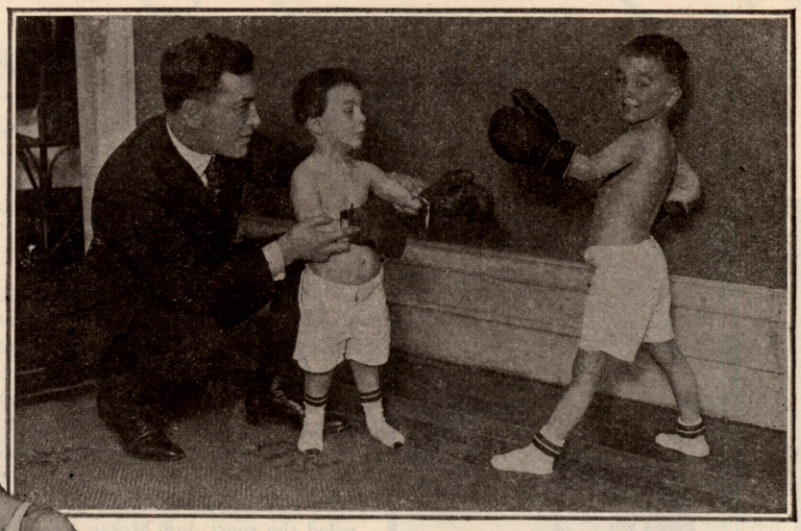
Battling Gizzy, speedy lightweight contender

The BRITTONS FIGHT ON

Bob and Bill Hope to Follow in Footsteps of Their Illustrious Dad

By

EDWARD MERRILL



Dad Britton taught his boys how to box at an early age. Here's Bobby, (left), two years old, sparring with brother Billy, four, when Jack was the welterweight king

Jack Britton, boxing instructor of the Downtown A. C. of New York, giving son Bob a few pointers.

SOME boxers like their sons to follow their example. Others abhor the game in so far as successors in the family are concerned. So there is no set rule.

Jack Britton, the old campaigner, Britton who was the world's welterweight champion in his day, has no illusions about the financial possibilities of the sport. But he is quite willing to have his two boys follow in his footsteps and become professional gladiators. Here is what he told me about it recently:

"Bob, who is boxing professionally, is the second born of my three sons. The older boy's name is Bill. Jackie is just seven—so his debut is a long way off.

"Bob has had six fights to date, four in New Jersey, and two in Miami. He has won one decision, lost one and another bout was called a draw. In the remaining three he received newspaper decisions. Fighting weight, 112 lbs. He is growing rapidly, and I expect he will be a bantamweight shortly.

"Bill, two years older than Bob, is considering boxing professionally. I have not tried to influence either boy in this step, feeling it best that they, themselves, get the urge. Both boys box often together for various charities, and it is hard to tell which is the better of the two. They are of equal weights.

"Bob's ultimate ambition is to be a sports writer and cartoonist, and some of his cartoons and his first fight story have already been published in his high school magazine.

"Being a 'modest' father, I see championship possibilities in the younger Britton generation."

Britton has no illusions, and he knows that ring history is against success for his boys as boxers. But for many years boxing was very kind to Jack. He made the ring the medium for scientific demonstration of the highest order. He made a lot of money fighting. He gained the respect of the sport world by making it a clean, earnest career. And he sees no reason why Bob and Bill should not add to the glory of the Britton name.

We all remember Jack in his prime. We all remember those great fights with Ted "Kid" Lewis. We have an indelible impression of Jack's boxing prowess, of his reputation as a sportsman. To Jack, boxing is all clean. Why not two more Brittons in the professional ring?

Those who have seen Bob say he has a fine future in the ring. He's growing fast and in a few years should be up in the weight in which Jack became famous.

It is significant that the family has adopted the name which Britton took as a nomme de ring. As you know, Jack was born a Breslin, Breslins they really all are, in that home on Valentine Lane, in Yonkers, N. Y. But Jack made the name Britton so famous—a byword for clean sport and fine reputation—that the whole family is glad to be known as the Brittons.

In choosing a ring career, Bob and Bill Britton have gone in quest of fame that is exceedingly fleeting and elusive for the sons of fighters.

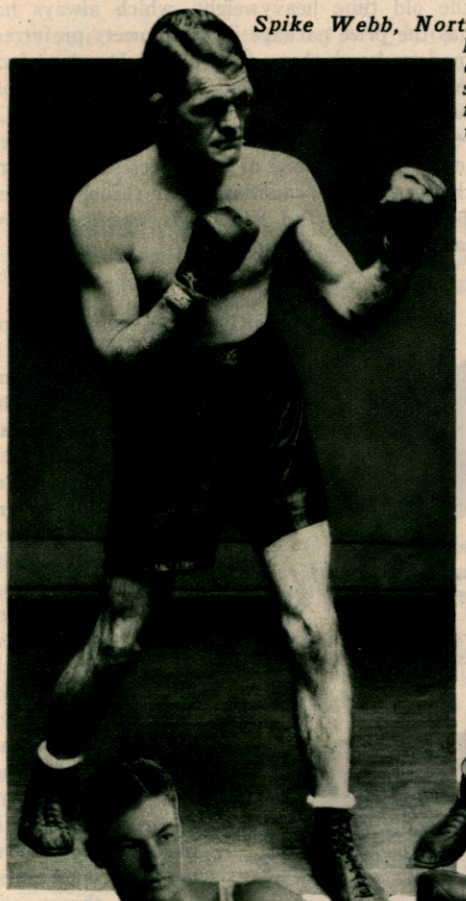
How many of these sons have made good? Bob Fitzsimmons sent young Bob into the ring, and for a time it looked as if the son of the one-time heavyweight champion and Rose Julian would make good. But he stopped far short of the heights, and now is a boxing instructor in Montclair, N. J.

Let us trace the line from the days of John L. Sullivan. The Boston Strong Boy left no children. Jim Corbett, who took the title from him, has no progeny. Fitz followed Jim, and then came Jim Jeffries, another man without children. Jack Johnson was still another.

Jess Willard, who knocked out the negro, has a husky son, but he is not interested in fighting. Young Willard is a high school football prodigy out at Glendale, near Los Angeles, Cal.

Just as the son of Ty Cobb has no interest in baseball so does young Willard almost abhor the ring. Jack Dempsey had no children, and Gene Tunney only recently was blessed with a son. But it's pretty safe to predict that young Gene, son of a man who disliked fighting and a woman of the Social Register, will not lean toward a professional boxing career.

Southern Prospects Who are Forging Ahead

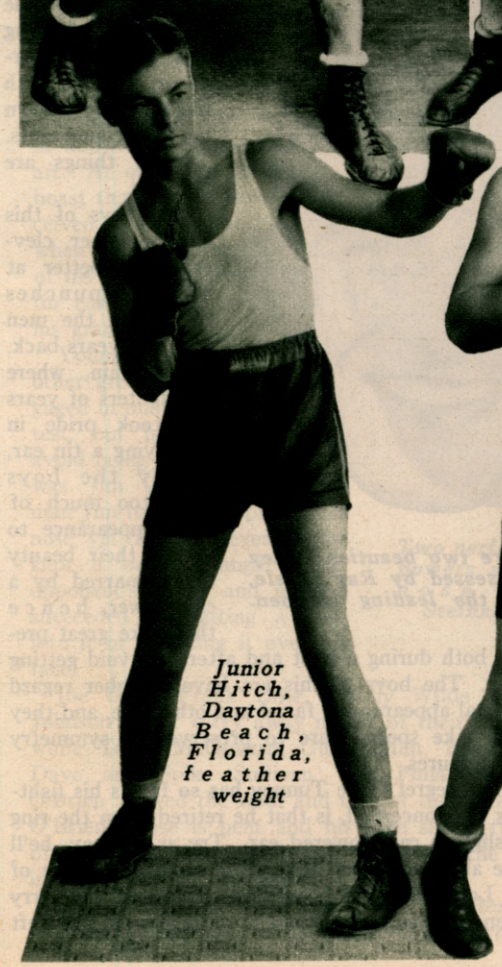


Spike Webb, North Carolina's outstanding welterweight

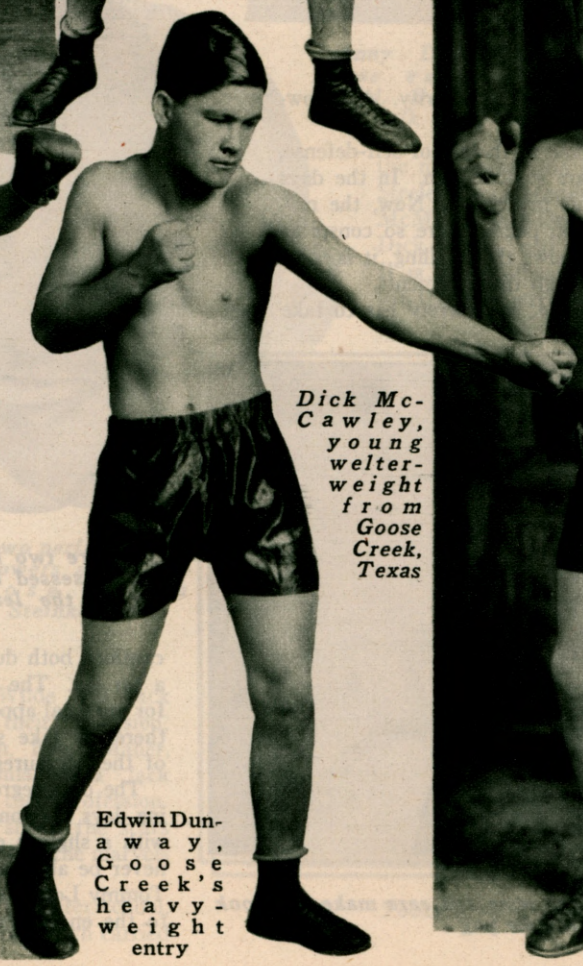
"Snooks" Campbell, Miami's sterling prospect

Pete Powell, Newport News, Va., bantamweight

Al Martin, Baltimore's featherweight comer



Junior Hitch, Daytona Beach, Florida, featherweight



Edwin Dunaway, Goose Creek's heavyweight entry

Dick McCawley, young welterweight from Goose Creek, Texas

TIN EAR

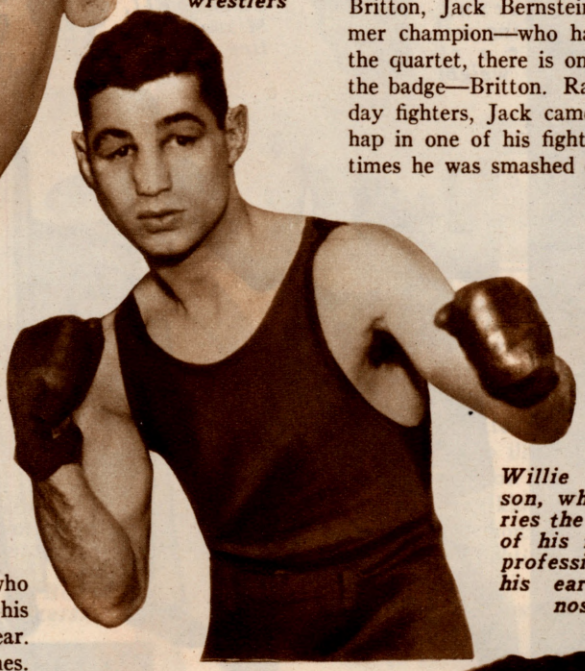
Corporal Izzy Schwartz, whose decorations are excelled only by a few of the wrestlers

IT WAS out at the Jamaica Club of New York City a few weeks ago that Corporal Izzy Schwartz, former flyweight king, made his return to the ring with a victory over Jack Terranova. As Schwartz made his appearance he looked the part of the typical fighter of the old school, the fighter who always showed the badge of his profession—the cauliflower ear. Customs change with the times. Years ago, the fighter who didn't have a mark of distinction such as a battered ear or a pug nose, one or more enlarged fingers or a split lip, was a rarity. And nowadays, it is just the reverse.

So adept have the fighters become in the art of self-defense, that the tin ears and flat noses are seldom seen. In the days of old, a fighter bore traces of his profession. Now, the majority of those who are professional pugilists are so conspicuously unmarked, that unless one knows their calling, it is most difficult to point out a fighter through disfigurements.

There are exceptions. For example, one merely has to take one look at the features of Maxie Rosenbloom to recognize him as a member of the fistic clan. One of Maxie's ears, the left, is so puffed that it even has an edge on the tin ear of Tom Sharkey, the old time heavyweight, which always has been referred to as the prize package in cauliflowers preferred.

Then of the modern boys, there are Johnny Dundee, Jack Britton, Jack Bernstein and Louis Kid Kaplan—each a former champion—who have tin ears of special distinction. Of the quartet, there is only one who should never have acquired the badge—Britton. Ranked as one of the cleverest of modern day fighters, Jack came to his cauliflower ear through a mishap in one of his fights with Ted Kid Lewis, one of the few times he was smashed on that organ.

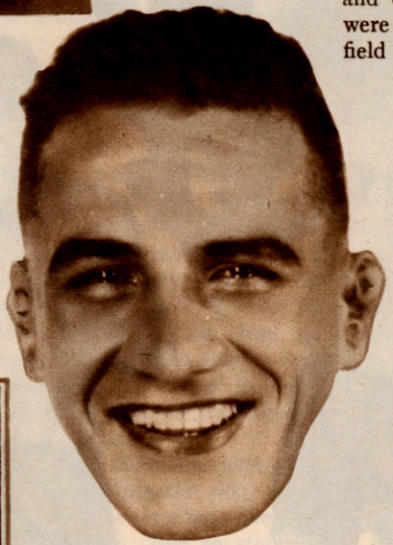


Willie Jackson, who carries the marks of his former profession on his ears and nose

* * *

THERE are several reasons why the modern fighter is able to carry on without getting a tin ear, primarily because the majority of the boys of to-day are cleverer than were the fellows of twenty and thirty years ago. Then again, the old timers were the heavier hitters, and then again, the legalization of the sport had aided by banning one-sided matches. When John L. Sullivan, Jack McAuliffe, Jake Kilrain and others of those days were the kingpins in the field of pugilism, fighting was more of a barroom sport, with little science known by the contestants. To-day, things are different.

The boys of this era are faster, cleverer and better at blocking punches than were the men of a few years back. Then again, where the fighters of years ago took pride in displaying a tin ear, to-day the boys think too much of their appearance to permit their beauty to be marred by a cauliflower, hence they take great precautions both during a fight and after, to avoid getting a tin ear. The boys of this era have a higher regard for personal appearances, facial and otherwise, and they therefore take special care to preserve the symmetry of their features.



Here are two beauties. They are possessed by Ray Steele, one of the leading matmen.

The only regret Gene Tunney has so far as his fighting days are concerned, is that he retired from the ring with a slightly cauliflowered ear. Try as he may, he'll never be able to get rid of it. The same holds true of Tommy Loughran, who despite his cleverness, will carry to the end of his days, a slight deformity in the left

Louis Kid Kaplan, whose battered nose and ears make him look like an old time pug

ALLEY

Wrestlers Hold the Lead Over Fighters in the Possession of Cauliflower Ears and Flat Noses—Badges of Distinction in Their Profession

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

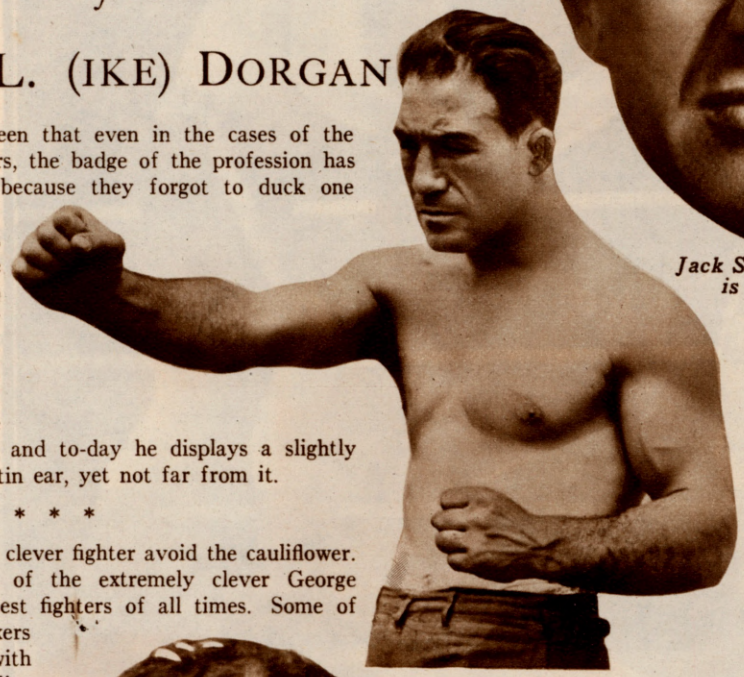
Jack Sherry, famous grappler who is considerably disfigured

ear. Hence it will be seen that even in the cases of the most distinguished boxers, the badge of the profession has been acquired, and all because they forgot to duck one solid smash.

Benny Leonard always prided himself on the fact that he was able to quit the ring without any blemishes on his face. Yet, when he attempted a comeback, he was unable to keep out of range of his opponents' blows and to-day he displays a slightly puffed ear—not quite a tin ear, yet not far from it.

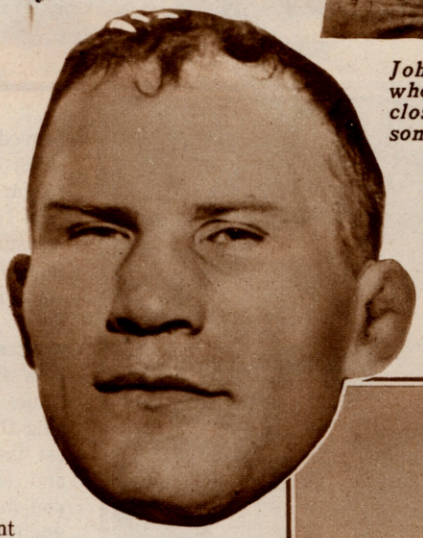
* * *

NOT always can a clever fighter avoid the cauliflower. Take the case of the extremely clever George Dixon, one of the greatest fighters of all times. Some of the most scientific boxers have quit the ring with tilted noses, puffed up lips or bulging ears, Dixon being one of them. Little Chocolate had few equals in knowledge of the manly art. At one time he could boast that he had never received a bloody nose, yet when he came near the end of his career, he acquired a tin ear that he carried to his grave.



Johnny Dundee, both of whose ears are almost closed. Both he and Jackson, talk with a whisper

Young Corbett was another great fighter who engaged in many a hectic contest, but he was able to avoid being cut up. And so was Jim Corbett. Gentleman Jim had a most prominent nose, yet through cleverness, he kept it out of range of his opponent's blows and no one succeeded in putting a dent into it or smearing it over his face.

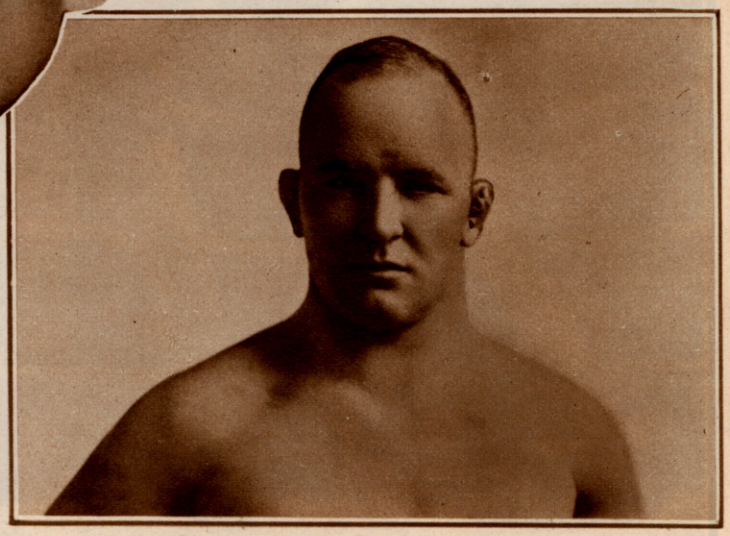


Two perfect Cauliflowers and a flat nose adorn Steinke's face

Joe Gans, Frank Erne, Jimmy Wilde and Jack Johnson didn't carry away marks of their profession, while Terry McGovern, Gus Ruhlin, Peter Maher, Dave and Spike Sullivan, and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien showed the wear and tear of their profession. O'Brien's nose is bent and his face shows the scars of battle, yet Philadelphia Jack was one of the marvels in the art of self-defense.

Harry Greb and Willie Jackson of the later school, were good advertisers of their profession. Each carried many marks. Willie, in particular. Danny Ridge, Jack Dorman, Patsy Haley, Gunboat Smith, Kid McPartland, Johnny Marto and Ernest Roeber, among the New York boxing and wrestling referees, are marked men. Most of the above saw service in the old school, where a battle was to a finish and hard hitting prevailed.

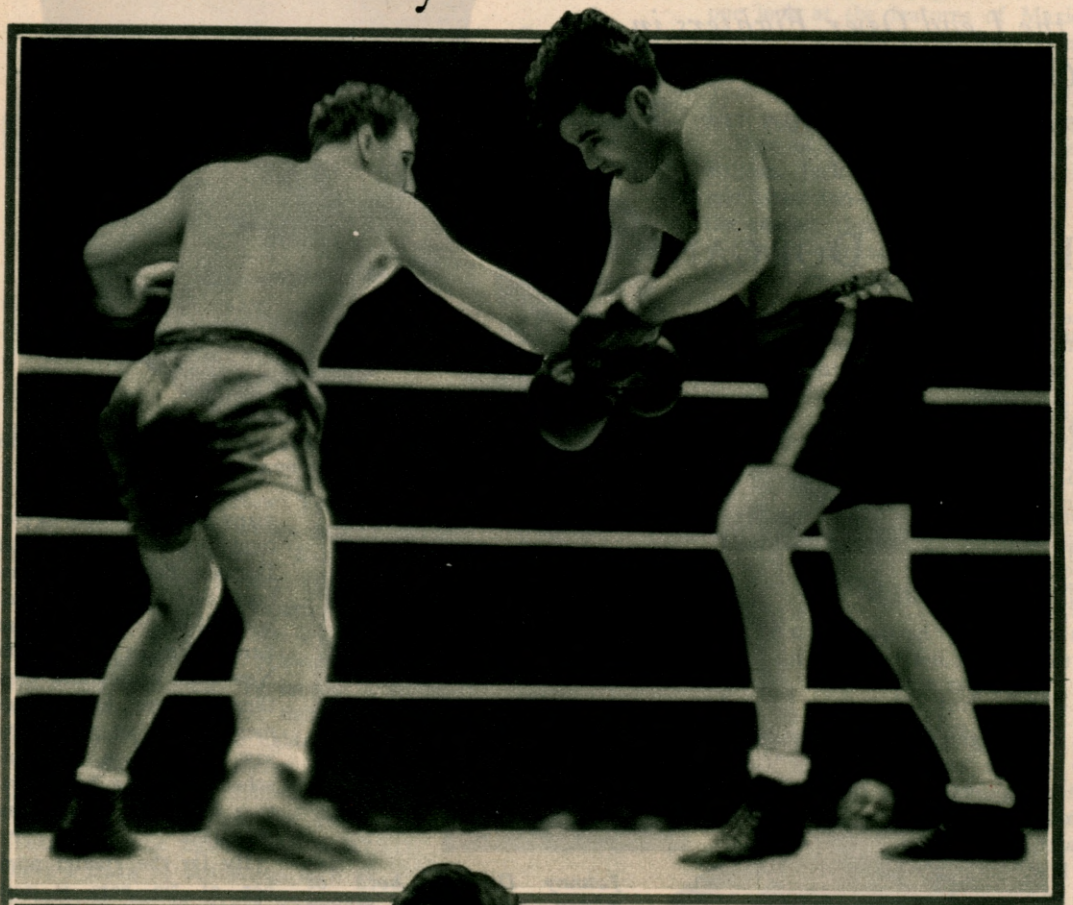
By far the greater number of tin ears is seen among present day wrestlers than among the boxers. There is scarcely a star of the mat sport who hasn't the tin ear decoration. Ray Steele, Toots Mondt, Rudy Dusek, Hans Steinke, Jim McMillen, Sandor Szabo, Jack Sherry, Carl Pojello, Dick Shikat, and Bull Montana carry off the honors. It is most difficult to say which of the above would win the prize were one offered for the leading decoration.



Toots Mondt, who has bulbous ears

The Fistic Magnet

By Charles Webster



Tragic was the expression of Dempsey as he floundered and tried to work his way into close quarters. Levinsky was a trifle too smart and managed to elude Dempsey at close range

JACK DEMPSEY, now an old man in the jargon of the sports fans, still is bent on proving that he can make a comeback, despite his recent defeat at the hands of King Levinsky, the first top notch fighter the former heavyweight champion faced since he started to gather in the shekels in exhibition contests. It was the first bout that gave the sports critics an opportunity to gauge the physical condition of the erstwhile Manassa Mauler and it brought out just what was expected. Dempsey proved that the old adage, "they never come back," still holds good so far as he is concerned.

If his comeback success were measured in terms of popularity, then Jack would be a winner. But since it depends wholly on his ability to fight as in the days when he massacred his opponents, his attempt is a failure. The man who would come back, found in that Chicago ring that youth is one of the greatest factors in the winning of fights, and that with his youth gone, he couldn't hope to cope with the rising young men of this period. He gazed upon a picturesque crowd of more than 23,000 persons, a unique testimonial to his career and prowess in the ring, and though he lost the fight, he left the arena safe in the knowledge that there still is magic in the name Dempsey.

Dempsey in position to connect with one of his rib crushers—a savage left hook to the ribs. Levinsky was caught off balance and Dempsey got set to land with full force. There seems to be an expression of fright on Levinsky's face

For a "Has-been," Jack Dempsey has done mighty well financially. Former king of the "sock-'em" brigade has earned close to $300,000 in six months' exhibition tour

Dempsey still has hopes. In discussing his return to the ring the old Manassa Mauler points to the attempted comebacks of other great fighters, notably Corbett, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Willard, each of whom came out of retirement to make another stab at the championship. Although he acknowledges that this quartet failed, Jack thinks his case is different.

* * *

CORBETT won the crown at 26, lost it to Fitzsimmons at 31 and attempted two unsuccessful comebacks. In the first, at the age of 35, Gentleman Jim came within an eyelash of regaining the crown and in the other bout, at 40, Corbett was stopped in ten rounds.

Fitz won the title at 35, lost it to Jeffries at 37 and in an attempted comeback was knocked out by Jeffries when the Cornishman was 40.

Jeffries won the title at 27, retired undefeated at 31 and was stopped by Jack Johnson at 35 when Jeff attempted to regain the championship for the white race.

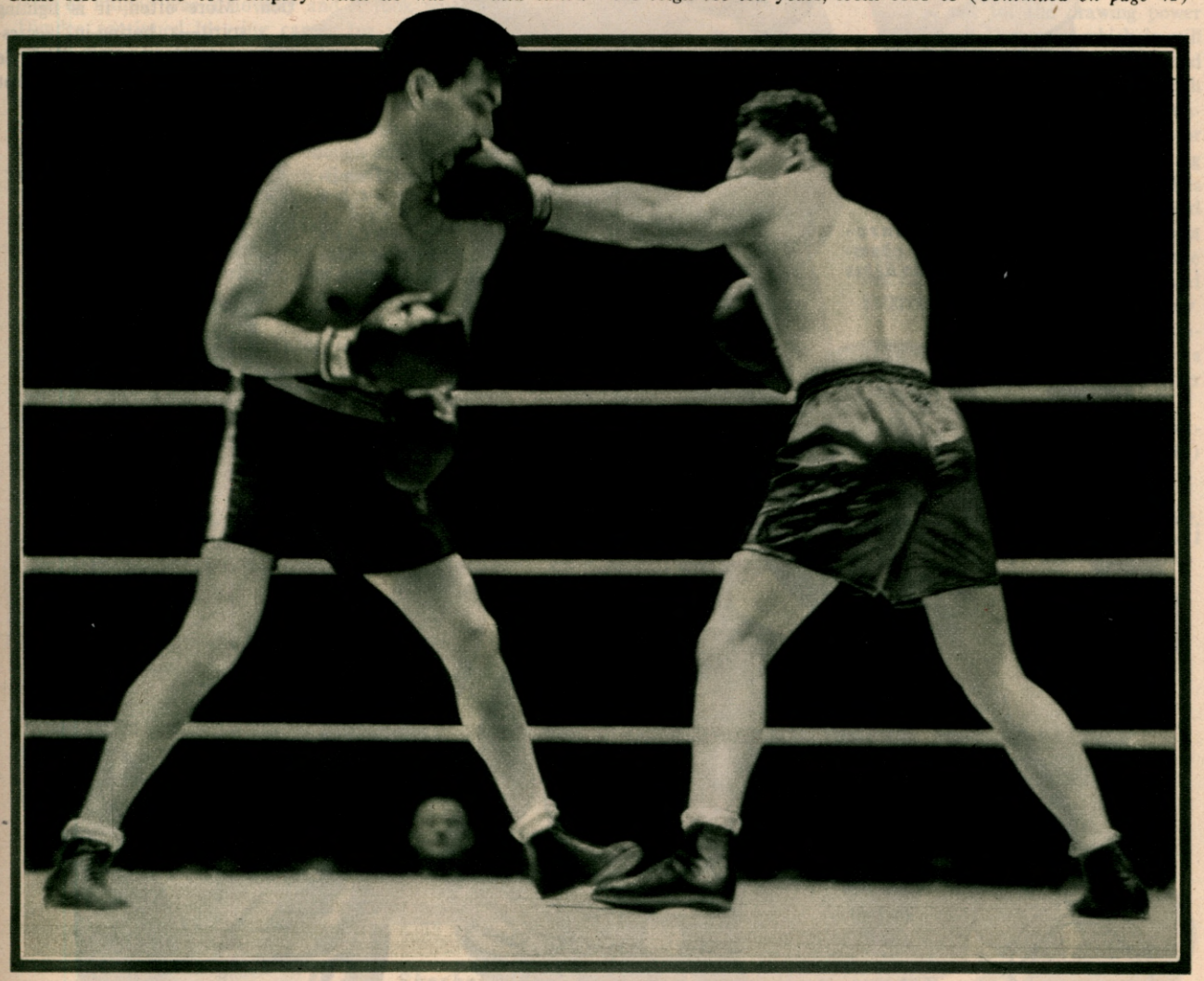
Willard annexed the championship by knocking out Johnson at Havana, Jesse at the time being 32, and the Pottowatomie Giant lost the title to Dempsey when he was 36 and failed in a comeback at the age of 40. He knocked out Floyd Johnson in his first tryout, but was halted by Firpo in the second and quit the ring for all time.

Dempsey won the title at 24, lost it to Gene Tunney at 31, succeeded in his first comeback attempt at 32 by stopping Jack Sharkey but was shunted out of the picture when he lost to Tunney in his second try at the crown in the famous "fourteen count" battle at Chicago.

Since announcing his return to the ring, Jack has mowed down opponent after opponent, often putting two and three men to sleep in one night's engagements. But those opponents were set-ups—fighters who simply went in to face Dempsey for the money they could get out of it. In the case of Levinsky, however, things were different. Although the affair was a no-decision mill, it was a real battle, with all the frills and thrills of a regular affair and in that contest, as already known, Jack struck a snag.

* * *

IT is interesting to compare the ring earnings of Dempsey with those of John L. Sullivan, who with Dempsey, were the greatest fistic attractions of their time. Sullivan, who held the reign for ten years, from 1882 to (*Continued on page* 42)



Dempsey on the receiving end of a straight left jab sent over by King Levinsky. Note the pained expression on Jack's face. Also notice the flabby condition of Jack's chin

Box-Office

It's the "Sock" that counts with the promoter, says noted manager of fighters. Dempsey, Sharkey, McLarnin, Carnera and Petrolle biggest magnets

By Dan Morgan

EVERY now and then there comes into boxing a man who becomes famous almost over night. It may be his power. It may be his cleverness. Then again, his awkward style might be the means for attracting unusual attention. Sometimes, one sensational battle is sufficient to make a newcomer a good attraction. More often, it is fighting spirit—a boring-in, aggressive, two-fisted style of battling that

Tony Canzoneri, a champion who fights

Jack Dempsey, the world's greatest boxing magnet

Jimmy McLarnin, his sock and cleverness draw 'em in

Kid Chocolate, a most colorful performer

Attractions

gains recognition for the newcomer.

When Benny Leonard made his debut, it was his cleverness that marked him out. But it didn't take long before Benny exhibited a sock that made him world famous. The one without the other would have enabled Leonard to go a long way. But possession of that combination, science plus wallop, made him one of the greatest attractions in modern pugilism. He was the biggest money maker among the fighters below the heavyweight division.

Johnny Dundee was another who proved a good attraction. It was his style that brought him fame. Johnny was not a hitter. In fact, his punches carried little steam. But his type of milling was a novelty and it took with the crowd. Dundee continued his ring career for twenty years, during which time he was one of America's leading attractions.

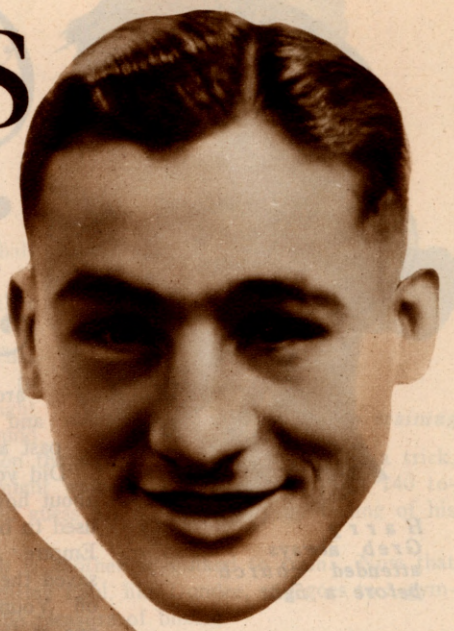
Then there was Harry Greb. The Human Windmill he was in the ring. The crowd always came out to see Harry, because no matter who his opponent was, action was assured. If his rival wouldn't fight, Greb put enough action into the affair to win the crowd. His fights with Gene Tunney were examples. Harry, like Dundee, was not of the hard-hitting school, but he was a member of the tantalizing class of pugilists. Thumbing, gouging, slapping—anything and everything went with Greb, yet the fans seemed to like what he did.

* * *

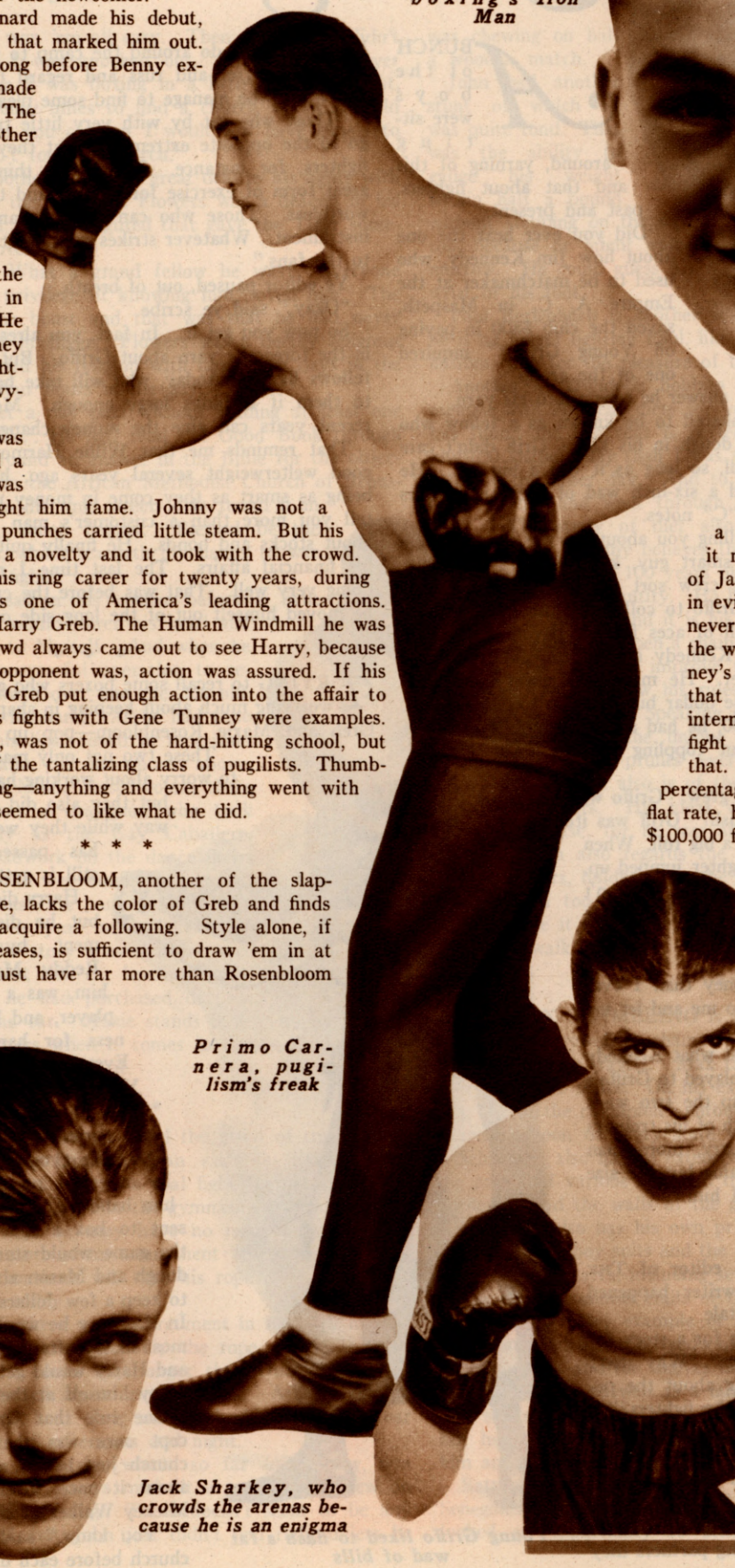
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, another of the slapstick type, lacks the color of Greb and finds it most difficult to acquire a following. Style alone, if of the kind that pleases, is sufficient to draw 'em in at the gate, but one must have far more than Rosenbloom can show, to turn the trick and pack 'em in.

Gene Tunney was one of the cleverest of all modern heavyweights yet he lacked a following. In fact, were it not for the drawing power of Jack Dempsey, which is still in evidence, Gene's name would never have been identified with the world's record gate. In Tunney's case, it was a lack of color that kept him from acquiring international popularity. His fight with Tom Heeney proved that. Were Tunney paid on a percentage basis instead of the flat rate, he would not have received $100,000 for his victory over Heeney. Dempsey, as champion, always was good for a quarter million or more.

Modern (*Continued on page* 41)

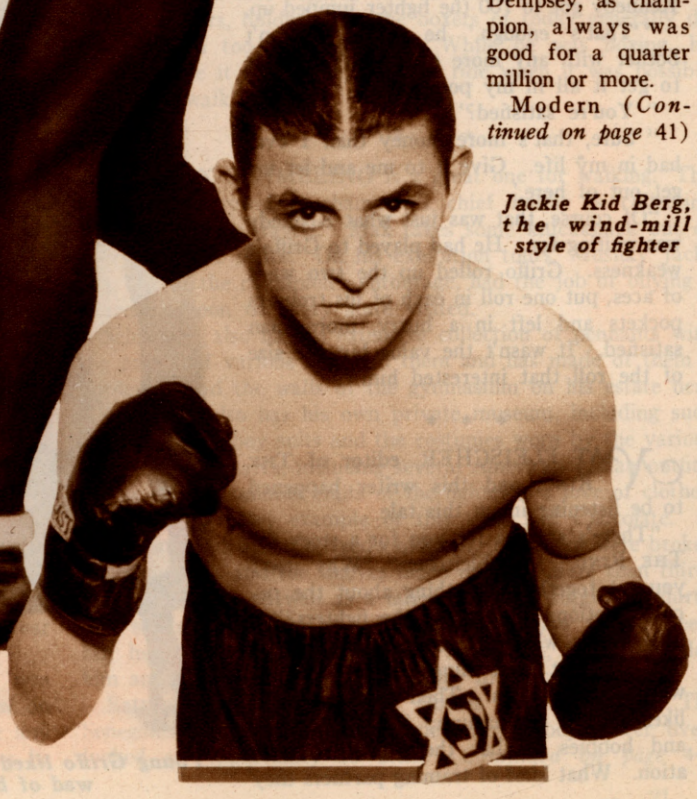


Billy Petrolle, boxing's Iron Man



Primo Carnera, pugilism's freak

Jack Sharkey, who crowds the arenas because he is an enigma



Jackie Kid Berg, the wind-mill style of fighter

Fighters

Harry Greb always attended church before a fight

A BUNCH of the boys were sitting around, yarning of this and that about fighters, past and present.

"Did you ever hear the one about how Jim Kennedy, who used to be matchmaker at the Empire A. C. in Maspeth, saved the club $800 in paying off Young Griffo?" inquired one of the group.

Without waiting for an answer he swung into his yarn.

"Griffo, you know, hankered to be known as a fellow who always had a big roll of dough in his kick. Griff didn't care how much was in the roll, so long as it was a big one. He would rather have flashed a six-inch wad of aces and deuces than a two-inch roll of "C" notes.

"Well, this time I'm telling you about, he was to get $1500 as his bit. Kennedy, a smart guy, knew Griffo's weakness, so he had the box office crew sort out all the dollar bills. When it came time for Griffo to collect his money there was Kennedy, with a desk full of aces for the payoff.

"Griffo sat down and Kennedy started to count off what was coming to the fighter. He made it a slow count, too. One by one, he piled those dollar bills, one on top of another. By the time he got to 400, he had a pile so high he couldn't put any more on without toppling it over. So he started another pile.

"Slowly the second pile grew. Griffo was jumpy. Would Kennedy never finish? Griff was itching to get to Broadway and flash a big roll. When Kennedy got to 700 the fighter jumped up.

" 'That's enough,' he yelled. 'Don't bother with any more or I won't be able to get it all in my pockets.'

" 'You're satisfied?'

" 'Sure, that's more money than I ever had in my life. Give it to me and let me get out of here.'

"Of course, that was just what Kennedy was waiting for. He had played to Griffo's weakness. Griffo rolled up the two wads of aces, put one roll in each of his trousers pockets and left in a hurry, more than satisfied. It wasn't the value but the size of the roll that interested him."

* * *

NAT FLEISCHER, editor of THE RING, and this writer happened to be listening in on this tale.

"There's an idea for you for a story for THE RING," said Fleischer. "Why don't you get together something about the peculiar notions of some of the fighters?"

"Such as what?" I asked.

"Oh, about such things as the different ways fighters train. Their likes and dislikes in the gymnasium; their specialties and hobbies. What they do for recreation. What kind of training partners they like, what they do around the camp to pass the time. About boxers who fret and fuss and regard training as a hardship and those who manage to find some pleasure in it.

"Those who get by with very little training and those who go to the opposite extreme. What they think about golf for fighters, for instance. Those who think rope skipping is a great form of exercise for fighters and those who regard it as worthless. Those who can sing or dance or play a musical instrument. Whatever strikes you about fighters as of interest to the fans."

Ye editor paused, out of breath.

"Okay," said ye scribe.

So now you get it. In fact, you already have a taste of it, in the foregoing yarn about Griffo. But you won't find many fellows like him today, who will take half of what is coming to them if it bulks large enough. Most of the boxers of recent years can give the money changers pointers.

That reminds me that Willie Harmon, who was a pretty good welterweight several years ago, had the reputation of being as smart as they come in money matters. Willie could tell you more than a customer's man in a brokerage office about stocks and bonds. He finally quit boxing to look after his financial affairs. The last time I ran into him, he was doing very well. That was before the crash in 1929. I hope he moved himself out of the long side of the market in time.

* * *

TRYING to recall some boxers who got to the top without worrying much about keeping in shape, two names—Harry Greb and Maxie Rosenbloom—pop up at once.

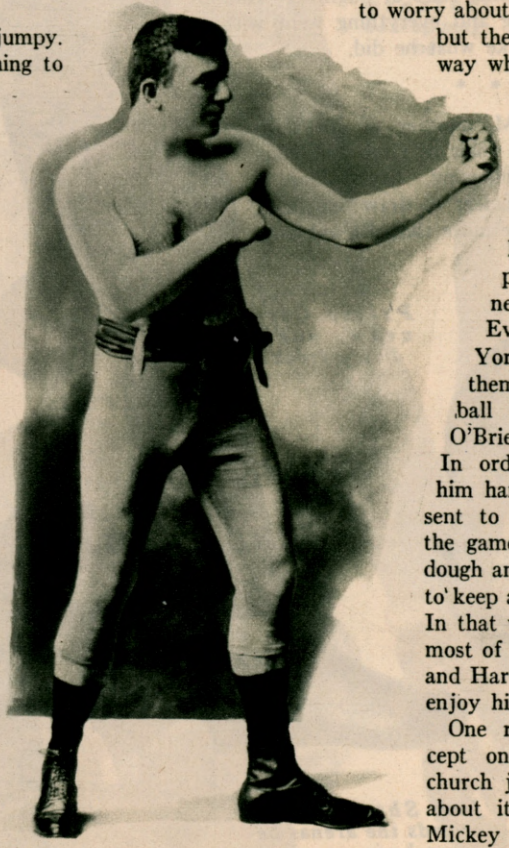
These two not only made it a practice never to worry about working hard in the gymnasium, but they also did everything the wrong way while they were in the ring. Greb has passed on. Rosenbloom still is getting away with it.

Harry did do some hard work, but he disguised it as amusement by playing handball. Reddy Mason, who managed him, was a crackerjack handball player, and he used Greb's fondness for handball to advantage. Every time they came to New York for a fight, you could find them of an afternoon, slamming the ball around at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gymnasium.

In order to persuade Mason to play him handball, Greb would have to consent to box a few rounds first. Then the game would start. They played for dough and Mason always made it a point to keep a few dollars ahead of the fighter. In that way he would keep Greb playing most of the afternoon, trying to get even, and Harry would get down to weight and enjoy himself at the same time.

One rule that Greb never broke except once was the habit of going to church just before a fight. He told me about it once, after he easily defeated Mickey Walker in New York.

"You know," said Harry, "I went to church before each of my first half dozen



Young Griffo liked to flash a fat wad of bills

Their Hobbies, Superstitions, and Peculiarities. Their Likes and Dislikes, In and Out of the Ring

By WILBUR WOOD

Maxie Rosenbloom abhors training

or so fights and I won 'em all easy. Then one time I didn't go to church and I was knocked out. After that I never failed. Once, when I was boxing in a little town out west, I had to drive twenty miles to find a church where I could say my prayers but you can bet I would not have gone into that ring if I hadn't found a church."

One thing that bothered Greb a great deal in his fights with Tiger Flowers was the fact that Flowers was a deacon in his church down south. Harry figured that gave the Tiger something of an edge over him.

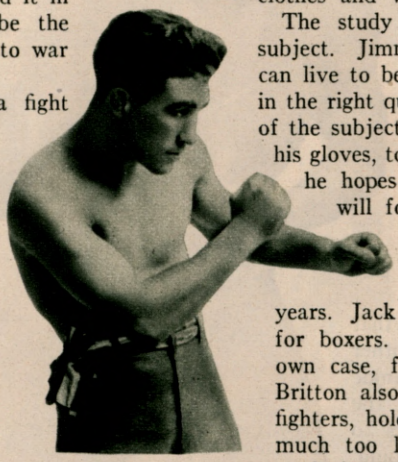
Poor Flowers! What a grand fellow he was! Everyone who ever had the privilege of knowing him, loved him. The Tiger had only one boast and that was that he had never struck an opponent in anger. Flowers was a deeply religious man, one who carried his religion with him seven days in the week and twenty-four hours in the day.

Flowers never let a day pass without reading at least one chapter in the Bible. He had read the Good Book through many times. He found an answer in the Bible for the objections his brethren in the African Methodist Church of Brunswick, Ga., raised to his ring career. He found it in the 144th Psalm, which begins: "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

Always, as he sat in his corner before a fight started, the Tiger would lower his head and repeat that psalm to himself. And when he died, after an unsuccessful operation to remove a trifling growth over one eye, his old, worn Bible was in his hand. As he had gone under the ether, his lips moved in repetition of his favorite psalm, the one quoted above.

Getting back to Maxie Rosenbloom, there probably never was a champion who took training as lightly as the Gay Caballero. Maxie does his roadwork on the dance floors of cabarets until the wee hours of morning.

Automobiles constitute one of Maxie's weaknesses. In one year he bought seven or eight cars. The story goes that he once got rid of an almost new car because, as he said, a fur coat he had purchased did not harmonize with the car. Maxie stands in a class by himself among modern boxers when it comes to disregarding training rules and getting away with it.



Johnny Dundee's hobby is rope skipping

* * *

SOME boxers there are who find the grind of training enjoyable. Johnny Dundee is an example. Though the Scotch Wop has not boxed in a real fight for some time he still is frequently to be seen in the gymnasium. Johnny loves to train even though he may have no intention of boxing. Rope skipping is more of an amusement with him than it is exercise. John sometimes will take his rope and skip for an hour or so, even today.

A few years ago there was an argument in the sock market as to how long Dundee could skip the rope. Babe Herman allowed as how he could skip longer than Dundee and one afternoon they started an informal contest. After each had gone more than an hour their trainers broke it up, for fear they would go on all afternoon and night.

Dundee had a peculiarity which, so far as I know, was strictly his own. He always made it a practice to chew on a match stick while boxing. There doesn't seem to be any logic in that stunt, but John just didn't feel right unless he was chewing on half a wooden match.

John had another stunt of which he was quite fond. That was the ability to gauge his weight within half a pound without stepping on the scales. And that was quite a trick, too, because he might weigh 147 pounds today and 140 tomorrow. He could guess his weight merely by feeling of his wrist or his foot.

Paul Berlenbach is another who liked to train. Now that he is no longer fighting Paul, like Dundee, still goes to a gymnasium, just for the pleasure of boxing.

Another of Dundee's hobbies is dieting. He has experimented with different diets for years and now he believes he has found the one that is perfect for him. "I'm in better physical shape today than I was seven or eight years ago," he told me the other day. And to prove it he put on his gym clothes and went through a snappy workout.

The study of diet also is Jimmy McLarnin's pet subject. Jimmy believes that any normally healthy boy can live to be 100 years old if he eats the proper food in the right quantity. He has made an exhaustive study of the subject and it is his ambition, when he hangs up his gloves, to open a chain of food shops through which he hopes to improve the health of everyone who will follow his rules.

Speaking of diets, Jack Britton claims the unique distinction of having eaten prunes every day for the last twenty years. Jack also is of the opinion that soups are bad for boxers. His ideas worked out very well in his own case, for he was an active boxer for 23 years. Britton also regards the automobile as an enemy of fighters, holding that the boxers of today generally do much too little walking. While he was boxing, he made it a practice never to ride when it was possible to walk.

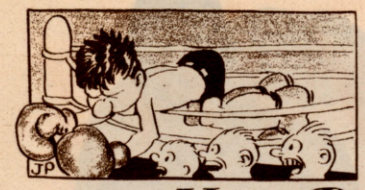
* * *

MAX SCHMELING is a great one for walking. The heavyweight champion's chief hobby is collecting souvenirs of his travels. Max takes some knickknack out of every town he visits. On his exhibition tours, Mushky Jackson, one of the champion's entourage, had the job of buying a souvenir spoon of every state visited.

Schmeling also has an extensive collection of pennants with the names of various cities on them and has made of them a border around the walls of the gymnasium on his estate near Berlin. He also has his own private museum, including such exhibits as cowboy suits and the costumes worn by the various peoples of the earth, including several American Indian outfits.

One of the common traits of the fighter is a love of clothes. There is no better example of this than Kid Chocolate. A couple of years ago the Keed's quarters in Harlem were broken into one night and the thieves made off with more than thirty suits of clothes, as well as a large and vivid supply of shirts, ties, socks and underwear. It was a hard blow to the Keed, but he got some pleasure out of it at that, for it afforded him an excuse to lay in a new supply of fancy apparel.

Battling Siki also went for clothes in a big way. The Senegalese, taken from the jungle when a boy, never overlooked an opportunity to attire (*Continued on page* 44)



BOXING'S

How Pancho Villa, first Filipino to win a world's title, rose from obscurity to fame

By "Bill" Miller

(The second of a series on famous fighters of Uncle Sam's Far Eastern possessions)

PART II

PANCHO VILLA'S first fight in America was staged at Jack Jenning's Oakland Bowl, in Jersey City. It was in this same bowl that a fighter named Tunney—James Joseph Tunney, better known as Gene—also had his first important professional fight.

Villa's opponent was a "sucker" named Abe Attell Goldstein, a young man who was destined to become the bantamweight champion of the world, two years later. Elino Flores met another "sucker," Johnny Shugrue; a sucker who had defeated Johnny Dundee, Louis Kid Kaplan, Luis Vincentini, Eddie Wallace, Frankie Britt and many other good boys.

It was a 12-round no-decision fight for each boy. Goldstein got the newspaper award, and the distinction, as well, of upsetting Villa with a right-hand to the chin. He paid dearly for this, a few years later, to another Filipino—Ignacio Fernandez. Fernandez knocked out Goldstein in seven rounds, in 1926. But I'm getting too far ahead.

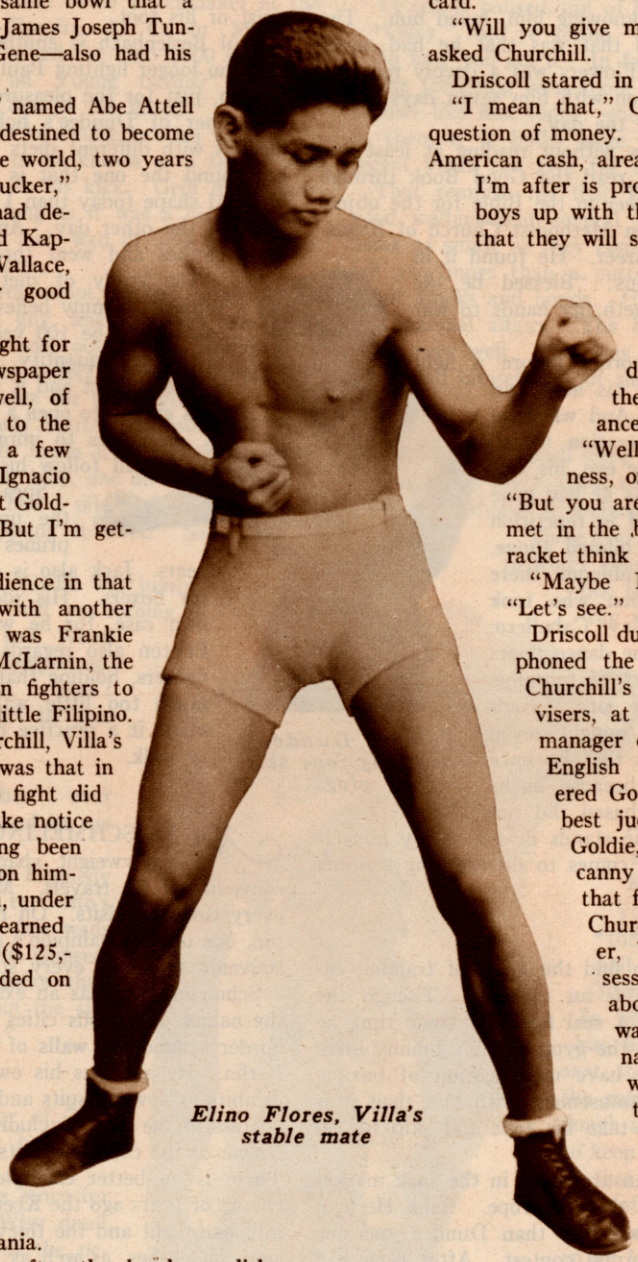
Pancho made a hit with the audience in that fight, and he was re-matched with another "soft one." His next opponent was Frankie Genaro, who shares, with Jimmy McLarnin, the honor of being the only American fighters to capture a decision over the great little Filipino.

The thing that hurt Frank Churchill, Villa's manager more than anything else was that in neither the Goldstein nor Genaro fight did the metropolitan press deign to take notice of his Filipino flyweight. Having been highly successful in fight promotion himself—the Manila Olympic Stadium, under Churchill's personal supervision, earned over a quarter of a million pesos ($125,000) in one year—Churchill decided on an unusual step.

* * *

DAVE DRISCOLL had just been appointed matchmaker of Ebbets field, in Brooklyn. Churchill never had met Driscoll. Nevertheless, he telephoned him and asked him to come to luncheon at the Pennsylvania.

"Mr. Driscoll," said Churchill, after the luncheon dishes were cleared away, "I've asked you to lunch with me to-day because I want to make you a proposition. As you know, I've brought a couple of Filipino fighters to this country, and I want to put them over. I want to get them introduced to American fight fans, in the proper manner, and I'd like to see them on your next card."



Elino Flores, Villa's stable mate

"I'm afraid that's impossible," began Driscoll. "You see, I've got Pepper Martin and Steve Kid Sullivan in my main event; it's a Brooklyn match, and a good one, and I can't afford to back it up with an expensive supporting card."

"Will you give me 50 cents apiece for them?" asked Churchill.

Driscoll stared in amazement.

"I mean that," Churchill went on. "It isn't a question of money. I've spent over $20,000 in good American cash, already, on these boys. The thing I'm after is proper introduction. Match these boys up with the right kind of opponents, so that they will show to good advantage. Don't make any contract with me; pay me after the show. Give me a dime, or a dollar, or a hundred dollars apiece—I don't give a whoop in hell about the money on this first appearance."

"Well, maybe we can do some business, on that basis," laughed Driscoll. "But you are the most unusual man I ever met in the boxing game. The boys in the racket think you are crazy."

"Maybe I am," responded Churchill. "Let's see."

Driscoll dug up a couple of opponents, and phoned the names to Churchill. One of Churchill's lieutenants, and trusted advisers, at this time, was Sol Gold, now manager of Jack "Kid" Berg, the great English lightweight. Churchill considered Gold then, and today as well, the best judge of boxers in the business. Goldie, as he is known, has an uncanny knack of selecting opponents that few others can equal.

Churchill took Goldie and his trainer, Whitey Ekwert, into executive session, and they had a conference about the opponents. Villa's man was Johnny Hepburn; I forget the name of Flores' opponent. Anyway, the conference resulted in the official O. K. of both opponents, and the matches were made.

Both boys went over with a terrific "bang!"

* * *

VILLA made the biggest hit of the two, although Damon Runyon predicted a better future for Elino Flores. Had Flores been possessed of Villa's ambition, he might have lived up to that promise, for I never saw a sweeter prospect than Elino Flores while he was fighting in the Philippines.

Churchill had, as stated above, made no definite terms with

Mosquito Fleet

Driscoll. After the fight, Driscoll handed Churchill a check for $2,000 for both boys.

"That's too much, Dave," said Churchill. "The boys went over, as I said they would; I'll take $50 apiece for them."

"No, sir; you keep that," replied Driscoll. "Will you let me have them again for my next show?"

"As often as you like, and whenever you like," was Churchill's answer. "You gave my boys their chance, and they'll stick with you. I give you preference on their matches from now on."

It is a promise that was lived up to.

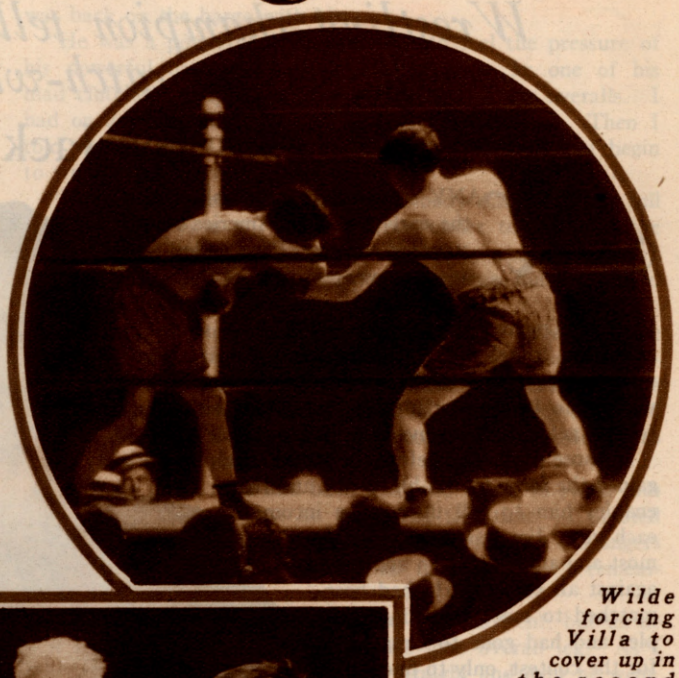
Two months later, Pancho Villa knocked out Johnny Buff in 11 rounds, to win the American flyweight championship. The world title at the time was held by the great little Welshman, Jimmy Wilde.

Before Villa met Wilde, he faced Frankie Genaro in Madison Square Garden in a 15-round battle, and Genaro was awarded the decision, together with the American flyweight championship. The decision was designated by Hype Igoe, veteran boxing critic, as a robbery; and other newspapermen coincided with Igoe.

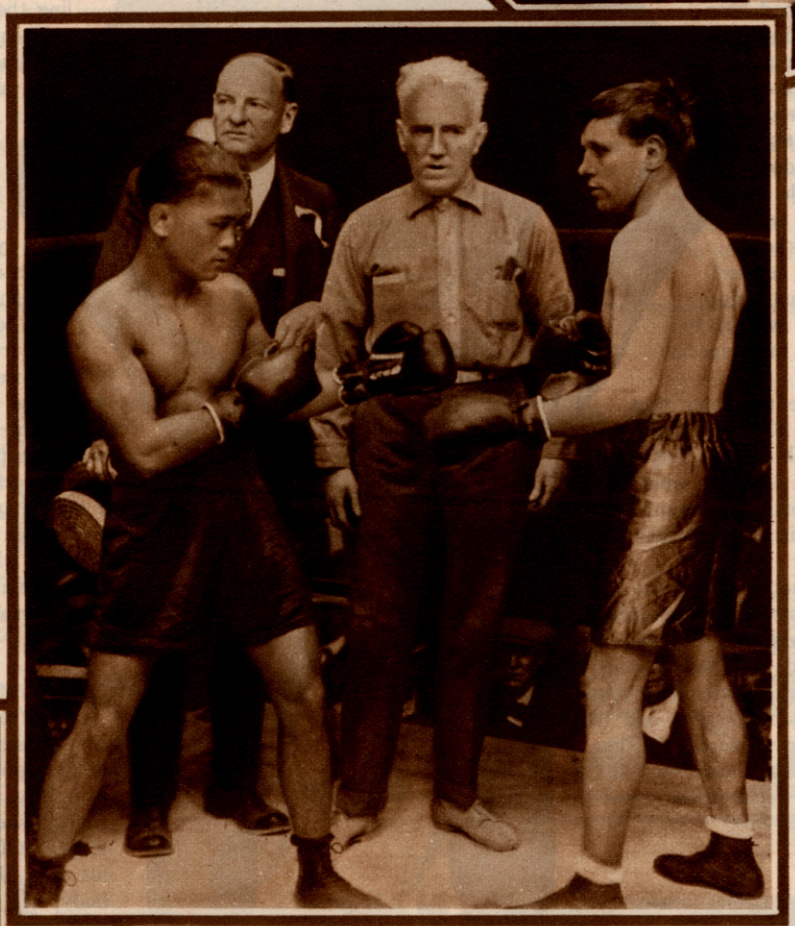
Then followed some astute managerial work by Frank Churchill.

By all the rights of the game, Genaro was entitled to the title match with Jimmy Wilde, who had in the meanwhile come to America. But Genaro's manager, Phil Bernstein, had made demands which the promoter, Tom O'Rourke, thought were out of line. Churchill heard of their squabble, and hastened to O'Rourke.

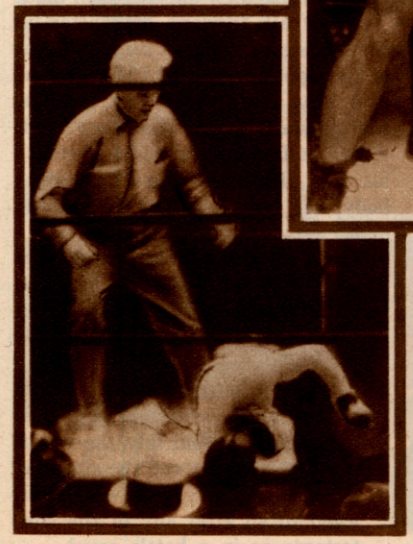
"Why don't you match Villa with Wilde?" he said. "You know that Villa was robbed of the decision in that Genaro fight. You know that Villa is by far a better showman and drawing card than Genaro. Why, he'll out-draw Genaro two to one."



Wilde forcing Villa to cover up in the second round



Villa and Wilde sparring for the movies before going into action in their championship bout. Joe Humphreys, announcer and Patsy Haley, referee, are also in the picture



The flyweight king, badly battered, is rendered helpless in the seventh round

Thus the Villa-Wilde match followed; it was a one-sided fight between a lightning fast challenger, and a fading champion, and the result was inevitable. Villa won by a knockout in 7 rounds.

* * *

THEN followed a golden stream of money, for Fortune was smiling her juiciest smile upon the tiny Filipino. But as fast as the gold came into his hands, it left; faster, in fact, than it came. Villa was a free and careless spender. One of his pet idiosyncracies was to carry a thousand-dollar bill in the watch-pocket of his trousers. Some of his gestures were amazing.

One day he met a young lady in Philadelphia; a gifted young damsel—gifted with beauty which enabled her to enter one of those Atlantic City bathing girl contests and win some sort of a prize, and gifted with a positive genius for gold-digging.

This young lady went out for a stroll with Señor Villa, and just by accident—oh, quite by accident!—she stopped in front of the show window of one (*Continued on page* 42)

LONDOS Got Start

Wrestling champion tells how he tossed Oregon loggers in catch-whom-you-can tussle

By Jack Curley

MANY stories have been told about the early career of America's outstanding wrestler, Jim Londos, but one he never gets tired of telling, is of his experiences as a youth in Bandon, Oregon, many years ago. The story is about the "rough-house" tournament which is an annual feature in that logging country in the Northwest, where the big, powerful woodsmen, the burly log rollers, get all het up over the "barge tussle"!

In those days, long before the world champion had gained the fame that is his to-day and that enables him to roll up a huge income each year, Jim was willing to take almost any amount for an appearance against all comers. He had been matched to meet a good grappler and had gone to Oregon for the contest, only to find that the promoter was minus an opponent for the Greek and wanted Londos to enter the "barge tussle." Being a cub matman, and very much in need of some American gold, Londos seemed to have no alternative, but before he gave his consent, he wanted to learn a little about this special "tournament."

Jim learned from the promoter that it took place on a barge 100 feet long and 25 feet wide, moored about 700 feet fron the shore and that about 100 men would engage in the struggle. Londos was inquisitive and wanted to know a little more about the details.

"Well," said the promoter, "it's great fun and if you're clever and strong, you shouldn't be afraid to enter. There's a century note in it for the winner." And then he informed Londos that the affair was a "catch-who-you-can" match at "catch-as-can" style, and to toss the man you catch overboard until, like in a battle royal, only one man was left. That survivor was to be declared the winner and to him would go the $100.

* * *

LONDOS realized that it was a case of the most agile and muscular fellow coming through a victor, and after due deliberation, he decided he would enter. According to Jim, the thought uppermost in his mind, was the winning of that century note which he needed badly, and he made up his mind, that, with the employment of wrestling tactics, he would land that money.

When the men had been gathered, they boarded the barge and a few minutes later, it was pushed off while all hands got ready for the fun. While the entrants were busily engaged in preparing for the conflict, the dark-eyed Londos eyed each thoroughly to see which of the fellows, in his opinion, might be the toughest of the lot.

Jim Londos

Word came from the master of ceremonies to get ready. Fifty of the entrants were lined up against the rail on one side and fifty on the opposite side, the men facing each other. The sheriff of the county was the referee and the judge. The rules called for all men to be released at one time but each had to tackle the man opposite him. Thus, when the sheriff blew his whistle, the men raced toward each other. When the pairing was going on, Londos was pitted against a short, squatty fellow who it was thought would have little difficulty in handling the Greek.

Then the sheriff went down the line to pair the other fellows and while so engaged, the chap next to Londos whispered:

"As soon as the whistle blows, you jump into my place and I'll get into yours. My man is too strong for me."

Londos thought it rather odd to be asked to tackle a chap who, from all appearances, looked like a weight lifter, but he decided to oblige, because the man who had asked him to make the change, had at one time promoted a wrestling show for him and he felt obliged to reciprocate the favor. When the change was agreed upon, Londos learned that the big Swede whom he was to face, had won the affair the previous year and was the terror of the loggers.

* * *

THE whistle blew and the men made a wild rush forward, each after his fixed opponent. They came tearing from the opposite side of the scow and in a jiffy, there was a wild scene as foe grasped foe. The big Swede leaped at Londos and as he stretched his lean, long arms to grasp Jim's body, the Swede looked like a wild man.

When he came within distance of Londos, he made one final lunge forward with arms outstretched, but Jim was too shifty for him and side stepped. The Swede fell forward and as he did so, Londos whipped an arm about the back of his neck and raising him, flung him into the water, the first man to get the ducking. With that over, Jim was privileged to go after any of the contestants as in a battle royal.

in TOUGH School

From here on, I'll let Londos tell the rest of the yarn:

"The battle surged around the deck of the scow in terrific fashion. I looked out into the ocean and there was my promoter! Once or twice I came on fellows in a death-like grip, and I simply pushed them overboard. Each time I did, it meant two less tormentors out of my life for the moment.

"One by one, in twos and threes and sometimes a half dozen in a mad embrace, went overboard until I looked down the length of the barge and there at the far end, remained only two big fellows in a desperate embrace, each trying to force the other overboard.

"I crept upon them, determined to win with one giant shove. They happened to see me coming and must have figured that I must be pretty good or I wouldn't have survived. In any case, they broke grips and the three of us began to circle around and draw closer. I purposely backed toward the edge of the barge hoping for a quick fling to rid myself of either one of them if they attacked.

* * *

THE bigger of the two made a sudden dive for my legs. He got part of me, lost control; but as he went over the side he pulled me with him, legs first.

"In going over I managed to get my fingers glued to the edge of the platform. I still was in the fight, for I had not been pulled clear of the barge. The lone fellow on the deck came bounding over and began stamping at my fingers. I shifted my hands from side to side, and then he made a deliberate kick at my head.

"As his foot came up I grabbed his heel. He flopped over on his back as I started to pull. He got a good brace, and I began to climb up the leg that I held. In a second or two I was back on the barge with him.

"He was a powerful devil, and I could feel the pressure of his powerful hands with each shifting grip. In one of his mad clutches he ripped off one of the legs of my overalls. I had on a white silk shirt and he tore it to ribbons. Then I told myself that I'd better get down to the deck and begin to wrestle for keeps.

"I got him hooked up in a forward body scissors and a full Nelson. He began to squeal a little under torture and the Sheriff, now a breathless onlooker, stepped up and said: 'Don't kill him young feller, you're supposed to throw him overboard if you can.'

"We came to our feet and renewed grips. I began to edge him to the side of the barge. 'If I go sonny, you're coming with me,' he hissed in my teeth as the great crowd on the shore began to set up a fearful din. The other ninety-eight had gone to shore and many of them had come back in rowboats to get a close-up of the struggle.

"I finally got a neck and head hold and began to swing him around in a circle. Boy, he was going this time. I pivoted toward the edge, but was a bit alarmed when I felt his fingers grasp the bottom of the lone leg of my overalls. I remembered that threat about going with him.

"Then I gave a mighty heave and over he went, but as he flew through space he held on to the lone overall leg. As I released him, I stiffened the leg out straight and over he went, with the other remaining overall leg clutched in his fingers. It was a happy thing for me that I had on swimming trunks under what had been overalls, else I wouldn't have been able to swim ashore and collect my $100. That was my last barge battle royal. They barred me after that, but I'm willing to admit that I've never been in such a hot tilt in all my life."

Londos threw one after another into the river

A Wrestling Headliner

Carl Pojello, former light-heavyweight king, who rates high in mat sport

By "TEX" AUSTIN

EASTERN wrestling fans who have watched the rival mat stars of the two leading camps perform in this country, are strong in their praise of Carl Pojello, the Chicago Lithuanian who is regarded as one of the leading figures in the present crop of grapplers. Not that he is a giant with tremendous power, but because he is a master technician, a close student of the sport and knows not only how to obtain holds on an opponent, but how to wiggle out of them.

Originally a druggist in the city of his birth, he turned wrestler because it offered more excitement, more adventure and a chance to reap a fortune quicker than in the profession for which he spent four years of study in a Polish university. Eighteen years ago, he left his home to work in St. Petersburg, where the city life appealed to him, and there he pursued his vocation of druggist until the world war when he joined the colors and served as a dispatch bearer in the Russian army.

* * *

IT was while in the army, where practically all of Russia's great wrestlers were, that Carl obtained his first knowledge of the ancient sport. When he was mustered out of the army, he decided to become a wrestler and with a troupe, he went on a tour that covered many parts of Europe, Central Asia, China, Japan, India, northern Africa and even took him to South America. On that tour, he served his apprenticeship and it didn't take long for him to become one of the outstanding figures among the Graeco-Roman style wrestlers.

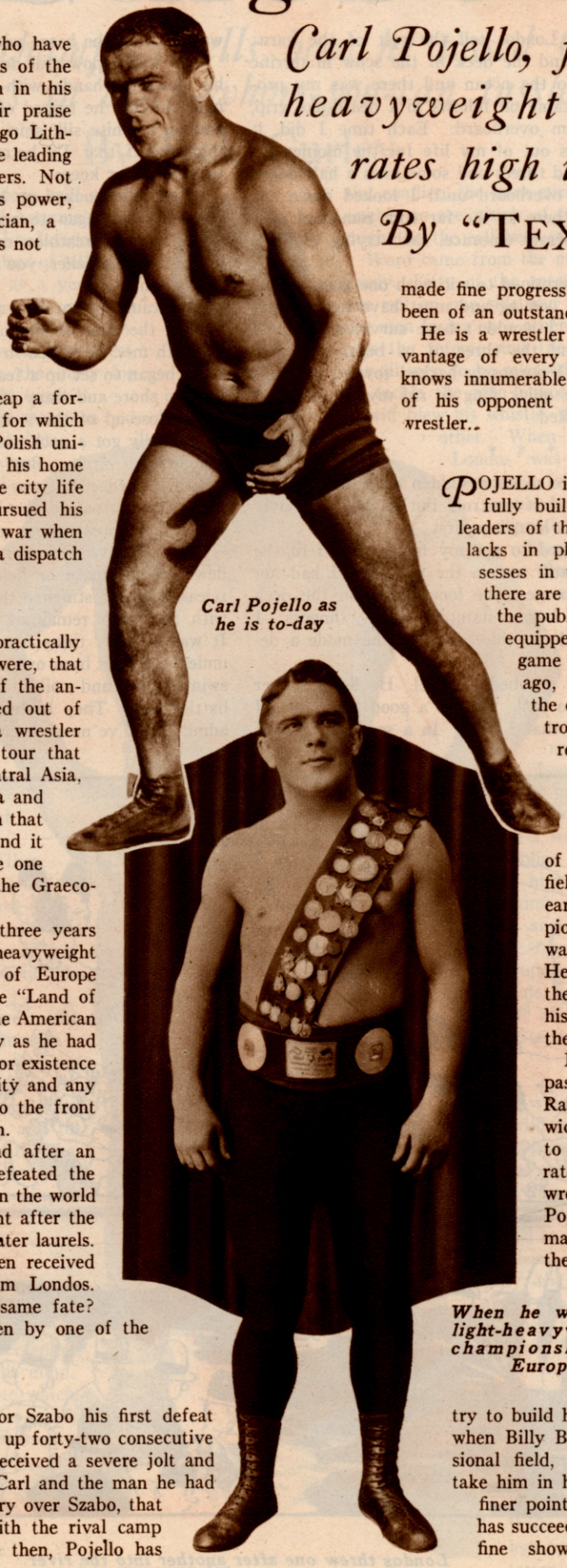
He quickly made his mark. In three years he had risen to the rank of light-heavyweight champion Graeco-Roman wrestler of Europe and then he decided to come to the "Land of Milk and Honey" to seek some of the American gold. He didn't find it quite as easy as he had been led to believe and the struggle for existence was a tough one. But Carl had ability and any man of ability can make his way to the front and the Lithuanian was no exception.

Five years ago he came here and after an extended campaign, in which he defeated the cream of the American talent, he won the world light-heavyweight title. Then he went after the bigger fellows in an effort to win greater laurels. He gained victory after victory, then received three setbacks at the hands of Jim Londos. But what grappler hasn't met the same fate? There is no disgrace in being beaten by one of the greatest wrestlers of all time.

* * *

IT was Pojello who handed Sandor Szabo his first defeat after the Budapest star had rolled up forty-two consecutive victories here. Sandor's ambitions received a severe jolt and bitter feeling cropped out between Carl and the man he had whipped. It was after another victory over Szabo, that Pojello decided to throw his lot with the rival camp and quit the Curley troupe. Since then, Pojello has made fine progress. His work this year has been of an outstanding character.

He is a wrestler who is quick to take advantage of every opening. He has speed, knows innumerable holds, studies the moves of his opponent and is a great counter wrestler.



Carl Pojello as he is to-day

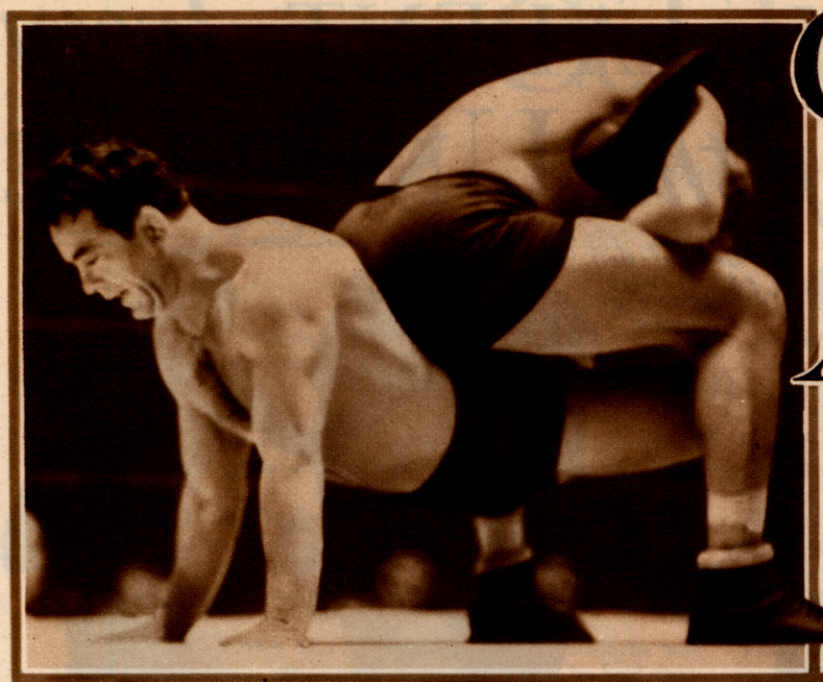
* * *

POJELLO is not as big nor as powerfully built as the majority of the leaders of the mat sport, but what he lacks in physical make-up, he possesses in wrestling ability. In fact there are few men appearing before the public to-day who are better equipped for the strenuous old game than Pojello. Two years ago, when Pojello was touring the country with Jack Curley's troupe, with which he severed relations when he thought that he was not obtaining sufficient work, it was the opinion of Steinke and Shikat, two of the best grapplers in the field, that Pojello had all the earmarks of a coming champion. At that time Pojello was working like a wizard. He has gone back some since then, but he still can hold his own against the cream of the talent.

His major losses in the past two years have been to Ray Steele and Joe Malcewicz. He also lost a decision to Ivan Vakturoff, who didn't rate to whip him, but every wrestler has his off night, as Pojello proved in subsequent matches when he reversed the order on several occasions. Pojello likes to tutor new talent. His greatest delight is to take some raw recruit and try to build him into a star. Recently, when Billy Bartush took to the professional field, Pojello was delegated to take him in hand and to teach him the finer points of wrestling. That Carl has succeeded is evident by Bartush's fine showing in recent matches.

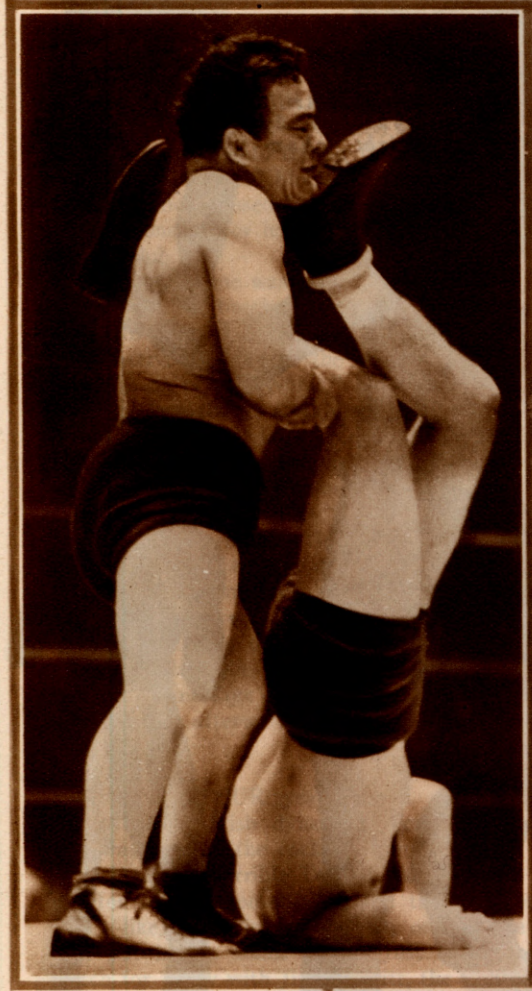
When he won the light-heavyweight championship of Europe

Current *Wrestling Attractions*

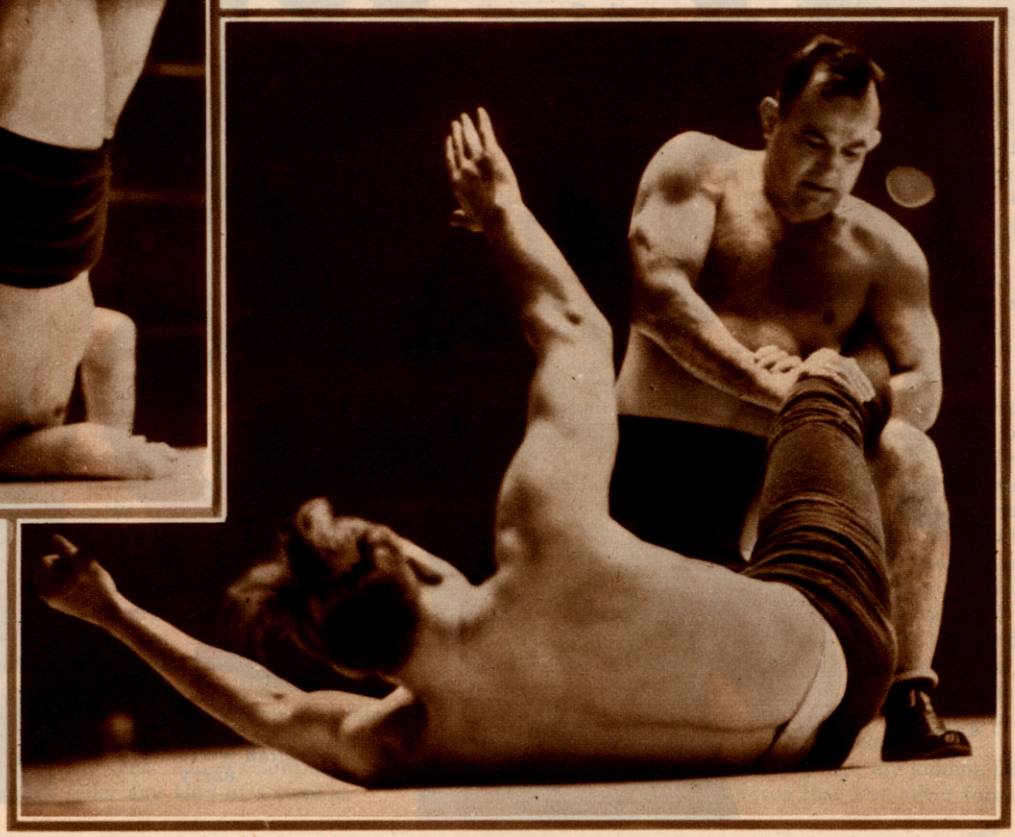


ALTHOUGH the wrestling sport has taken a big tumble in the west and middle west, it continues to enjoy an unprecedented prosperity, considering business conditions, (*Continued on page* 43)

Jim McMillen applying the crab hold on Londos. The champion is trying to break it by bracing his back to throw McMillen off



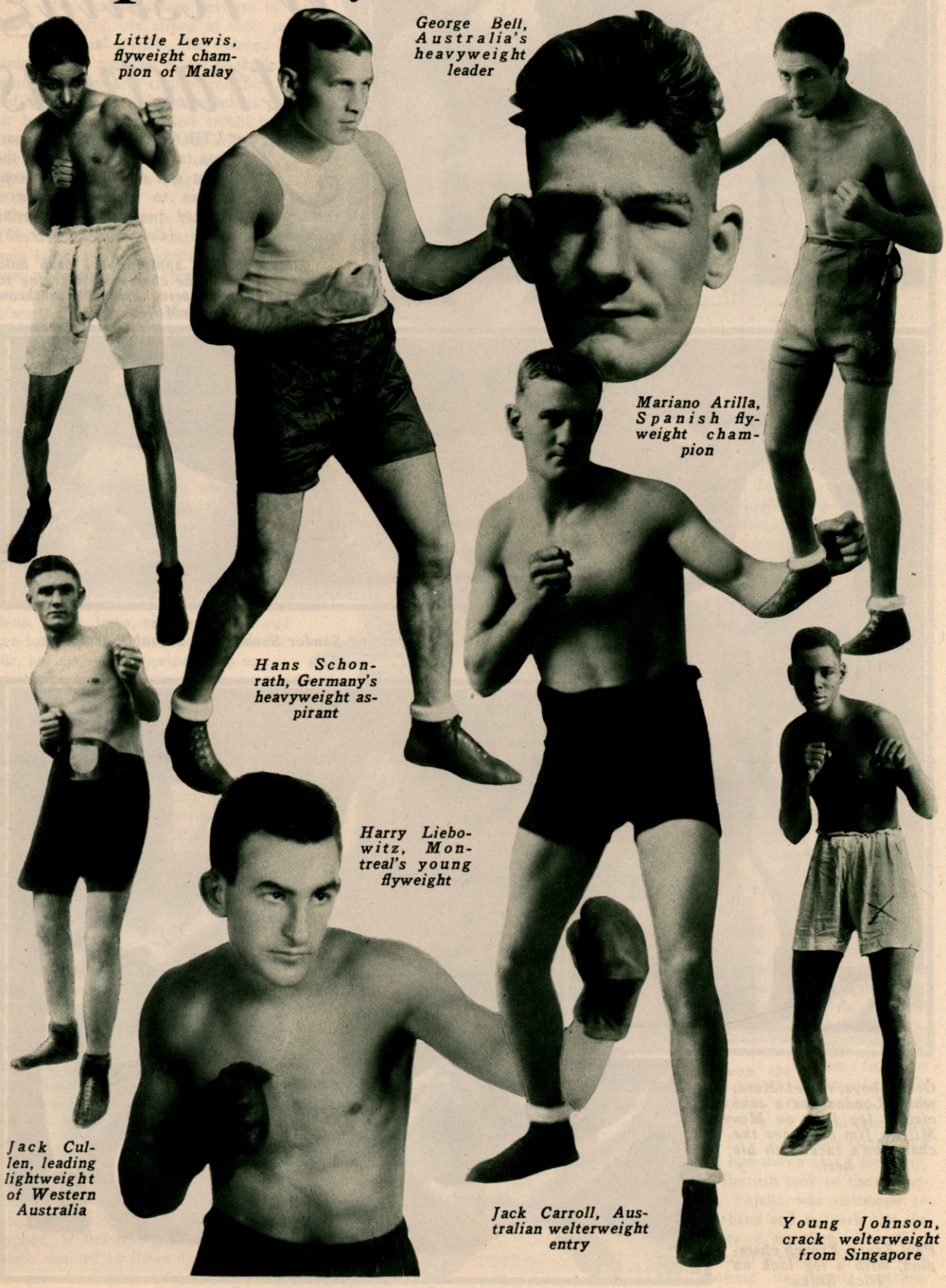
George Calza pinning Sandor Szabo with a double arm lock



Gentle boys, these! Here, while Londos has a cruciating leg lock on McMillen, Jim massages the champion's face with his heel.

Paul Favre, French champion, with a leg lock on Dick Shikat

FOREIGN TALENT *from all parts of the* UNIVERSE



Little Lewis, flyweight champion of Malay

George Bell, Australia's heavyweight leader

Mariano Arilla, Spanish flyweight champion

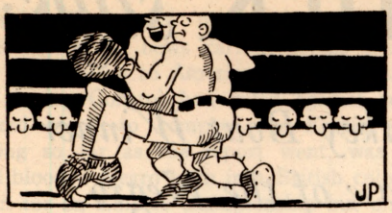
Hans Schonrath, Germany's heavyweight aspirant

Harry Liebowitz, Montreal's young flyweight

Jack Cullen, leading lightweight of Western Australia

Jack Carroll, Australian welterweight entry

Young Johnson, crack welterweight from Singapore



Costly "Kidding"

Joe Humphreys Tells of a Telegram to Tex Rickard That Was the Cause of the Gans-Nelson Battle in Goldfield

By JOE HUMPHREYS

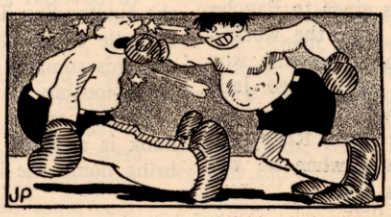
IT WAS the night of the Eddie Ran-Billy Petrolle fight.

The scene was one of the dressing rooms of Madison Square Garden.

Stories of fights and fighters were in order and as is usual on such occasion, the veterans had the floor.

Johnny Reagan, Deputy Boxing Commissioner, who at one time was one of the leading skin-tight glove fighters, had just completed his tale—the story of his great battle with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at Sands Point, Long Island, many years ago.

Then came Charley Harvey, whose flowing moustache was the subject of many caricatures in the days when he held sway as one of the best announcers of his period and a fight manager of international fame. Charley told of a fight out at Reagan's Seaside Club in Brooklyn at which a woman, dressed in man's garb, became so excited that she tossed her derby into the air thereby exposing her beautiful blond hair, the expose of which caused her arrest for disorderly conduct for having ventured into a fight club.



And so the time was passed. When we were about to break up our session as fight time neared, I was asked how many years I have spent as an active member of the boxing fraternity.

"Gone on my forty-first," I replied.

"Were you always a 'kidder' Joe?" piped up Ed Van Every, the former scribe whose "Sins of New York" and "Sins of a Nation" have gained for him fame as an author.

"Well, I'll tell you something about 'kidding' that almost caused me to throw a fit," I replied. "It's the story of Tex Rickard's great show at Goldfield, the fight between Gans and Nelson that started Tex on the road to fame and fortune. I pride myself on my tact, something I've been forced to perfect in many many years' association with the public, but once I kidded myself out of a fortune, by trying to jolly a man who simply wouldn't be jollied. I thought it a huge joke when I sent him a message about which I'm going to tell, but it hurt me for years afterwards because of the price I paid."

* * *

TWENTY-FOUR years ago I was managing that little chunk of Irish dynamite, Terry McGovern—and a job that was, I'll tell the cock-eyed world. When I wasn't arranging a bout for Terrible Terry I was trying to keep him out of jail for socking some 200-pound truck driver whose face he didn't like, or trying to restrain one of the grandest thirsts ever put into a small body. Just about that time I got a match for Terry with Jimmy Britt, the California flash, a great boxer but nothing much as a hitter, and the bout was staged in the old Garden.

It was a good fast fight, a ten-round affair, which kept all the boys yelling their heads off. Terry couldn't put Jimmy away, but the newspaper boys gave him the edge next day. One of the crowd who saw that fight was a tall, bronzed, lanky cowpuncher and gambler from somewhere out West, a fellow with a lazy voice and a keen, hard eye. I just barely met him and his name didn't mean a thing to me. There were a lot of Tex's in those days—Tex this and Tex that—ex-cowpunchers and gams—so I didn't give this feller any kind of a tumble.

Well, a month later I was sitting with Johnny White and some of the old gang in the back room and a Western Union kid that had been chasin' me around town finally caught up with a telegram. I started to take it and the kid said nix. He said that I couldn't have the telegram until I come across with $4.80 collect charges. The kid wouldn't say where it was from, of course, or didn't know, and I had to take a chance. Telegrams weren't as common in those days and it was more exciting to get one.

I ripped open the envelope and read the message: "Will give fifteen thousand dollar purse for finish contest between Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt at Goldfield, Nevada. Wire answer immediately."

* * *

THE name signed to the message was Tex Rickard and I remembered it as the name of the lanky guy with the keen eye that I had met at the McGovern fight in the Garden. It looked like a joke to me and I was sore anyway over having to fork over $4.80. Says I to myself, says I, I'll just fix you, my kidding friend from Goldfield, Nevada. So I borrowed Johnny White's fountain pen and dashed off a message.

"Your telegram," I wired, "received with four dollars, eighty cents charges. What's the big joke? Never heard of Goldfield, Nev., but am personally acquainted with the Greenfields of Virginia, Morris and Jake. If you are on the level with this offer let me know."

I sent it collect, figuring it would cause this Rickard guy about the same five-dollar dent in the pocketbook that his had caused me. Well, you could have drowned me in the foam off a glass of pilsener when I heard a few weeks later that this fellow Rickard had signed up Battling Nelson and Joe Gans for a world's championship fight at Goldfield, and everybody knows what happened at that fight—the biggest gate that lightweights had ever taken in. A $30,000 purse for the winner, fame for Tex Rickard and plenty of dough for everybody on the inside.

* * *

WHAT happened was, when Rickard got that wise-cracking telegram from me with a collect charge of five bucks tagged on to it, he was so mad he could only stutter. He was so mad that he never gave another thought to Terry or to me, his manager, and started out to make an entirely new arrangement with Bat Nelson and the Old Master from Baltimore.

If I had taken Rickard's telegram seriously, I could have got the same purse, probably, that Rickard hung up for the Nelson-Gans fight, and probably I would have been in so good with Rickard that I could have counted my dough in the hundreds of thousands within a few years. Wasn't that hell? But how should I have known at the time that Rickard was on the level? I thought he was kidding me, but I learned, much to my sorrow, that he meant every word he had written.

There's one time when I should have kept my kidding for the gallery gods. Tex taught me a lesson that I've never forgotten.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Silver Belt for Schmeling-Sharkey Bout Winner
Ring Readers Discuss the Case of the Negro
Nichols and Fuller Acclaimed by Fistic Fans

FOLLOWING the custom established by THE RING six years ago to award championship belts to the winner of each heavyweight titular contest, Nat Fleischer, owner and publisher of this magazine, has ordered a beautiful five-panel trophy to be awarded to the winner of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight at the Yankee Stadium on June 16. The belt is by far the handsomest ever donated by this publication and will be one well worth striving for. It will be placed on exhibition at Billy Taub's, Broadway and 38th Street, together with a collection of other famous belts, including the solid silver belt that Charley Mitchell received for his thirty-nine-round draw with John L. Sullivan, the belt that was given to Pancho Villa by the Filipino Government when he won the world's title from Jimmy Wilde, the one that Benny Leonard won when he beat Rocky Kansas and the belt awarded to Jack Dempsey for his victory over Bill Brennan.

The last championship belt awarded by THE RING was the nine-panel trophy that Schmeling received when he was declared the winner over Sharkey two years ago.

* * *

GEORGE NICHOLS, a "dark horse" in the race for the National Boxing Association's light-heavyweight tournament that opened last December, has qualified as the logical opponent for Maxie Rosenbloom for a world's championship bout by annexing the N. B. A. crown with a ten-round decision over Dave Maier of Milwaukee, at the Chicago Stadium. Dave and George were finalists in the tournament, a series of bouts in which twenty-two of the leading light-heavies of the world took part. Hence the victory of Nichols entitles him to considerable consideration.

Should Rosenbloom decide to continue to meet opponents in over-weight matches in which his title is not at stake, and refuse to accept the N. B. A. title holder as a logical opponent, then it is safe to predict that Nichols, through popular acclaim, will be the recognized world's champion. As things now stand, the N. B. A. tournament has accomplished one thing—it has produced a fighter worthy of recognition as a real contender and now it is up to Rosenbloom to "take it or leave it."

Nichols' rise to the heights in the light-heavyweight class is still more astounding when one recollects that only a few months ago he was eliminated in the National Boxing Association's middleweight tourney by Gorilla Jones, who won that championship. In the light-heavyweight section, he evened matters by disposing of Billy Jones, a Negro, in the semi-final round.

* * *

ANOTHER big surprise on that same card, was the elimination of Ben Jeby, New York's leading contender for middleweight honors, from further consideration in the championship race in his division. Finding it impossible to obtain work in New York because he is a strong, aggressive fighter whose style usually spells ruination for an opponent, Jeby accepted a match with Frank Battaglia at the Stadium of Chicago and, backed heavily to win in a romp, he was shunted out of the picture and incidentally out of the middleweight contender class, by a one-round knockout. The contest lasted only a minute and twenty seconds. Thus Battaglia now goes up and Jeby is forced to start from the bottom again.

Such is fate—one day a champion, the next, a "has-been."

* * *

BOSTON fight fans are all het up over the fine showing of their lightweight idol, Sammy Fuller. If Sammy can retain his present form, he stands an excellent chance to relieve Tony Canzoneri of the crown. The manner in which he scored over the hard socking Ray Miller and then disposed of the equally hard hitting Billy Wallace, makes Fuller one of the outstanding lighties. With Fuller, Canzoneri, Battalino and Petrolle in the limelight, the class should be a most active one this summer with at least three good cards, including two championship matches, available, that would draw well.

Fuller carries a heavy wallop in either hand, but his left hook is a peach and when it lands properly, it is certain to bring home the bacon.

* * *

IN a recent issue of this publication, our California correspondent, Bill Miller, who knows his boxing like a schoolboy knows his alphabet, started something when he wrote his most interesting article, "Black were their skins but bright their deeds."

From all over the world, as far East as Bombay and down to Australia, have come letters discussing the white man's superiority over the black and vice versa, letters that prove that the old race question still finds its existence in sports circles. When THE RING published Miller's article, the Editor did so only because he felt that the hypothetical problem so well worked out by Mr. Miller would elicit considerable interest among the true lovers of boxing. That no mistake in judgment was made, is obvious from the flood of letters received since the article appeared, letters that from time to time will appear in THE RING.

Of almost 900 received on this subject, it is indeed pleasing to be able to say that only seven refused to accede anything great about the Negro—in fact they have found fault with THE RING for opening up the race question. One accuses THE RING of attempting to foster mixed bouts on the public in territory where such contests are now forbidden. A second says, "Why consider a hypothetical question of that kind, when boxing would be better off if the Negroes were kept to themselves and were not permitted to fight in championship or other battles, against whites."

* * *

WITHOUT going too deeply into a subject that may prove annoying because of the international character of THE RING, on behalf of fair play, the Editor takes issue with those who find fault against the present crop of high class, well-behaved Negroes whose manliness, courage, and fighting heart, have made them splendid attractions in the roped square. The Negro as a fighter has long proved his worth both in the ring and on the battlefield and as Bill Miller so aptly stated, some of the world's foremost fistic gladiators were sons of

Ham. They have displayed courage and skill.

Recently the news carried across the Big Pond conveyed the information to American fight fans that the British Board of Boxing Control had ruled against permitting Negroes of mixed blood to compete for Empire championships. The ruling so far as the report went, was to the effect that a full-blooded Negro born in a British colony, may fight a white man for an Empire championship but one born in England of Negro and white blood, was banned, even though such a fighter had done his bit for England during the world war.

It is rulings of that kind that are responsible for race prejudice, not articles such as Bill Miller wrote. Larry Gains, a Toronto Negro, recently won the heavyweight title of Great Britain by beating Dan McCorkindale, but, if Gains were a man of mixed blood, he would not have been eligible for the crown. That distinction seems rather silly.

What difference does it make what the color of a fighter, so long as he can fight? If he gives honestly the best in him, is gentlemanly and has all the ear-marks of a good fighter, that's all the public cares about. Race, color or creed do not figure in boxing.

* * *

A FEW days ago I discussed the subject of Negro fighters with the veteran Tom O'Rourke, who handled the affairs of Joe Walcott and George Dixon and during the course of our conversation, I showed him several letters received by THE RING in-re Miller's article.

"There never were two greater fighters than Dixon and Walcott. Wish I had a few Dixons and Walcotts now," said O'Rourke. "And Joe Gans! What a clever boy he was! 'Black were their skins but white their hearts,' is what I would have headed Bill Miller's article, for there never were finer fellows in the boxing game than Dixon, Walcott and Gans.

"Weight for weight, I know of no pugilists who could compare to the three I've mentioned. They were fighters, every inch of them. Show me a man to-day, who could duplicate the feats of Walcott. Show me a fighter of Dixon's weight to-day who compares to Little Chocolate when he was in his prime. There are none.

"Dixon, Walcott and Gans would wade through the field of present day scrappers in their respective divisions. There would be nothing to it. That's how superior, in my opinion, the three outstanding Negro fighters of all time were to those who have followed them," was O'Rourke's parting shot.

And Tom should know. No better judge of fighters ever lived than the veteran. He is one of the world's greatest authorities on the sport.

* * *

THE British Board of Boxing Control is determined, and rightfully so, to see that Nel Tarlton, colorful featherweight of Great Britain, is not left out in the cold when the world's championship is decided. The Board, pressed by British sentiment has received the assurance of the National Boxing Association and the French Federation, that no matter who wins the American tournament to determine Bat Battalino's successor, that victor will be compelled to meet Tarlton to determine the world's holder of the crown.

In view of Tarlton's success in this country and his wonderful performances since returning to England, especially his recent victory over Al Foreman, lightweight champion, this is as it should be. Nel is entitled to consideration and should not be asked to compete in a general tourney. He has made his mark against the cream of the European talent, also against good American fighters, and it is only fair that the British lad receive proper recogniiton.

* * *

WHILE the Madison Square Garden management boosted the usual "depression" admission prices of $1.00 to $5.00 to $2.00 to $8.00 for the Battalino-Petrolle embroglio, promoters in other parts of the country are starving. The small clubs of New York are practically at a standstill and in other sections of Uncle Sam's domain, California, for example, the main events are lucky to get what the average semi-finalists obtain in New York.

The Olympic Club of Los Angeles, one of the leaders on the Coast, wired Battalino an offer of $3,000 to clash with Bobby Pacho, a tough Californian lightweight, yet the former featherweight king picked up $9,000 to beat Ran in the Garden of New York and about $5,000 more for his fight with Petrolle.

In Cincinnati, a fine boxing center, the fans have been so hard hit by Kid Depression that Danny Davis of the Parkway Club stages his regular weekly shows at panic prices of admission of 25 and 35 cents. "Believe It Or Not."

* * *

OUR congratulations go out to the *Daily News* A. A. of New York City for the manner in which that organization, under the capable supervision of Paul Gallico, sports editor of the *News*, handled the gigantic Golden Gloves Finals and the Golden Gloves Inter-City championship tournaments at Madison Square Garden. They were by far the best organized amateur tournaments ever staged in New York and proved to a record gathering of 21,772 persons who paid $42,212.75, that amateur boxing can be brought back with a bang if directed by the type of men who were in charge of the *News* affair.

There is no organization in America that is doing more for the benefit of the simon pures than the *News* A. A. By sponsoring amateur tourneys in various parts of the country, the idea that developed in the brain of Paul Gallico has become a feature of sports in America. Through proper medical examinations, strict supervision of the talent entered in the various sub-tourneys, the finals each year bring forth a type of fighting such as is seldom seen in professional matches. The most recent shows developed into the greatest amateur boxing meets staged in New York in many years and brought out the largest gathering that ever has seen indoor fights in the Greater City.

Amateur boxing owes a vote of thanks to the *News* A. A. and a special vote of thanks to the man whose energetic work has accomplished such wonders for the sport—Paul Gallico.

* * *

CHARLEY RETZLAFF, stable mate of Billy Petrolle, is on the warpath again. His recent knockouts of Joe Woods and Jack McCarthy have boosted his stock and an effort is being made to get him and Steve Hamas together. A fight between these boys would make an interesting card.

* * *

OUR hat's off to Referee Watson of Massachusetts who, although ordered by Boxing Commissioner Kelly to halt the Gorilla Jones-Frankie O'Brien fight and declare it "no-contest," stood by his guns and defied the commissioner by awarding the fight to O'Brien. By so doing, Kelly acted well within the rights granted by the boxing rules which specifically state that the referee is in complete charge of a fight once it gets under way. Too many officials try to usurp the power of the referee. If the third man in the ring is deemed incompetent, he should not be assigned to duty, but once assigned, no official has a right to tell him what to do.

* * *

THE sporting world is following with interest the battle that James J. Corbett is making to regain his health. There is no finer sportsman in America, no more beloved character than the man who made ring history when he dethroned the great John L. Sullivan. Corbett is exhibiting the same fighting spirit in this, the greatest fight of his career, that he did when he came within an ace of regaining the world's heavyweight championship in his bout with Jim Jeffries and the prayers of the sports world go out to him for his complete recovery.

CRADLES of BOXING

By DOC ALMY
(*Boston's leading boxing authority*)

The thirteenth of a series of articles on famous fights in New England

When Andy Gidelow and Tim "Tightback" Turner fought for $60 a side and the hand of a fair lassie

OUR last story, in reality Chapter I of the John "Cocky" Woods-George King fight, left the former, a Bostonian, and his British foeman, also their respective clans, all hot and bothered because King had failed to appear when wanted. He had fallen into the hands of the New York police, and had been detained by them long enough to prevent his meeting Woods on the Jersey side of the North River near Huyler's Landing.

To-day's story brings us to Chapter II, with Woods and King continuing the principals. Though the Bostonians were in a peevish frame of mind, it was pointed out to them that King really meant business and would go through at the first opportunity. So, they decided to tarry in Gotham for a few days, particularly as the stake money continued beyond their reach.

There was the usual amount of chatter, whisperings and going back and forth. Finally it was announced that King would fight Woods on June 2, the place to be near the old Centreville Course, not far from Flushing, L. I., and the time, between 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning.

Though all concerned had been sworn to secrecy, on Saturday morning, the day agreed on for the mill, all roads seemed to lead to Centreville. By the time the fighters reached the place more than 1000 persons had assembled. They were there to see the fight and seemed to know all about what was going to happen.

* * *

IN hopes of shaking off the mob, it was decided to pitch the ring about a mile distant. For the time being this worked all right. A ring was made and within a few minutes, Woods was inside of it ready for action. King, however, demurred. He would not fight unless Woods did this, or agreed to that. He must take the spikes out of his shoes, etc., etc. With these various demands the Bostonian complied, but still King dilly-dallied. Meanwhile, time was fleeting and unwelcome spectators again assembled.

So many gathered that it was decided that the contest could not be staged. There was a conference and Willet's Point was agreed upon as the new scene for the encounter, and for Willet's Point all started. Though every attempt was made to escape from the spectators, such was impossible. The old accounts state that there was a parade of several hundred carriages and wagons following the fighters about. However, again the ring was set up, and again Woods was first inside the ropes. King wanted to do some more talking. He was given 15 minutes in which to get ready to fight or take the consequences.

Meanwhile the commotion had attracted the police, all of which is hardly surprising. About 50 officers, armed with clubs and pistols, suddenly surged into the crowd. There was clubbing, punching and a general melee. Many of those close to the ropes not only were badly mauled, but were placed under arrest. Woods and King sought to escape in carriages but were quickly overhauled, clubbed and chained up with the other prisoners. In the court action which followed, the principals were held in $500 each for attempting to participate in a fight, while fines of $5 and $10 were handed to their followers.

Thus ended the second attempt to stage the Woods-King battle. Barring the bruises he had received at the hands of the police, Woods came out of this affair much better than fell to his lot in Chapter I. The New York sports, headed by Harry Hill, decided that King was a false alarm and quit him. The stake money was turned over to Woods, and, to make general amends, on June 27, he was tendered a fine benefit in the old Chatham Theatre, New York.

While we fear that we are trespassing, and that, considerably, into the territory of some other writer, we would bring this Woods-King business to a definite end. To do so requires a Chapter III.

* * *

DURING the summer of 1860, Woods and Price found plenty in Boston to interest them, as will later be told, but as neither was entirely satisfied with the outcome of the attempts to get King inside the ropes, the fall saw negotiations again going forward for a bout. King was agreeable, and succeeded in securing backers. A match was arranged for $300 a side and early in the morning of December 5, 1860, they finally clashed near Weehawken, N. J. It was a bitter, cold day with a light fall of snow on the ground, but bodily discomfort rarely greatly affected the oldtime gladiators.

Naturally, the attendance was small. The secret had been well kept this time. The fact, coupled with the weather and early hour, served to discourage would-be hangers-on. Johnny Mackey and Louis Beiral attended Woods, while Jemmy Massey and "Australian" Kelly seconded King. One James "Fatty" Walsh was the referee.

King drew first blood and gained first fall on Woods and for a few rounds did very well. In fact he was out in front. The Bostonian, however, was there with the wallop and all the rough stuff that marked many of the oldtime ring battles.

As the fight progressed, King began to wilt. He began to drop to the ground to avoid punishment. He was warned to desist but in the 56th round, he again went down without being struck and Referee Walsh stopped the fray and declared King the loser on a foul. The battle, stakes and all side money went to Woods.

This affair brought to a final and definite end the Woods-King series of episodes. Of King, we can find no further record. John "Cocky" Woods was yet to figure in other ring events which will be told in their place. Finally he was to

Some More About "Cocky" Woods and George King and the Return of John C. Heenan from His Famous Fight with Tom Sayers

feel the weight of the fierce punches of Boston's budding "Strong Boy," John L. Sullivan.

* * *

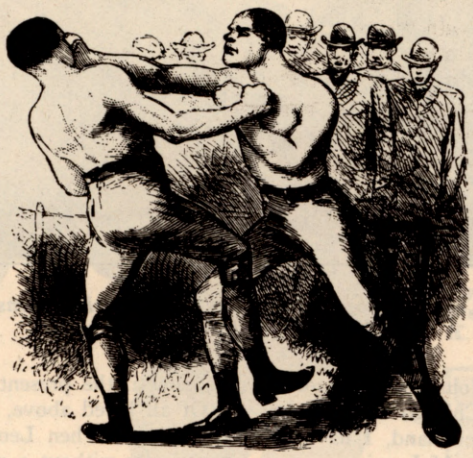
WHILE the various events we have narrated were largely associated with New York, between the blow-up of the second scheduled Woods-King muss in June, and the actual battle in December, Boston was not entirely off the fistic map. There was some fighting of red hot interest to the Fancy, while John C. Heenan, returned to America from his battle with Tom Sayers in England, was to be entertained.

There is a saying to the effect that in the spring youth turns its thoughts to love. Andy Gidelow and Tim "Tight-back" Turner, British-born lightweight pugilists, but in 1860 residents of Boston, experienced that sensation of the heart. They centered their admiration on the same young woman, came into violent verbal contact with each other and decided to fight it out.

It was recalled by somebody that in days of yore "Prof." Jack Smith of England, and Joe Long of Maine (see RING, April, 1931) had fought a bloody, but satisfactory battle on Little Brewster Island in Boston Harbor. No one had butted into the picture. "Ideal," was the verdict.

As Little Brewster is quite a distance down the harbor, Greater Brewster, a much larger island, also nearer to Boston, was selected. Even to this day, the spot is somewhat of a no-man's-land.

The schooner *Young America* was chartered and at 4 o'clock on the morning of August 6, 1860, the fighters, their backers and a few selected spectators, embarked at Long Wharf for a day's outing in the harbor. Arriving off the island, all were boated ashore, a ring was pitched and the gladiators prepared for battle. Gidelow, seconded by Kit Burns and Barney Williams, and Turner by Tom Jennings and Harry Finnegass, with Price in there as referee, lost no time in getting to work. They had fought but a few rounds when there came an interruption. A yacht was seen making for the island, and shortly a number of boats were being pulled toward the shore.



Cocky Woods, with a straight right, drew first blood in his battle with George King at Weehawken, on Dec. 5, 1860

The committee which waited on these late arrivals was much relieved on finding that the newcomers were friendly disposed—had come to the Island on the *Camilla* merely to witness the mill. Confidence and good feeling having been restored, the Gidelow-Turner scrap was resumed. Early in the bout Gidelow broke several bones in his right hand, but refused to stop for a little thing like that even though it forced him to depend almost entirely on his left.

So, the boys slammed, banged, mauled and threw each other about for 85 rounds, lasting two hours and 20 minutes, and were still going strong when a sentinel, who had been posted on a high rock, announced that another craft was approaching the island.

This vessel had such a suspiciously official look about it that Referee Price decided that it was time to bring the mill to a conclusion. He stopped it and ruled the contest a draw. While the police, for such were the latest arrivals, were disembarking, the patrons of Fistiana scrambled aboard the *Young America* and *Camilla*. Sails were quickly hoisted and the boats were headed for Long Island. Here they had the luck to find the steamer *Nelly Baker*. This they hired and in course of an hour, all were back and safe in Boston.

We have just said, "All were safe in Boston." That referred only to the spectators for Gidelow and Turner were so bruised that they and Barney Williams, the second, were left at a fisherman's shack to recuperate. According to the details of the affair, when the police, after finding no one to arrest, went to the house to obtain some refreshments, the fishermen, thinking they had come to make an arrest, attacked the police with pitchforks and clubs whereupon all hands were sadly manhandled by the guardians of the law who eventually left the scene with Williams and the two gladiators as their prisoners.

Brought to Boston, they were held in $5000 bail. Had they been convicted, they might have been sentenced to five years in jail, but fortunately, when they were tried, there was no evidence produced to prove that a fight had taken place as the police had not seen any of the action and all hands were released.

* * *

JOHN C. HEENAN, the Benecia Boy, and his visit to Boston in August, was the next event to stir up the old burg. Early that month negotiations were opened for his appearance in The Hub. James M. Nixon of New York, at that time directing Heenan's business affairs, assisted by Col. James Tidmarsh, sought a license for the hero to box an exhibition bout. Boston wanted to see Heenan, then an idol, and Heenan desired to show in Boston, but the city fathers wouldn't have it. There was nothing doing. Incensed over the Gidelow-Turner affair, also several similar events, the solons were having a spasm of virtue such as now and then break out in municipalities. Such is usually mere gallery stuff, but in Heenan's case it kept him from boxing in Boston.

Messrs. Nixon and Tidmarsh, though beaten in Boston, still had an ace in the hole. They approached the town fathers of Chelsea, a near suburb of Boston, though not a part of the latter city. The Chelsea town fathers made an awful howl—they had to do something to satisfy their churchly constituents—and, then let it be known, that is, privately, there would be no official interference with the Heenan festivity.

So, August 18, saw the Benecia Boy and his retainers in Boston, and that same afternoon, a Saturday, he boxed within a canvas enclosure erected on the grounds of the old Atlantic House in North Chelsea.

About 8000 spectators, among them, as the old account states, "some very respectable ladies," were present. Jack MacDonald, Heenan's British second, who had accompanied the American back to The States, and Jim Cusiak, the Boy's trainer and pal, were the first to show their wares with the gloves. Next, Ned Price and Aaron Jones did their bit. They were followed by Heenan and "Prof." Ottignon, who boxed six spirited rounds. That's all there was to it. No one was murdered, nor was the town sacked and burned!

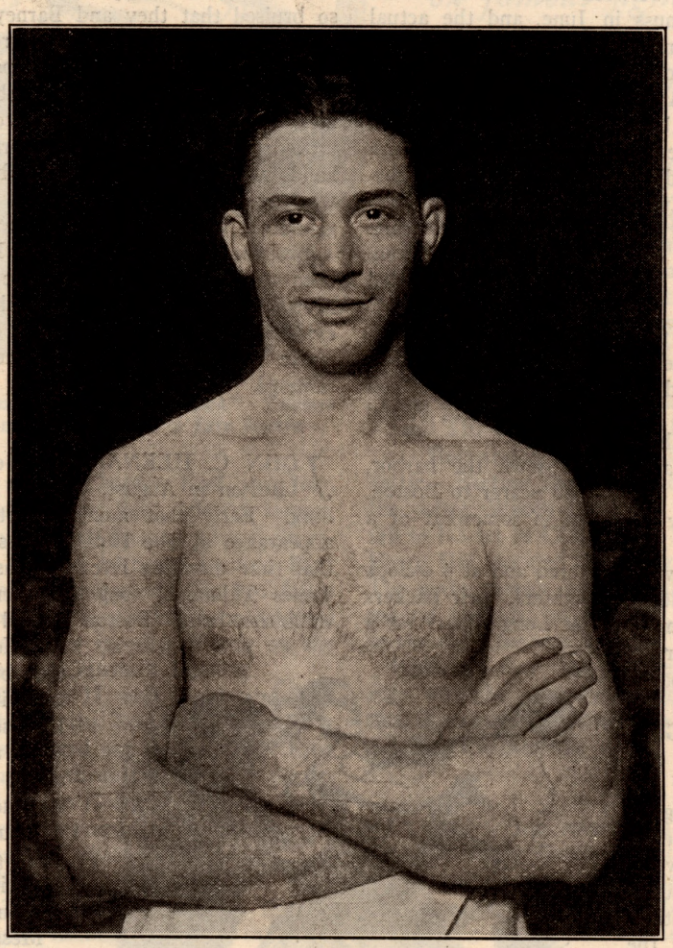
(To be continued)

Looking Back *with* LEONARD

By HARRY GRAYSON

A FEW weeks ago Benny Leonard, retired undefeated lightweight champion, in another effort to essay a comeback, made good with a vengeance when he came through with a masterly exhibition in outpointing the rugged young New Yorker, Billy McMahon, in a ten-round bout. Those who sat in at the ringside, as did the writer, and figured that Benny's attempt would be naught but a tragedy, left that old St. Nicholas Arena singing the praises of the star of yesteryear, who may yet surprise all hands, by performing the miracle of the age—the winning of a championship after eight years of retirement.

Benny gave an astonishing exhibition of boxing, punching and quick-thinking, an exhibition that was so astounding that it was almost unbelievable. If in his next few fights, he can continue to show the form he exhibited that night, a contest between him and Jimmy McLarnin and one between him and Jackie Fields for the welterweight championship will be two of the outstanding fights of the summer. Both Jimmy Johnston of Madison Square Garden and Nate Lewis of the Chicago Stadium are after the contests and from information on hand, I have the assurance of Johnston that the bout with McLarnin is practically clinched.



Benny Leonard, popular Hebrew fighter, who looms up as a big summer attraction

That being the case, New York will see this summer the biggest money-making bout among men in a division other than heavyweights, since the famous Tendler-Leonard fight at the Yankee Stadium. A McLarnin-Leonard go, should Benny make good in his comeback as now seems assured, will be a natural. It will bring out the old rivalry between the Jews and the Irish, which was at its height when Leach Cross was in his prime. With Leonard, the best liked of the Hebrew fighters, pitted against McLarnin, the hero of the Celts, what a shindig that would be! A revival of the Donnybrook Fair of old!

On April 7, Benny celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday, an old age for a fighter, but in the prime of life, for any ordinary profession. Yet Benny, despite retirement of almost eight years, still feels he is superior to the majority of pugilists parading before the public in the welter and middleweight divisions and is determined to prove his point.

The last time Benny drew on gloves before he fought his first "comeback" contest with Pal Silvers last summer, in which Leonard was severely criticized because of the "queer" part Silvers played in that bout, was on August 1, 1924. On that occasion Leonard boxed Pal Moran a 10-round no-decision contest in Cleveland. That was supposed to be a tune-up tilt for the fight with Mickey Walker for the welter crown, that fell through. By a strange coincidence, it was Jimmy Johnston who had arranged the bout with Walker and it is under Johnston's guidance that Benny will make his biggest bid for glory in his comeback rôle.

Not long after Leonard retired, the interest in the lightweight division took a tremendous flop. Jimmy Goodrich was pushed to the top of the heap and acquired the crown, later to be dethroned by Rocky Kansas who in turn dropped the title to Sammy Mandell who held it longer than any of those who succeeded Benny. Then came Mandell's one-round knockout at the hands of Al Singer who likewise lost the title in one round to Tony Canzoneri, the present incumbent of the throne.

Of all listed above, not one could compare to Leonard, the champion. When Leonard quit the division, he left the ship practically without a rudder and it was only recently, through the fearless, fighting champion who now occupies the top rung, that the class has come back somewhat into its own.

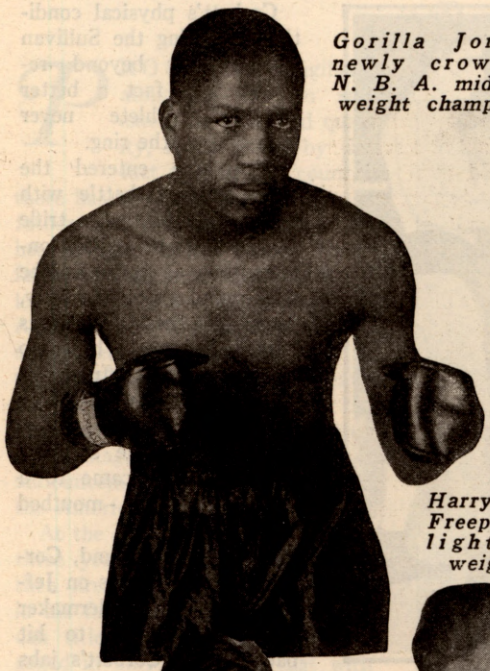
* * *

THE comeback trail is the toughest for any athlete, especially a fighter to hurdle, and though reams upon reams have been written to the effect that it cannot be accomplished, Benny seems on the way to establish a counter claim.

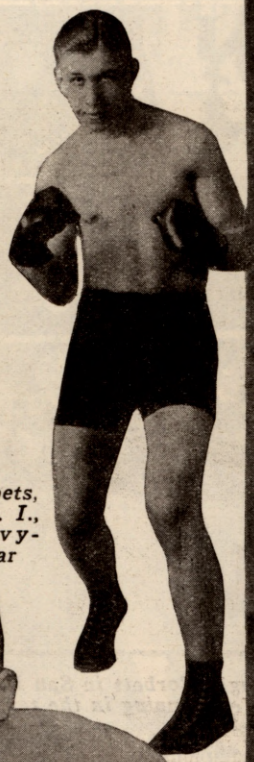
The fans are rooting hard for his success because he is a colorful fighter, the kind that acts as a tonic to the sport. His success means boxing's biggest summer since the depression and for that reason, as much as because of his popularity, it is hoped that he pulls through. The same feeling exists so far as Dempsey is concerned, but of the two, Leonard has by far the better chance to succeed.

Old timers who flocked in droves to the St. Nicholas Club to see Leonard, greeted another famous lightweight of a few years back when Lew Tendler got (*Continued on page* 44)

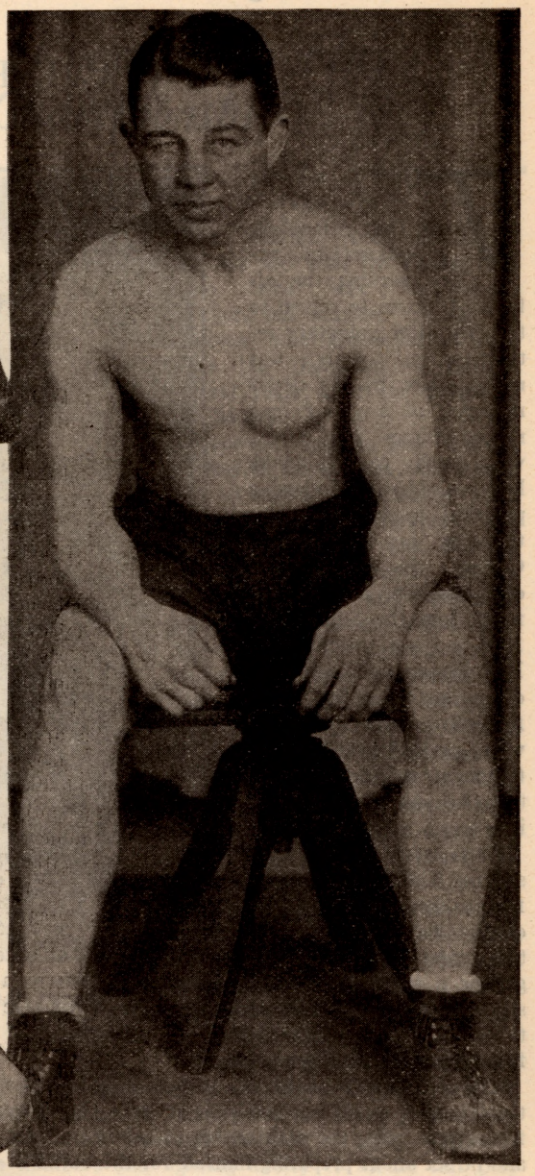
In the NEWS of the MONTH



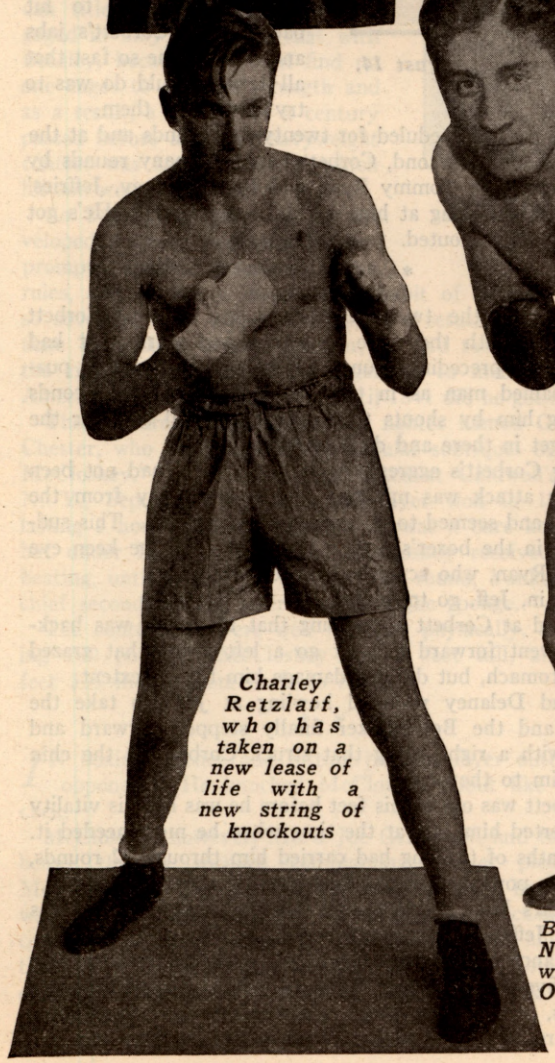
Gorilla Jones, newly crowned N. B. A. middleweight champion



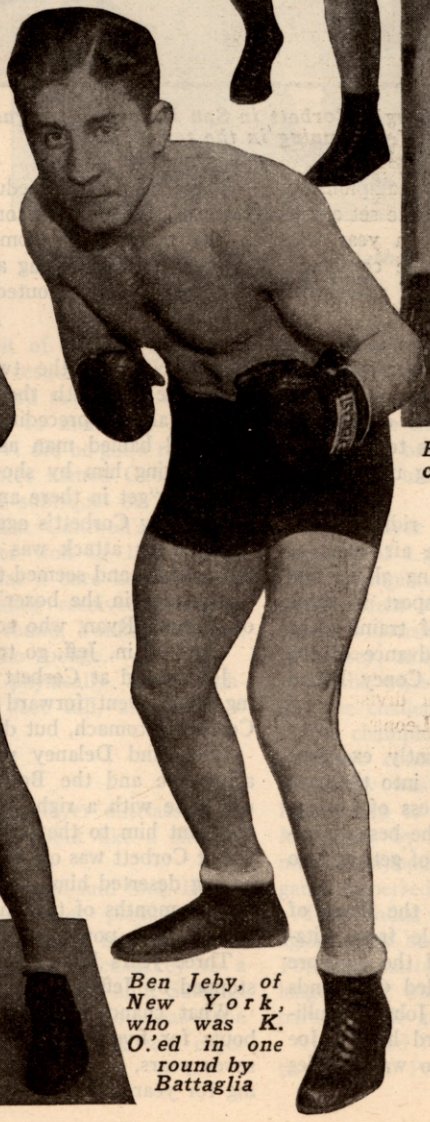
Harry Ebbets, Freeport, L. I., light-heavyweight star



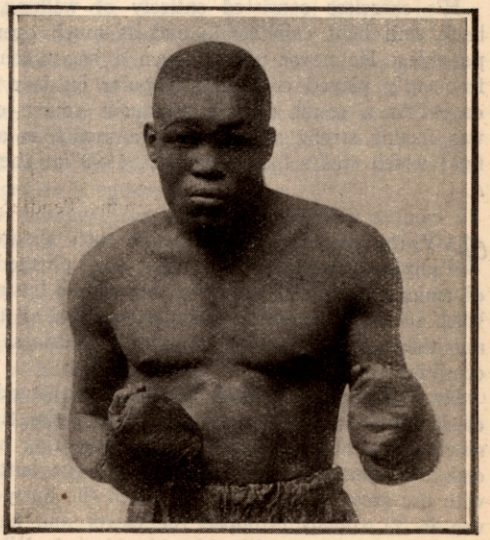
Billy Wallace, veteran lightweight whose comeback was cut short by a seven-round K. O. at the hands of Sammy Fuller



Charley Retzlaff, who has taken on a new lease of life with a new string of knockouts



Ben Jeby, of New York, who was K. O.'ed in one round by Battaglia

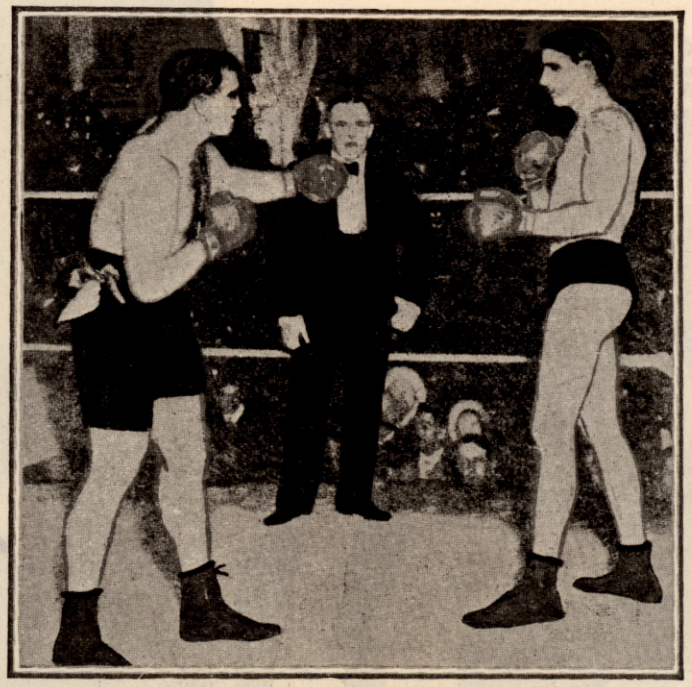


Billy Jones, outstanding Negro light-heavyweight

They Never Come Back

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

"THEY never come back." That melancholy assertion regarding the efforts of boxers to return to the ring after voluntary retirement of years, was nearly upset by the determination of a young man named James J. Corbett, who sought to regain the heavyweight title following practical retirement from the ring for three years. Corbett, who won the title of champion of America from John L. Sullivan in 1892 and lost the honor to Bob Fitzsimmons in 1897, did no boxing on his merits for three years, during which period he didn't make the slightest effort to maintain his physical well-being.



When Jeffries fought Corbett in San Francisco, August 14, 1903, Jeff winning in the tenth round.

Then came an event that spurred Corbett in an effort to get back the honors he had held. James Jeffries wrested the championship title from Fitzsimmons, in 1899, and Corbett at once set about getting a match with the Boilermaker. Nearly a year was spent in negotiation, before the Jeffries entourage consented to permit the lumbering Jeffries to sign articles of agreement for a bout with the clever Corbett.

Unquestionably the Jeffries camp jumped to the conclusion that Corbett would be unable to get into the proper condition for a fight with the Californian. Corbett thought otherwise, and he set about preparing himself for the battle in a thorough and painstaking manner. He devoted six months to the task, at least four months being dedicated to building up his run-down system.

His exercises consisted entirely of walking, riding horseback, and light calisthenics and as much open air work as possible. He never put on even a bag-punching glove, and frequently played croquet, a popular outdoor sport in those days. As a result of this strenuous course of training, he was feeling strong and vigorous a month in advance of the fight which was set for May 11, 1900, at the Coney Island A. C.

* * *

BY this time, Corbett was in such apparently excellent physical condition, that he at once plunged into the task of training eyes and hands in the serious business of boxing. With a large staff of sparring partners and all the best apparatus then in use, he settled down to the business of getting into condition for a fight.

He had no doubt of his ability to withstand the shock of clashing with the man who had taken the title from Fitzsimmons, and when he appeared in the ring of the seashore club, he was all confidence. Had he not battled 61 rounds with the great Peter Jackson; beaten the burly John L. Sullivan in 21 rounds; stopped the clever and hard hitting Joe Choynski in 28 rounds with skin gloves? Who was Jeffries that he should fear him?

Corbett's physical condition preceding the Sullivan contest was beyond reproach. In fact a better equipped athlete never stepped into the ring.

When he entered the arena for the battle with Jeffries, he seemed a trifle finer than in preceding contests, but as soon as the first round got under way, it was seen that Corbett was still the master of hit, stop and get away. Jeffries was so completely puzzled by Corbett's dazzling speed, feinting and side stepping that he really came to a standstill, open-mouthed and frightened.

Round after round, Corbett piled up points on Jeffries and the Boilermaker made no attempt to hit back. True, Corbett's jabs and hooks came so fast that all Jeffries could do was to try and block them.

The contest was scheduled for twenty-five rounds and at the close of the twenty-second, Corbett had won many rounds by a wide margin, and Tommy Ryan and Billy Delaney, Jeffries' seconds, were shrieking at him to "do something." "He's got you licked," they shouted.

* * *

THEN came the twenty-third and last round. Corbett came out with the same buoyancy and spirit that had marked all the preceding rounds. Jeffries was the same puzzled and baffled man as in the other sessions. His seconds were urging him by shouts that could be heard all over the arena to "get in there and do something."

Suddenly Corbett's aggressiveness ceased. He had not been hit, but his attack was missing. He backed away from the big Jeffries, and seemed to be uncertain on his feet. This sudden change in the boxer's action did not escape the keen eye of Tommy Ryan, who screeched to Jeffries:

"He's all in, Jeff, go to him."

Jeff peered at Corbett and seeing that the latter was backing away, went forward and let go a left swing that grazed Corbett's stomach, but did not damage him to any extent.

Ryan and Delaney resumed howling at Jeff, to take the aggressive and the Boilermaker finally stepped forward and cut loose with a right swing that struck Corbett on the chin and sent him to the floor.

But Corbett was out on his feet before he was hit, his vitality having deserted him just at the time when he most needed it. His six months of training had carried him through 22 rounds, and left him powerless in the twenty-third round.

Three years later, Corbett went to San Francisco and was stopped by Jeffries in the tenth round.

What chance has Dempsey, out of active participation in bouts for five years; Benny Leonard out of competition for seven years, or any other boxer who has refrained from fighting for years, to "come back." Ring history answers that.

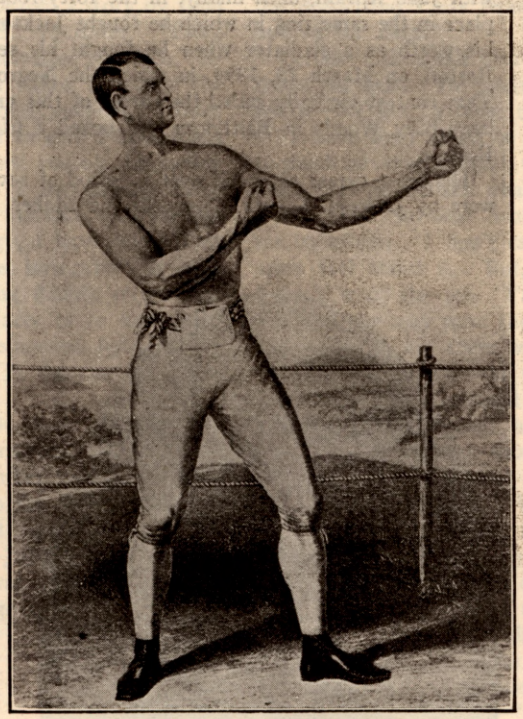
FATHER *and* SON

Only One Instance in Boxing Where Each Has Held the Heavyweight Championship

By HARVEY BRIGHT

PROOF that pugilistic ability is not to any extent an inherited quality, is furnished by the fact that in this country there has been but one instance of father and son each holding the heavyweight title. Jacob Hyer, father of Tom, won from Tom Beasley in 1816 the first battle staged on American soil, and so little did the newspapers think of the feat at the time, that they failed to leave for posterity any record of the affair other than the mere fact that it was staged. They gave the bare announcement that père Hyer won the American championship.

At the time Tom Hyer was only three years old and little did he then dream that he would follow in his father's footsteps as American title holder. Père Hyer engaged in only one fight, that with Beasley, because he could find no one eager to test his strength and as a result, a quarter of a century passed before another heavyweight contest was staged, that in which his son won the crown.



Tom Hyer who succeeded his father, Jacob, as heavyweight king

As Tom Hyer grew up, he developed a strong partiality for impromptu tussles, go-as-you-please rules, and he had a discouraging habit of beating opponents so severely, they seldom demanded a return battle. By the time Tom Hyer became a voter, he had tossed his cap into the ring and announced his eagerness to meet any man in America in a title contest. Not until 1841 did he get a response.

The venturesome person was a fighter named George McChester, who boxed under the singular sobriquet of "Country McCloskey." The battle took place at Caldwell's Landing, N. Y., September 9, 1841, and Hyer won in 101 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 55 minutes. It was a bare knuckle combat under London rules, and McCloskey received a terrific beating, until at the end of the 101st round, Yankee Sullivan, chief second for the loser, tossed in the sponge.

The contestants were well matched physically, each weighing 180 pounds. McCloskey was 6 feet tall, and Hyer 6 feet 2½ inches from heels to head.

* * *

IN boxing science and hitting powers, Hyer outclassed his opponent. He knocked McCloskey about like a shuttlecock.

McCloskey, however, had a Joe Grim jaw, and took Hyer's heavy thumps without complaining. Hyer pleaded with McCloskey to give up the one-sided contest, but the latter was obstinate and refused. Hyer pounded McCloskey to a condition of helplessness in the 101st round and Sullivan then threw in the sponge as token of defeat. This was done despite the vehement protests of McCloskey, who was eager to continue.

The terrific force of Hyer's punches was seen by Yankee Sullivan, who was McCloskey's handler, but instilled no fear in Sullivan, who proceeded to challenge the champion to combat, several years after the defeat of McCloskey.

Hyer and Sullivan met in a ring pitched at Rock Point, Md., January 10, 1849. McCloskey acted as chief second for Sullivan. The battle was a fierce one, Sullivan pitting his cleverness against Hyer's strength and punishing powers. The contest ended in 16 rounds, lasting 18 minutes and 17 seconds with Hyer the winner. Sullivan was so terribly beaten, it was necessary to remove him to Mt. Sinai Hospital in Baltimore.

John Morrissey was at this time, looming large on the heavyweight horizon, and his backers urged him to challenge Hyer. Morrissey did so, but apparently he had no intention of fighting the champion in the ring, having a wholesome fear of a man who hit with such dynamic force. Although a match was made, Morrissey failed to toe the scratch, and forfeited $100.

Another match was arranged and the pair met at a place known as the Abbey, October 20, 1854. In those days a fighter on starting for the battle ground considered it absolutely essential to take a gang warranted sufficient in numbers and fighting ability to assure fair play for himself or unfair treatment for his opponent. The latter result was usually attained by the fighter with the largest gang.

When Hyer reached the ringside, he found himself in the presence of a gang that outnumbered his force by five to one. The champion realized that no matter how thoroughly he might defeat Morrissey, he would not be permitted to get the referee's decision. After scrutinizing the scowling mob behind Morrissey, and reaching the conclusion that he and his gang would be wiped out if he entered the ring. Hyer decided to put the challenger to a severe test.

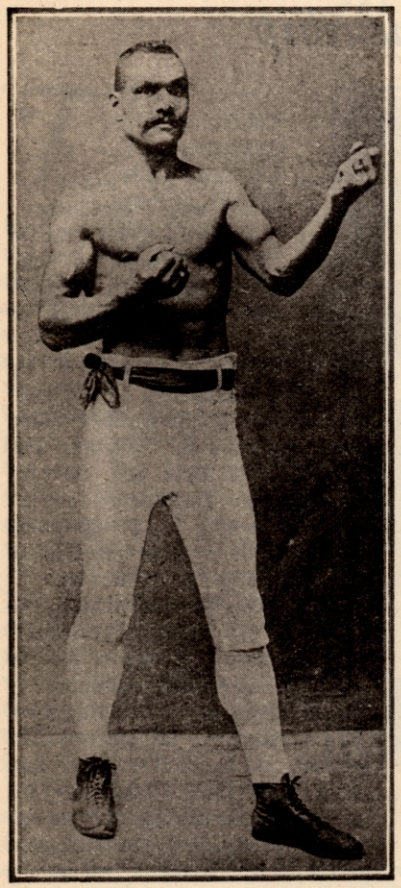
The champion produced two pistols, a necessary adjunct of pugilistic contests of that period, and after declaring that Morrissey was afraid to engage in a fair ring battle, challenged him to a duel with the weapons. This proposal took Morrissey by surprise, and as he had no intention of permitting anybody to shoot at him, he declined. Thereupon the gangs dispersed without firing a shot.

Thus ended the Hyer-Morrissey feud, for the latter never again made any attempt to get a match with the champion. For that matter, no other fighter of that time dared to challenge Hyer, who was left quite alone in a condition of solitary bare knuckle grandeur.

Hyer tried for an international battle and sent a challenge to William Perry, the "Tipton (*Continued on page* 42)

Drawing *the* Color Line

By A. D. PHILLIPS



George Godfrey, "Old Chocolate"

DRAWING the "color line" has long been the favorite pastime of white boxers when they wished to avoid challenges from troublesome colored men or for some other reason which made the ban an excuse that fitted into the white man's plans.

It remained, however, for George Godfrey, of Boston, known a generation ago as "Old Chocolate", to draw the color line against men of his own race. Not only did he make the statement in public, but that there could be no mistake, he put it in writing in rather bold style.

The reason for Godfrey's action was two-fold. In the first place there was Peter Jackson, who had just arrived from Australia, and was threatening Godfrey's place as the Negro champion of America, Then, too, there had always existed in the brain of Godfrey the belief that he was the master of John L. Sullivan, a feeling he had possessed ever since the night they were stripped to box in Prof. Bailey's room in Boston, but were prevented by the police—interference that Godfrey insisted was purposely arranged by John L.'s friends who feared for their man.

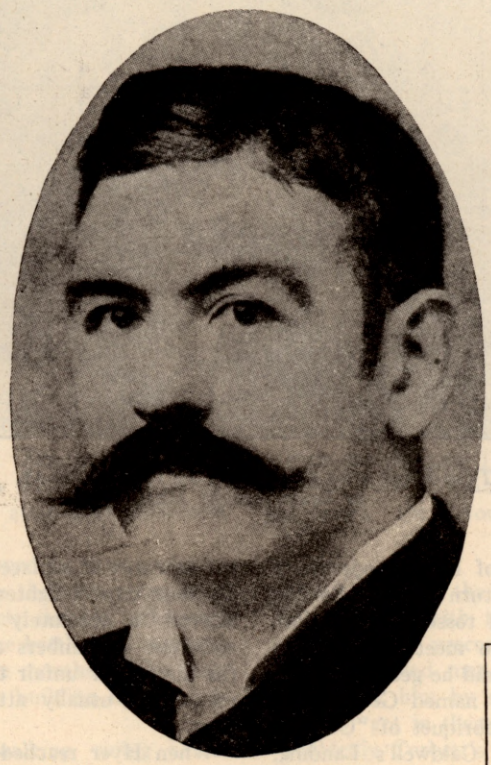
The fistic world was startled by Godfrey's statement, the wording of which was: "I will fight any white man living." There was in it, no ifs, ands or buts. It was so direct that it was all the more impressive.

Sullivan a short time later, met Godfrey during a boxing show in the Music Hall of Boston, and offered to battle then and there, but Godfrey did not accept the chance he had been so long seeking. Later, he did agree to meet Jackson and on August 24, 1888, he clashed with Peter for a purse of $1,500 at the California A. C., a battle that veterans in California still remember as one of the hardest ever seen on the Coast between heavyweights. The fight was a give-and-take affair for 19 rounds, when the youth of Jackson prevailed and the veteran went down to defeat. Godfrey's showing, his display of gameness and his fighting heart were so appreciated, that one of the San Francisco papers the next day said of the Negro:

"He's the gamest fighter that has ever been seen in this locality."

Later Godfrey lived up to his reputation by lasting through many gruelling rounds with Jake Kilrain, until finally, in the forty-fourth, he was put away. That bout took place in the same ring in which he fought Jackson. Subsequently Godfrey again proved his worth as a gladiator when he fought his sensational battle with Peter Maher in Boston, on March 28, 1894, in which the Negro was knocked out in the sixth round. That contest virtually ended the career of this great colored scrapper, although he later beat Billy Woods in Baltimore and boxed a fifteen-round draw with Nick Burley in Boston.

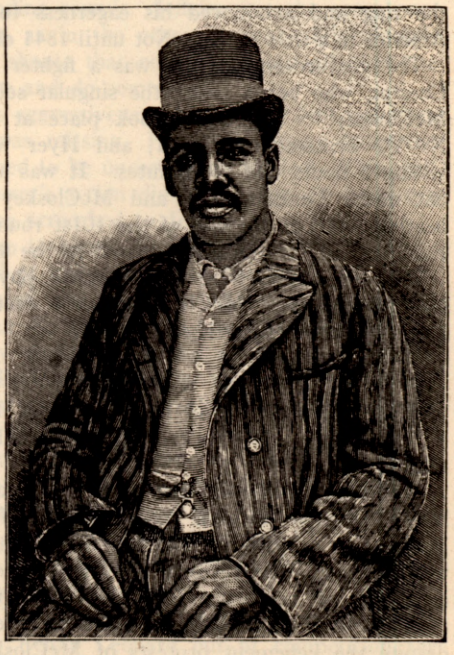
His great career extended over a period of seventeen years in which his only defeats were by Jackson, Kilrain, Choynski and Maher.



John L. Sullivan who refereed two of Godfrey's matches

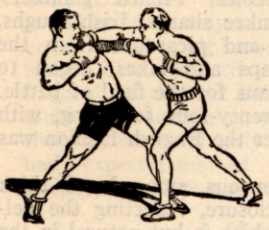
Despite Godfrey's professional feelings towards Sullivan, whom he openly accused on many occasions of being afraid to tackle a Negro, and whom he always felt certain he could whip, Godfrey had the greatest admiration for the honesty of the Big Fellow. In at least two of Godfrey's important fights, Sullivan was acceptable to the Negro as the referee. The first time, was at the Crib Club when Godfrey won the American Negro heavyweight championship by knocking out Prof. Hadley and on a second occasion, when Godfrey and Joe Lannon, a pal of Sullivan, fought a terrific fifteen-round draw at the same club on February 4, 1889.

They came no better than Godfrey. He was a white man among the Negroes. Although not an exceptionally great fighter, he could always be depended upon to give a good account of himself.



Peter Jackson, the great Australian Negro heavyweight

The True Wyatt Earp



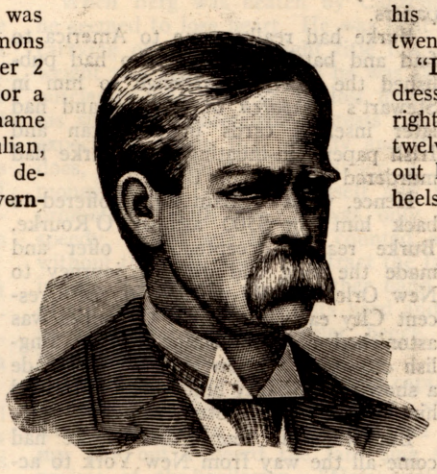
How He Stood in the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons Fight

By VINCENT WOODBURY

IN the March issue of THE RING there appeared a story by John E. McEntee, "Fitz's Revenge", which, although most interesting, in my opinion failed to cover the facts as thoroughly as they should have been covered. I refer to the statement that Wyatt Earp failed to give Fitzsimmons proper credit for a knockout in their Coast contest, by calling the blow that disabled Sharkey, foul. I was among those present at that fight. I am thoroughly familiar with the details, hence for the sake of boxing history, I have asked THE RING Publisher, to permit my story to get into print. It is an untold story, and as such makes reading doubly interesting.

I will place before my readers the facts as to how Earp was chosen referee of the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight in San Francisco and what actually took place in the ring so far as he was concerned.

The all-absorbing sport topic in 1896 was the forthcoming bout between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey, scheduled for December 2 at Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco for a $10,000 purse. The promoters could not name a referee to meet approval of Martin Julian, the manager of Fitzsimmons, and it was decided that the National Athletic Club governing board was to pick the official the afternoon before the fight.



Wyatt Earp, the "Two Gun" Referee

Wyatt Earp, who was racing at Ingleside, was in the lobby of the Baldwin Hotel at noon of December 2, about to take a street car to the track. In preparing for his trip, he had stuck his old Bunline special gun in a holster on his right hip. Late street cars from Ingleside had been providing a booty for a gang of highwaymen who sought the cash which race track men necessarily carried, and Wyatt, who usually had several thousand dollars on his person, did not intend to part with his money without a fight. Groom and Gibbs, promoters of the bout, came into the hotel with a representative of the National Athletic Club and asked Wyatt to referee the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey bout.

Earp demurred because of Julian's advertised attitude, but finally agreed to officiate if no more suitable person was found.

"I'll be at dinner in Goodfellow's Restaurant across the street from the Pavilion at eight o'clock," he said. "If you can't get anybody else, you can find me there."

* * *

WITH which preliminary, Wyatt Earp went from his dinner-table to the ringside five minutes before the main event was called. The happenings in Mechanics' Pavilion on the evening of December 2 created more furor, possibly, than any similar event in the history of the American prize-ring. So much has been made of it that a factual account may illuminate an otherwise endless dispute. In addition to Earp's own recollections, there are offered the opinions of numerous sports reporters at the ringside, and their running accounts of happenings set down at the time. I was at the ringside and know the details well.

Twenty thousand rabid fight enthusiasts crowded the Pavilion when Wyatt Earp crawled through the ropes in response to the announcement that he would referee. To quote the Associated Press reporter's ringside dispatch, "the crowd howled for Earp."

Certain individuals also howled their disapproval and Earp raised his hand. He intended to make his position clear with words—for him, a most unusual undertaking.

"I have been asked to referee this bout. There has been so much advance scandal, with rumors of 'Fixing' and crookedness, that no matter what happens, I'll be accused of dirty work. The National Athletic Club and the promoters want me to referee. I don't care how the fighters and their managers feel about it. But, if you spectators don't want me, I don't want the job. I'll call things as I see them, not as someone else may want them called. With that understanding, if you people out there want me, I'll go ahead."

The howl of approval which the twenty thousand set up, determined Wyatt's course and he stripped off his coat and vest for his work. Then the twenty thousand DID ROAR.

"I had completely forgotten how I was dressed," Wyatt recalled, "and there on my right hip, the old Bunline forty-five, with its twelve-inch barrel and the walnut butt, stuck out like a cannon. I know I turned red to my heels as I unbuckled the gun and handed it to Police Captain Whitman, who sat at the ringside," said Earp later in discussing the affair.

"He's a two-gun man!" someone shouted. "Get the gun inside his shirt."

"Have you another gun, Wyatt?" the policeman asked.

"No," Wyatt replied

"Search him," one of the objectors yelled.

Whitman stood up, and bellowed: "Wyatt Earp's word is good with me!"

Again the majority voiced raucous approval and the fighters were called to the center of the ring.

Bob Fitzsimmons was a finished boxer—Tom Sharkey probably the most awkward fighter who ever graced a squared circle. Ruby Bob was perfecting that right uppercut to the solar plexus which was to win the world championship. His technique called for a left to the jaw just prior to his blow, which would straighten up his opponent and leave his abdomen a shining mark. In the third round Wyatt Earp would have been justified in awarding the decision to Sharkey when one of Fitz's rights hit the sailor below the belt.

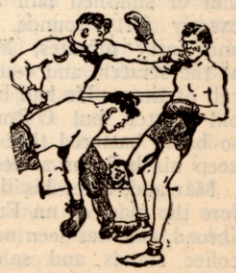
"You hurt?" the referee asked.

"Not much," Tom gasped. "Don't stop it."

Sharkey was a glutton for punishment, if one ever lived. Twice in subsequent rounds, Wyatt warned Fitzsimmons about his body blows.

* * *

IN the eighth, Fitzsimmons landed a left hook squarely on the button of Sharkey's jaw and started his right fist from the floor to Sharkey's abdomen. Any fighter less awkward than Tom would have given way from that punch to the (*Continued on page* 43)



The Prize Ring in New Orleans

(*Continued from page* 9)

Frenchman, weak and staggering, and hardly able to stand was proclaimed the winner. Marsden died in the Charity Hospital out on the city common the day after the fight, but O'Rourke and his crowd saved themselves from criminal prosecution through political influence.

Marsaud, recovered from the fight, became a roistering bully and was out of bounds even with his mentor, O'Rourke. In fact, one day at the Cabildo court, where O'Rourke had summoned Marsaud for a breach of the peace at the Decatur Street Tavern, the Frenchman, in a fit of fury, swung a vicious blow on the Irishman's jaw, and sprawled him, dazed and bloody in the slushy gutter of the Place d'Armes.

Elated over the success of this chance encounter with the self-styled Irish champion, Marsaud declared himself "Premier Maitre de Boxe, de la Louisiane"—First Master Boxer of Louisiana—and issued a sweeping challenge to the world.

O'Rourke was not going to let the sudden blow, and the unexpected bath in the slimy ditch go without payment. Reading Marsaud's challenge in the *Advertiser* and the *Bee*, the English and French papers of the city, he was prompt to answer it. To show his good faith, O'Rourke put $200 to bind the match in the hands of James Caldwell, a theatrical manager and promoter, the man who first introduced gas lights in New Orleans. He called upon Marsaud, his old pupil to do the same, if Marsaud was really in earnest.

Marsaud didn't have $200 but he readily obtained the backing of some of the leading Creole gentlemen who sought to maintain the high traditions of the French race for courage and fighting qualities, and the fight was arranged for two weeks after the posting of the stake money.

* * *

THE men met in a clearing of the cypress swamp overlooking Lake Pontchartrain, close to old Fort St. John, now Spanish Fort, a popular suburban pleasure resort of New Orleans, on a hot June morning in the year 1835, and stripped for the fray.

O'Rourke, not in the best of condition, was considerably knocked about in the early stages of the milling and the Frenchman had all the better of the first hour's heavy fighting. But then O'Rourke's stamina, and his superior knowledge of the hard game began to tell, and round after round he rushed Marsaud off his feet. He either wrestled him or smashed him to the earth. In exactly forty rounds, lasting one hour and forty minutes, Marsaud crumpled at the scratch, and could not answer the call of time. He had been beaten by his old master, but O'Rourke himself was so badly battered that he was forced to keep his bed for a week.

Marsaud, after his defeat, shipped before the mast on an English vessel, went abroad, and was seen no more around the coffee stands and saloons of the Old French Market near Canal Street.

As for O'Rourke, he prospered mightily after this fight, and felt himself really capable of entering into fistic combat with any man for the championship of the world. All through the winter of 1835 he conducted boxing matches at his club, and frequently published cards in the papers to the effect that in the following spring he proposed to go to England to fight the best men there, "preferably Burke, who had murdered Byrne," as he put it.

And then in February, 1836, he published a sweeping challenge to the world in the New Orleans newspapers, styling himself champion of America and Ireland. He offered to fight any man according to the rules of the British Prize Ring, for a $1,000 side bet.

Deaf Burke was in New York at the time. He had just filled a theatrical engagement at Conklin's Hall, where he posed as Hercules, Achilles, Spartacus and other fighting men of antiquity, when he read O'Rourke's challenge which had been reproduced in one of the New York papers.

Burke had really come to America to find and battle the man who had published the slurring challenge to him in Stewart's *Despatch* of Dublin, and had later inserted cards in American and Irish papers, insinuating that Burke had murdered poor Simon Byrne.

Hence, when William Fuller offered to back him for $500 against O'Rourke, Burke readily accepted the offer and made the long and difficult journey to New Orleans. He arrived in the Crescent City early in April. O'Rourke was astonished at the coming of the English champion to New Orleans, but made a show of cordiality and wined and dined him in his Decatur Street Tavern.

But when he found that Burke had come all the way from New York to accept his challenge, O'Rourke was not so keen for the visitor. When it came to making a match, O'Rourke said that he would not think of fighting for a smaller side bet than $1,000. He was doing a fine business and really had no need to fight. Burke had only Mr. Fuller's $500, and felt himself dead beat, when Mr. Caldwell, the theatrical manager, who had held the stakes for O'Rourke's fight with Marsaud, and William Brandram, a cotton buyer for a Manchester firm, came forward and offered to put up the other $500 between them.

* * *

ARTICLES were signed to fight two weeks later, on the sixth of May, 1836, and a quiet spot on Bayou St. John close to the Duelling Grounds of City Park, was selected for the encounter. Excitement in New Orleans was intense, as the day of the fight approached and flaming posters, set everywhere, announced the battle between the celebrated O'Rourke, champion of America and Ireland, and Deaf Burke, champion of Great Britain.

On the day of the fight, as one description sent to England in a letter has it, from an early hour swarms of men—fashionable Creoles, French gamblers, half-breeds, Yankee sharps, Irish roughs, and smugglers and picaroons from the Barataria swamps and lakes, began to leave New Orleans for the field of battle. A regulation twenty-four foot ring, with outer ropes after the English fashion was erected.

The heterogeneous mob closed thick around the enclosure, reflecting the belligerent mood which is but natural in the conflicting of so many and varied nationalities. Hardly a man there who had not ruffian stamped on his face save the few English gentlemen and Creole aristocrats, and there was a free and ostentatious display of pistols, bowie knives, bludgeons and slung shots.

The rough element—in a heavy majority—was the O'Rourke contingent, and Caldwell whispered to his English friend, Brandram, the cotton buyer, that Burke wouldn't have a chance with that gang.

With the first call of Time, it was evident that the roughs would allow Burke not even a semblance of fair play. Breaking the outer barrier of ropes, they surged around the inner ring shouting insults at the Englishman and calling on O'Rourke to pulverize Byrne's assassin.

The first round ended with Burke throwing O'Rourke heavily with a cross buttock, and then in the second, the rowdies began their open interference with the British champion. Burke was crowding O'Rourke, when suddenly Mickey Carson, one of the Irishman's seconds sprang into the ring, and violently shoved the Deaf 'Un into the arms of his opponent. Burke was taken off his guard, and O'Rourke easily hurled him to the ground.

Burke, assisted to his feet by his seconds, turned on Mickey Carson and swore he'd "bash" his face in if he did that again. Carson drew from under his loose blouse a bowie knife and with a vile oath said that if Burke came near him, he'd rip him from the navel to the chin.

At the opening of the third round, Burke landed two powerful blows near O'Rourke's right eye and had the Irishman in distress, and then Mickey Carson again attempted his interference. Burke turned on him in fury and with a straight hit with his left, caught Carson full on the nose and sent him crashing to the ground. The ruffians, with cries of rage, cut the ropes and swarmed into the ring, and Burke, with swings and straight hits, stood his ground for a moment and bowled over several of his assailants, including O'Rourke's other second, a levee tough named McSweeney.

Jim Phelan, one of Burke's seconds, did his best to stay the mob, but seeing that the roughs were intent on killing the British champion, he cried to Burke: "Run for your life."

Burke broke through the thinnest part of the crowd and gained the fringe of

(*Continued on page* 44)

Box-Office Attractions

(*Continued from page* 19)

fisticuffs had no more clever fighter than Mike Gibbons, the St. Paul Phantom, yet Mike, with only a few exceptions, was never in the big money. His biggest money battle was that with Packey McFarland at the old Brighton Beach Stadium in Brooklyn, a contest that packed the stadium, and only because the fans had expectations of seeing not only science, but hitting as well.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY possesses a combination of everything that makes for popularity. In addition to carrying dynamite in either hand, the Manassa Mauler had an abundance of color. During his reign as king of the heavyweights, he established records for receipts that will probably last many years. And then, when he decided to tour the land as a referee, his name continued to bring out the crowds in droves. It wasn't the calibre of the card so much as the personal appearance of Dempsey that enabled both the promoters and the former champion to reap the benefits from record gates.

Later, when Kid Depression hit the boxing game hard, Jack decided on a "comeback" and in less than half a year he has collected almost $400,000 as his share of the receipts. The fans are well aware of the fact that Jack Dempsey cannot make a successful comeback, but his name lures 'em on. It's the memory of the old sock—the dashing, flashing, fighting Dempsey—that draws the crowd in throngs wherever he appears.

Take the case of Billy Petrolle. What makes him so popular and brings thousands out to see him every time he appears in New York? With him, as with Dempsey, it's the sock.

How the public loves a he-man fighter! How the fight fans cheer for the fellow with the wallop! So long as Billy retains the iron in his fists, he'll be an ace among the drawing cards.

Likewise Jimmy McLarnin. With Jimmy it is both cleverness and hitting power. McLarnin is a marvel on defense and a demon on attack and that's why the crowd follows him. It's the old story—give the fans a fighter, one who will not stall, and there will be no depression in boxing.

Only recently there emerged from the preliminary ranks a boy in the middle west who is reaping a fortune out of boxing. King Levinsky is his name. The King is not a finished fighter. In fact, so far as fighting ability is concerned, he seems to know very little. But it's his style that makes him a box office success. His swings, his misses, his eccentricities, his clownish tactics—these all go to make The King an attraction.

When Levinsky fought Max Baer recently, he looked so ridiculous when he swung and struck the ozone, that the crowd in Madison Square Garden wondered why he had become such a drawing power. They soon found out. Every time the King's swing did land, and that happened about once in every seven tries, there was dynamite behind the wallop. It takes a hardy fellow to keep on his feet after the King connects, and so long as he continues to remain that uncertainty—a fighter who at any moment might deliver the haymaker—he will remain a drawing card.

* * *

BEFORE Tony Canzoneri whipped Jackie Kid Berg in New York last September, the junior welterweight champion was a mint for the promoter. Why? Because he was a crowd pleaser. Every one who has been following fights knows that Berg cannot hit. He is one of the weakest punchers in the game. But he is of the showy type. He is action personified.

He rips into an opponent and never lets up from gong to gong. One sees more fists flying in a ten-round bout in which Berg is a contestant, than in five ordinary fights combined. And that's why the fans come out to see Berg. It is a treat to the eye to see a whirlwind attack even though the damage done is of little consequence.

When Berg was beaten by Canzoneri, he seemed to lose heart. He was bent on carrying off the lightweight title but the weight was against him and he was sadly outclassed. As a result, he lost much of his speed in subsequent contests but he expects to regain that shortly and if he does, he'll again be a headliner, a big money maker both for himself and the promoters. With him, it was only his speedy, flashy attack that counted and without that, his power to attract the fans is lost. Canzoneri, on the other hand, is of the fighting type who hits hard and is an all-around good performer, hence, always draws well.

I watched Steve Hamas, former captain of the Penn State College team, stop Tommy Loughran in the Garden and on my way out I heard the fans sing the praises of the collegian. "He's another Dempsey," I heard one remark. "He'll soon be fighting for the championship," said another. "The finest prospect I've seen in years," piped a third. And so on.

Well, Steve made many friends that night and his future as a heavyweight card was made, because of the manner in which Hamas turned the trick.

He showed gameness, coolness and a fighting heart—three great assets—and those, combined with the fact that he is the first college football and boxing hero to come into the professional limelight, make him a card. The fans want to see whether he has the goods, and so long as there is still a doubt, he'll bring 'em out. The following he is now building up will remain his if he reaches the top, but if he fails, it will desert him. That's the way of the fight game.

* * *

THE case of Tommy Loughran is another worth mentioning. Tommy, one of the cleverest fighters since Jim Corbett was in his prime, has made a small-sized fortune compared to what others of his calibre have harvested. There is no more likeable fellow in boxing than Tommy, no fighter who has done more for the sport than Loughran, who twice carried off The Ring's Most Valuable Boxer Award, yet the fans have seldom come out in droves to see their idol in action.

The reason is readily explainable. Tommy's punch is nothing to brag about and the only thing the fan sees when Tommy is on a card, is cleverness. But it has been proved repeatedly that it takes more than scientific boxing to bring out the spectators and unless Loughran's opponent is such as to make it possible for them to expect a sensational ending, they listen-in on the radio rather than attend the bout.

When Loughran fought Sharkey, the contest drew a tremendous throng. And only because the fans knew that Sharkey was a deadly hitter and a clever fighter and they expected, therefore, that the match would be of the thrilling variety and they were not mistaken. Tommy was knocked out by a punch on the temple that temporarily retired him.

If Sharkey had been a clever fighter without a punch, a corporal's guard would have been on hand to see the mill. That was proved in many fights in which Loughran was one of the contestants.

* * *

CARNERA furnishes the example of the circus attraction. The only reason people went to see the Venetian Gondolier before he finally established by his showing against Jack Sharkey and Vittorio Campolo, was the fact that he was regarded as a freak. The crowds flocked about him wherever he went.

On the day that he arrived in New York, the police found it difficult to control the throngs that blocked traffic near a gymnasium where he went to train. The first day he trained, the admission price was 50 cents. Within three days it jumped to 75 cents and then to $1.00 and still there was not sufficient space to accommodate those who wanted to see the 6 feet 5½ inch giant who was reported wearing a size 21 shoe.

And when he went out in the sticks, it was the same old story. He took in $247,000 in exhibitions alone. Now whenever he fights, the fans surge to the scene of action because they expect to see not only a circus performer but a pretty good fighter. He has developed a beautiful left since arriving here and that helps considerably in ballyhooing him. In Carnera we find an unusual performer.

Kid Chocolate, of the modern crop, is another great attraction because he is one of the most colorful of the present day scrappers. He is a beautiful boxer, a sharp shooter and a hard hitter—the kind of pleasing fighter that draws well regardless of his opponent's ability.

And so you have just a few of the cases that present themselves in the selection of gate attractions. I could name several hundred more, but the above are sufficient to enable my readers to see for themselves what makes a fighter a good drawing power.

The Fistic Magnet

(*Continued from page* 17)

1892, when he was deposed by Corbett, drew throngs wherever he went. But the purses then, were far from what they are in this mad era of commercialism and "John L." between his fighting and his exhibitions and his vaudeville and stage career, drew in only $1,221,320 during his entire career. This money included several benefits that netted him about $20,000.

Dempsey collected $2,510,500 as his share of $9,093,000 in purses from the time he whipped Willard through his second fight with Tunney. Then, turning referee, Jack collected as fees almost a quarter of a million dollars.

When he found that he had covered all available territory as a referee and no longer could hope to obtain big fees, he started his "comeback" with an exhibition tour that drew 231,155 persons who paid gross admission fees of $477,560 up to January 1 of this year, and the first two months of this year he appeared before 73,000 additional persons who paid $161,000, netting him an additional $73,000. Thus, in exhibitions alone in one-half year, Dempsey's popularity has netted him a total of $274,000.

Not so bad for a "has-been!" Eh? Under such conditions poor Jack Dempsey doesn't have to worry whether he can make a successful comeback.

The Bull-Dog of the Ring

(*Continued from page* 10)

Heuser met the tough and game Nick Palmer of Brooklyn. In that fight the German scored his fifth consecutive knockout when the referee halted the bout with only ten seconds to go in the sixth and last round. Although Palmer protested bitterly that he be allowed to continue, the decision of the referee seemed wise.

Heuser is only 24 years of age and has taken part in 31 professional bouts. He was born in Bonn, Germany, and is called the "Bull-dog of the Rhine." Judging from his style—he is forever after his opponent—he is well entitled to his nickname. There is not an idle moment for Adolph after he enters the ring. Having a terrific punch in either hand, he takes all kinds of chances.

Heuser has knocked out the champion of nearly every country in Europe including Bernasconi of Italy; Peterson of Denmark; Vermont of France; Hampach of Lithuania; Martinez of Spain, Brandt of Holland and many others.

It is the intention of Johnny Buckley, who also handles the affairs of Sharkey and Schaaf to match Heuser with any man that he feels stands between the German and a match with Maxie Rosenbloom for the title. Buckley feels confident that if Maxie and Heuser clash, the young, aggressive, hustling and hard-hitting German lad will be returned the winner. Adolf has an excellent chance since Maxie is on the down grade.

Boxing's Mosquito Fleet

(*Continued from page* 23)

of Philadelphia's most exclusive jewelry stores.

"Oh, look at that!" she said, pointing to a lovely diamond lavalliere. "Isn't that just simply Gor-geous? ISN'T that di-VINE? Did you EV-er see anything more ex-QUIS-ite in your LIFE?"

Pancho looked, and grunted in approval.

"You like?" he asked.

"Oh, I love it," she replied.

"Awright. You wait here a minute." And with that, Pancho left her standing on the sidewalk and strolled into the store.

"How much cost dot t'ing in window?" he asked the clerk.

The frock-coated gent told Pancho the sum—I believe it was either $450 or $475.

"Awright. I buy." And Pancho took a $1,000 bill from his watch-pocket to complete the sale.

I doubt whether he ever saw the gurgling female again after that trip. It wasn't a case of love, or affection—he was just a free-handed, liberal spender, fond of giving happiness to people he liked, and he liked almost everyone.

* * *

IN 1924, Pancho Villa was the subject of a story written by a veteran newspaper man, one who should have known better, to the effect that he was under a "slave" contract to Frank Churchill, whereby he was to get $50 a week from Churchill, no more, for all the time he was in the United States. The story was so utterly ridiculous that we marvelled at its appearance in print, although plenty of foolish things find their way in print. But I hasten to drop that subject.

Pancho earned over $300,000 in a little over two years.

I have before me the figures for eleven of his fights in 1924, which took place between January 1st and August 18. You may be interested:

Date	Opponent	Place	Result	Purse
Jan. 1	Tony Norman	Pittsburgh	Won, 10	$ 3,122.00
Jan. 21	Mike Moran	Pittsburgh	Won, 10	3,136.00
Feb. 8	Georgie Marks	New York	Won, 15	8,157.45
Mch 6	Bud Taylor	Milwaukee	N.D., 10	6,500.00
Mch 20	Georgie Lee	Sacramento	Won, 4	2,334.40
Apr. 23	Eddie McKenna	Cleveland	Draw, 10	10,437.55
May 30	Frankie Ash	New York	Won, 15	3,190.59
June 10	Bud Taylor	New York	Won, 12	6,681.50
Jul. 2	Henny Catena	Jersey City	K.O., 5	1,860.30
Jul. 21	Wee Willie Woods	Boston	Won, 10	5,066.00
Aug. 18	Amos Kid Carlin	New Orleans	N.D., 15	6,400.00

You will note that none of these fights were "big" shots; in the preceding year, Pancho had earned some much larger purses. But this gives you a fair general idea of the boy's drawing power, for some of the figures mentioned above are phenomenal, considering the towns. For example, Pancho's purse in Cleveland remains an indoor record to this day.

The Filipino marvel broke gate receipt records in a great many cities. His fight with Benny Schwartz, in Baltimore, drew over $14,000. His fight with Eddie McKenna drew $36,000, in Cleveland. And so on, and so on.

(*To be continued*)

Father and Son

(*Continued from page* 37)

Slasher," of England, but the invitation was ignored by the Briton. Therefore Hyer was compelled to retire after having fought two battles in the ring for the reason that no one would meet him.

His father, Jacob Hyer, retired for the same reason. Tom Hyer died in New York City, June 26th, 1864, at the age of 45. Cardiac dropsy sent him to his grave, which is in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hyer was the fairest of all the bare knuckle fighters of his time. He always abided by the rules. He was the subject of a number of vicious assaults by enemies but his speed and courage invariably enabled him to overcome his assailants.

Of all the heavyweights who succeeded to the American title, only one had a son who followed in his father's footsteps and adopted pugilism as a business. Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., is the man, but he never attained the heights of his father.

Thus Tom Hyer was the only American pugilist who won the championship his father had captured. As a matter of fact, nearly all the American heavyweight champions were bachelors, or if wedded, did not raise their sons to be champions.

Brothers of champions in classes below heavyweight have repeatedly tried to win titles and failed. Brothers of McGovern and Attell were conspicuous examples. Phil and Hugh McGovern were both in the ring, and Monte and Caesar Attell also tried for fame and fortune in the roped square.

Homer McCoy, the Kid's brother, had a short distressing experience, and there have been numerous other instances. The odds against a plurality of champions in one family still hold good, the only exception to the rule being furnished by the Hyer family.

The True Wyatt Earp

(*Continued from page* 39)

jaw. Sharkey could be counted on to do the unexpected and he stumbled forward instead of back. Fitzsimmon's right, coming up, struck the sailor in the groin. Sharkey collapsed. Wyatt waved Fitzsimmons to his corner, and awarded the decision to Sharkey on a foul. But let the Associated Press ringside reporter continue:

Sharkey was undoubtedly badly hurt. He was unable to move his legs, though he clutched spasmodically at his groin with his gloved hand. His seconds rushed into the ring and raised him up, but he fainted away and was borne from the ring unconscious. Hardly any one of the spectators saw the foul. It was apparently unintentional.

Upon receiving physicians' confirmation of the foul blow, Wyatt handed a certified check for ten thousand dollars to Lynch, Sharkey's manager. Martin Julian howled his protests, but the crowd booed him down. Next day, when Lynch tried to cash the winner's check, he learned that payment had been stopped through court injunction obtained by Julian. That touched off the fireworks.

The owner of a San Francisco newspaper, who had bet twenty thousand dollars on Fitzsimmons to win the fight, devoted columns in his newspaper to support Julian's protest, with the open charge that Wyatt Earp's decision had been determined in advance, and out of a matter of no very great importance, promoted an international issue.

Reporters in their follow-up stories stressed repeatedly the irrefutable evidence that Sharkey had been fouled, but the San Francisco newspaper owner was determined to save his twenty thousand dollars even after the injunction withholding Sharkey's purse, had been thrown out of court. He prosecuted Wyatt Earp for carrying a pistol without a permit, on which Wyatt paid a fifty dollar fine, and dug up every episode of Wyatt's career as a peace officer which might be colored to discredit him.

He charged that Wyatt had telegraphed to friends all over the country just before the fight, instructing them to bet on Sharkey, but at the showdown, was unable to produce copies of any such messages filed, or identify any recipients of such a tip. Next, he telegraphed to towns where Wyatt had lived, in search of opinions derogatory to the man. The reply from Wichita is typical of what he got.

"Wyatt Earp is the most fearless man I ever met," Dick Cogswell replied in behalf of his community. "He was marshal here and was marshal of Dodge when these were cattle-shipping points, and he was a success. Wyatt Earp is an honest man. All who were associated with him here declare that he would decide in accordance with his belief in the face of an arsenal."

Hard on the face of this news, a committee of six physicians, two designated by the complaining newspaper, two by promoters, and two by the first four medical men, filed a report on their examination of Sharkey, which established conclusively that he had been fouled, and the newspaper owner quit the fight. His sole accomplishment had been to start an argument which hearsay authorities were to dispose of with their customary aplomb in every gathering of sporting men for the next quarter-century.

Some weeks after the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons affair, Judge W. H. Barnes, then United States Attorney for California, who had been Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court at Tuscon during Wyatt's Tombstone days, asked Wyatt to come to his office in San Francisco.

"Wyatt," Judge Barnes said, "William McKinley takes office as President next March and he has asked me to recommend the right man for United States Marshal of Arizona. The job is yours if you'll take it."

Wyatt replied, "If the President wants me, I'll be glad to accept."

Current Wrestling Attractions

(*Continued from page* 27)

throughout the East, especially in New York, Pennsylvania and in New England. With the stars of the mat sport all congregated in Eastern territory, the promoters are having no difficulty selling their shows to the public.

Whereas a year ago the West was holding its own in drawing wrestling patronage, reports from RING correspondents throughout the country to the writer, "Tex" Austin, show a big decrease in attendance, due primarily to the lack of new faces. That is where the East has the call, as Jack Curley and his colleagues, Jack Pfeffer and Rudy Miller, foreseeing such a condition, imported several European stars and it is the presence of these men, Fritz Kley, Leo Pinetzki, Alois Kautzki of Czecho-Slovakia, and Paul Favre of France, who have aided in keeping up the Eastern attendance. In addition to these, the Herman-Browser combine, running in opposition to Curley, have brought many of the stars from the Pacific Coast to help the Eastern regulars. They even went a step further by presenting a Chinese heavyweight.

The past month was a most active one for the big fellows of the mat with more matches being staged than at any time since the indoor season began. Jim Londos, who continues to hold the upper hand among the heavyweights, after successfully defending his title against Jim McMillen in Madison Square Garden, competed in seven matches in eight days, his contests taking him from New York to South Carolina then to Missouri for a total of more than 3,000 miles. They may talk about syndicate wrestling, but the fact remains that Jim Londos stands out among the matmen now appearing in this country and that it will take more than a Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, Henri De Glane or Don George to beat him. Londos has class written all over him and so long as he retains his present condition, he will not be deposed so easily. Shikat stands the best chance.

During the past month, Londos, De Glane, Lewis, Sonnenberg, Kley, Pinetzki, Malcewick, McCready, Shikat, Sherry, Stein and Zarynoff have been exceptionally successful. The biggest headway made in the wrestling field in the past four weeks, has been by Lewis, McCready, Malcewicz, Kley and Pinetzki.

Pittsburgh's Fistic Hopes

(*Continued from page* 11)

Harry Fierro and Willie Davies.

Like Yarosz, Mose turned pro in 1930. Since that time Butch has faced the best in the bantam and featherweight divisions. Frisco Grande, Marty Gold, Eugene Huat, Jackie Rodgers, Frankie Wallace, Jimmy Thomas and Jackie Wilson are a few Mose has faced. His most recent start was against Al Brown, bantamweight champion of the world. Mose deserted the simon-pure ranks after having won the National Junior A. A. U. championship. He won other amateur titles also.

Until his knockout at the hands of Jackie Fields in Pittsburgh recently, Jimmy Belmont, welterweight, looked like a comer. He was touted high by local sports critics, especially by his mentor, Frank Klaus, former title holder, but now that he has been stopped by Fields, he has been shunted back into the background. Belmont is a great club fighter and has a big following locally, and, though he has been halted temporarily nationally, his drawing power in his home sector will not diminish.

There are many other good prospects in and near Pittsburgh. Tony Marino and Jimmy Thomas are splendid bantamweights. Likewise Jackie Wilson. Indian Tiger West, the middleweight, has plenty of class. He is a fighter who pleases. The middleweight class seems to be the charmed circle so far as Pittsburgh is concerned, for Klaus, George Chip and Harry Greb won world titles at that weight.

For a time it appeared that Bucky McTiernan, middleweight, would eventually rise to the top rung, but he petered out after a fine start. Buck may yet come back, but he no longer looms as a championship prospect.

The Prize Ring in New Orleans

(*Continued from page* 40)

the nearby wood. There Mr. Caldwell, who had stood by him and attempted to hold the would-be murderers back, provided him with a horse, ready saddled for just such an emergency, placed a bowie knife in his hand and bade him ride as fast as the nag would carry him.

Burke, naked, save for his muddy fighting trunks and spiked shoes, his brawny torso all stained and streaked with blood, his face bruised and swollen, holding the bridle of the horse in one hand, and waving the bowie knife in the other like a Comanche Indian, galloped madly through the broad Esplanade toward the distant city frightening fashionable Creole ladies out for an afternoon drive, and throwing people along the way into panic with the thought that a maniac had escaped from the high-walled insane asylum out on the city commons.

Burke did not spare his horse. He urged the failing animal over the new laid cobble stones of Chartres Street, crossed Canal Street, into the recently opened American section of the Gravier plantation, known as Camp Street, and pulled up in front of Mr. Caldwell's theatre, soon to be known nationally as the St. Charles.

And there, leaping from his panting, foam-flecked steed, he ran through the narrow alley, pushed aside the startled watchman at the players' entrance, and rushed upon the open stage, where Junius Brutus Booth, the great tragedian, was rehearsing Macbeth with Mr. Caldwell's stock company.

In his strange St. Giles dialect, worse than the most involved Cockney, Burke explained his predicament to the astonished tragedian, and Booth volunteered to hide him in his dressing room, until the gens d'arms could be summoned from the Cabildo.

When Burke fled from the scene of battle on his horse O'Rourke's ruffians, unable to overtake him, fell to fighting among themselves, and attacking the few Burke supporters still on the scene. Dan Williamson and Jem Phelan, Burke's seconds, first class fighting men, gave a good account of themselves in a swift rough-and-tumble, and Caldwell, the actor, and Brandram, the English cotton buyer, made a slow retreat, menacing the ugly crowd with horse pistols. The four finally got away, though badly mauled. Their coolness and determination in face of the awful danger, entitled each to wear the "Red Badge of Courage."

The stake money was stolen, Burke lost his five hundred dollars, and Mr. Caldwell came to his rescue with a neat purse, contributed by some English residents, a few Creole gentlemen who loved fair play, and Mr. Booth, the tragedian. Four days after the fight, the English master of fisticuffs boarded a Mississippi steamboat bound for St. Louis, and made his way back to New York.

O'Rourke's end was written in letters of blood, which spelled "tragedy." He remained in New Orleans for several years and then, in the early forties, he sold his business and went north. Through gambling and dissipation, his money was lost and he finally drifted to a lumber camp on the banks of the Ottawa River in Canada. There it was that he got mixed up in a smuggling plot, was found to have double-crossed his pals and was murdered on September 8, 1845, by a fellow lumberjack, Brady, who brained him with a log hook and tossed his body into the swirling rapids. Thus came to an end the career of one of the most notorious characters in the history of American fisticuffs.

In the next installment, the history of New Orleans as a pugilistic center from the death of O'Rourke through the Ryan-Sullivan fight will be discussed, including the story of the "Beautiful Adah" Menken.—Editor's note.

Looking Back with Leonard

(*Continued from page* 34)

into the ring to wish Benny luck. One of the greatest demonstrations of using the old bean was given by Leonard when he massacred Lew Tendler in their second fight. In the first meeting between them the Philadelphian's southpaw style puzzled Benny no little. But Leonard made a study of Lew in that first argument and when they clashed again Leonard had mastered Lefty Lew's style and made him look foolish.

That second Leonard-Tendler fracas was Benny's farewell to New York fans. The memory he left with the fans that night at the Yankee Stadium is one of which he may well be proud.

Some idea of Leonard's ability may be had by glancing through the names listed in his record of knockouts. Here are just a few of the more prominent: Ritchie Mitchell twice, 7 rounds the first time and 6 the second; Freddy Welsh, 9 (when Leonard won the title); Johnny Kilbane, 3; Leo Johnson, 1; Willie Ritchie, 8; Jimmy Duffy, 2; Mel Coogan, 2; Charlie White, 9; Joe Welling, 14; Rocky Kansas, 8; Pinkie Mitchell, 10.

Leonard scored sixty-four knockouts in 200 bouts. No doubt he could have chalked up many more, but he "carried" some of the boys because they were good attractions. Benny was a good business man, everyone will agree.

Benny's most frequent opponent was Johnny Dundee, who followed Benny's example by surrendering a title, the featherweight crown. Benny and Johnny met seven times, in no-decision bouts.

The first time they met was in 1915, when they went ten rounds. The following year they boxed three times, twice over the ten-round route and once over a span of six frames. In 1919 Benny and Johnny engaged in two eight-rounders. They mingled over the eight-round distance again in 1920. And now, Benny is back in there again to prove that it is possible to come back.

Fighters

(*Continued from page* 21)

himself in full dress. He had his own rather bizarre notions of what constituted the proper regalia for a gentleman in the evening.

Stanley Ketchel went in for cowboy clothes. He loved to dress up in high-heeled boots and cowboy hats.

Some boxers always complain of aches and pains just before going into a fight. Benny Valger is a standout among these. "I'm seeck," was a familiar cry in his dressing room. The "seecker" he was before a fight the better he went when he got into the ring. If he ever had failed to complain of feeling sick, his handlers would have been certain there was something wrong with him.

Many fighters have a love for fast cars. Jack Johnson was a good racing driver. Paulino Uzcudun will make your hair stand on end if he ever gets you into his speedy Stutz. Jack Sharkey is another speed demon. He and Paulino once almost engaged in a road race from New York to Boston to settle the question of supremacy.

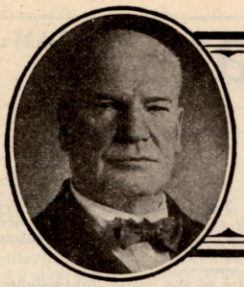
Young Stribling is another demon with an automobile, but in recent years he has gotten his biggest thrill out of flying. The Georgian can handle a plane as well as any of them. He gave the crowd at Schmeling's training camp at Conneaut Lake, Pa., the shivers last summer by zooming down low over the ring while Schmeling was training.

A book might be written around the pet superstitions of fighters. Space is lacking to go into that subject in any detail. One you probably are familiar with has to do with Billy Petrolle and his old Navajo blanket. The Fargo Express has had that blanket for many a year, but never has he had it washed. He never will, willingly. It's his luck piece.

After all, the fighters are just like the rest of us, with their hobbies, superstitions and peculiarities.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to the fall in exchange, all orders for books purchased from The Ring Book Shop must be paid for in American currency or an additional 20 percent must be added for orders sent from Canada, Australia or other British possessions, including England.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Ray Clayton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—1. Is Mickey Walker the smallest man to challenge for the heavyweight title? 2. Of these three, which was the best—Bendigo, Tom Sayers, or Jem Mace? 3. Would Kid McCoy have beaten Mickey Walker? 4. In a bout between the following men, who would have won—Joe Walcott vs. Mickey Walker, Stanley Ketchel vs. Mickey Walker, Benny Leonard vs. Terry McGovern, Kid Lavigne vs. Battling Nelson, Lou Brouillard vs. Jimmy McLarnin. 5. How do you rate Battalino with the featherweight champions of the past? 6. Where can I get pictures of the following: Bendigo, Tom Sayers, Paddy Ryan, Yankee Sullivan, Tom Hyer, John Morrissey, John Heenan, Joe Coburn, James Dunn, Mike McCoole, Tom Allen, Joe Goss, Peter Jackson, Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell.

A.—1. Joe Walcott was the smallest to challenge a heavyweight champion. He challenged Corbett but Corbett ignored him. 2. Mace. 3. Yes. 4. Walcott, Ketchel, Leonard, Lavigne and McLarnin. 5. Favorably. 6. You can buy every one of the pictures from The Ring Photo Shop, 11 West 42nd St. They come in sizes of 8 by 10 inches on very fine, heavy paper and sell for $1 each.

Carl White, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Does The Ring Book Shop accept stamps instead of cash for books ordered by Ring readers?

A.—Yes, provided they are American stamps.

Harold Furness, Wilmington, Del.

Q.—I have been practicing how to throw the straight left but find myself clumsy. What would you suggest?

A.—Get Jem Driscoll's book, "The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It."

Q.—I have been advised to skip the rope 1,000 times twice a day in order to strengthen the muscles of my legs. I have done this often, but find that in the evening when I try to take a long walk, I feel leg tired. How can I overcome this?"

A.—The person who told you to do that is all wet, Benny. That's why you are tired. The average fighter skips the rope for two rounds of three minutes each and does about 500 revolutions at most during that period.

Dewane E. Alewood, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Q.—What are the measurements of Mickey Walker?

A.—See answers below.

James Testa, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Can you please give me the full measurements of Tommy Loughran and Mickey Walker?

A.—Loughran: age, 29; weight, 184; height, 5 ft. 11¾ in.; reach, 73 in.; neck, 16¼ in.; wrist, 7¾ in.; chest, 43¾ in. normal, 47¾ in. expanded; waist 35¾ in.; biceps, 14¾ in.; ankle, 9½ in.; thigh, 21¾ in. Walker: age, 31; weight, 166 pounds; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; reach 69 in.; neck, 16 in.; wrist, 8 in.; chest, 41 normal, 44 expanded; waist, 30 in.; biceps, 16 in.; ankle, 9 in.; thigh, 24 inches.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—How old is Knute Hanson? What nationality and age is Harold Mays? How long has Paulino been in the ring? How old and what nationality is Justin Sirutis? How old are Hans Schonrath, Hans Birkie, Dave Shade, Abe Callahan Lipschitz and Primo Ubaldo?

A.—Hanson is 28 years old. Mays, Irish-American, 25 years old. Paulino has been boxing nine years. Sirutis is Swedish and 22 years old, Schonrath 24 years, Birkie 23, Shade 29, Lipschitz 24 and Ubaldo 27.

Phil Shirley, Paterson, N. J.

Q.—Do you answer questions on wrestlers? What were measurements of Gene Tunney and where was Tunney born and when? What are the ages of Paulino, Griffiths, Schaaf, Young Terry? What nationality is Schaaf? Is THE RING going to publish a book on Jack Sharkey? How can I reach Sharkey? Were Everlast boxing gloves used in the Schmeling-Stribling bout? Is Mickey Walker married? What is adhesive tape on boxers for? Who would win a Walker-Schmeling fight?

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

A.—Yes. Everything pertaining to measurements of Gene Tunney and his history can be found in the new Gene Tunney book written by Nat Fleischer. Paulino is 28, Griffith 24, Schaaf 24, Terry 22. Schaaf is German-American. No book on Sharkey. Sharkey can be reached at Chestnut Hill, Mass. Everlast gloves were used. Walker is married. Tape is used to prevent injury to the hands. Schmeling would whip Walker.

Jack Fisher, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Q.—Why do boxers chew gum?

A.—Just a matter of habit. Some think that it aids to keep the mouth moistened, others, that it strengthens the jaws.

A. B.

Q.—I am six feet one inch tall, have a reach of 76¾ inches and a normal chest of 43 inches and am only 18 years old. Am I too full grown?

A.—No. That depends on your weight. If your weight is proportionate, you are very well developed.

Q.—Is a big forearm good for hard punching?

A.—Yes. It should help considerably.

Ohio Reader.

Q.—Did Johnny Dundee ever defeat Johnny Kilbane?

A.—No. They fought 10 rounds, no decision in 1912 and a 20-round draw in 1913.

Q.—Was Johnny Dundee knocked out more than once?

A.—Yes. By Willie Jackson in one round in 1917 and in 10 rounds by Al Foreman in 1930 after Johnny had retired and then attempted a comeback.

Q.—Is there any surgeon whom you can recommend for the removal of scars?

A.—No. Go to the nearest hospital in your city and they will advise you.

Dick Gainer, Clinton, Miss.

Q.—Some men have managed to gain enough weight to bring them up from middleweights to heavyweights after they had reached the age of 23 years. Can that be?

A.—Certainly. Most men get their paunches after they reach maturity—when they begin to take life easy and do not train. You gain weight most easily after you've passed the age of thirty.

Q.—Are weight lifters wrong when they say that a boxer's methods of training are all wrong?

A.—No. Each has a special kind of training. A boxer cannot be properly trained if he follows the methods practiced by strong men—heavy bar-bell and other weight-lifting stunts.

Harold Steinach, New Rochelle.

Q.—I am 18 years old and stand 6 feet ½ inches and weight 132 pounds. I contemplate taking up boxing. Am I physically well built?

A.—All I can say from the information you have furnished is that for your height you do not weigh enough. Get Training for Boxing and Earle Liederman's Muscle Building and digest those portions dealing with building up or gaining weight.

Charles Dummerville, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Will 10-pound dumbells be too heavy for a beginner in boxing? I am 16 years old, weigh 147 pounds and am 5 feet 11 inches.

A.—Yes. Only one training for weight lifting should use the 10-pound dumbells. A boxer should use one, two and three pound bells.

Stanley Kraus, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Q.—Did Abe Goldstein whip Pancho Villa when Pancho first came here?

A.—Yes. They fought at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City in the summer of 1922. Goldstein was awarded the popular decision although no official verdict was rendered. In the winter of the same year in Madison Square Garden the Filipino turned the table on Abie, whipping him in 12 rounds.

Frank Dubuc, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—What were the weights of Ketchel and Johnson when they fought?

A.—Johnson, 198; Ketchel, 177.

Charles Weston, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—When was Benny Leonard born? Is he a native New Yorker or adopted?

A.—Born in New York City April 7, 1896.

Q.—When did he start boxing? When did he retire?

A.—1912-1924.

Abraham Rushmore, Hempstead, L. I.

Q.—What was Willie Ritchie's real name?

A.—Geary A. Steffen.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

STRANGE as it may seem, every recognized fistic champion of the world, with the exception of Max Schmeling and Tony Canzoneri, participated in action during the month. Maxie Rosenbloom was beaten in an overweight match with Joe Knight; Jackie Fields was whipped by Johnny Indrisano in a similar match; Jackie Kid Berg, world's junior-welterweight titleholder, scored over Buster Brown; Kid Chocolate whipped Dominick Petrone; Al Brown scored over Golf Ball Bernard; Midget Wolgast won from Little Pancho in the Phillipine Islands.

Others of prominence who turned in noteworthy performances were Ernie Schaaf, who decisively scored over Young Stribling; George Nichols, who won the N. B. A. recognition as light-heavyweight leader; Frank Battaglia, who turned in a one-round knockout over Ben Jeby; Battling Battalino who defeated Eddie Ran; Nel Tarleton, British featherweight champion, who scored over Al Foreman, England's lightweight titleholder, in an overweight match and Speedy Dado who defeated Baby Arizmendi, classy Mexican featherweight. Those matches were the highlights of the month of March.

In the heavyweight class, Ernie Schaaf heads the list with that Young Stribling victory in Chicago. Primo Carnera won over Pierre Charles. Mickey Walker scored knockouts over Jim Mahoney and Jackie Williams in two rounds each. Charley Retzlaff, seems to be finding himself again. After a disappointing lapse, he knocked out Dick Daniels in one round and Jack McCarthy in four. Arthur De Kuh flattened Leonard Dixon in two rounds and was beaten by Jack Dorval. Lee Ramage, a newcomer, scored over Ace Hudkins. Larry Gains won over Don McCorkingdale for the British Empire heavyweight championship.

Natie Brown defeated Vincent Parrille and stopped Herman Weiner in seven rounds. Tom Heeney returned to life by winning from tough, Hans Birkie. Tony Galento whipped Ted Sandwina. Joe Sekyra disposed of Leroy Haynes in nine rounds on the Coast. Paul Cavalier stopped Mateo Osa in six rounds. Maurice Griselle kayoed George Gardebois in six rounds in Paris. Stanley Poreda kayoed Jimmy Flinker in two rounds. Battling Bozo drew with Babe Hunt. Chuck Wiggins scored over Benny Touchstone and was beaten by Yale Okun and stopped by Pettit Ferrarer in six rounds. Baxter Calmes scored over Jimmy Braddock.

Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight leader, lost to Joe Knight and whipped Willie Oster. Dave Maier kayoed Johnny Freeman in three rounds but was beaten by Georgie Nichols. Adolph Heuser whipped Rosy Rosales. George Courtney won over Al Gainer. Harry Ebbets whipped Roscoe Manning and stopped Unknown Winston in nine rounds. Bob Godwin won from Reds Barry.

Jack Delaney, in his initial comeback tilt, kayoed Phil Johnson in two rounds. Joe Banovic was beaten by Jim Herman and trounced Pete Latzo. Buddy McArthur defeated Martin Levandowski. Jack Kilbourne scored over Harry Fuller and Roy Williams. Al Ettore kayoed Wally Sears in four rounds and Johnny Rousseau won over Mickey Taylor.

In the middleweight class, Dave Shade still heads the list with his victory over Angel Cliville. Marcel Thil retained his high ranking by disposing of Jack Hood. Hood scored over Charley McDonald. Ben Jeby kayoed Mike Sullivan in nine rounds but fell victim to Frank Battaglia's hard hitting in the first session. Battaglia also kayoed Sammy Kid Slaughter in seven rounds. Slaughter kayoed Chick Raines in four rounds, and whipped Bud Saltis. Vince Dundee scored over Billy Angelo, Young Ketchell and kayoed Vince Forgione in four rounds. Angelo kayoed Matt Rice and Rice repeated the dose to Pete Suskey in six heats.

Gorilla Jones and Frankie O'Brien went eight rounds before the bout was halted and O'Brien received the decision. Ignacio Ara whipped Willie Thomas. Benny Miller won over Guido Conte. Tommy Freeman stopped Buster Mallini in seven rounds. Henry Firpo whipped Dutch Leonard and Leo Larrivee. Larrivee stopped Billy Hood in seven rounds. Ray Tramblie kayoed Russ Rowsey in six rounds, Clyde Chastain in three heats and lost to Willie Oster. Chastain scored over Mickey Patrick. Paul Pirrone kayoed Izzy Grove in two rounds. Al Rossi kayoed Harold Henderson in six rounds and Karl Lautenschlager disposed of Joe Valente in three.

Jackie Fields, welterweight champion, besides losing to Johnny Indrisano, knocked out Jimmy Belmont in eight rounds, Patsy Pollock in two and Izzy Kline in one round. Young Corbett scored over David Velasco. Eddie Ran kayoed Marty Goldman in one round. King Tut whipped Bucky Lawless. Billy Townsend kayoed Johnny Nemis in one round and defeated Frankie Petrolle. Petrolle was also beaten by Jimmy Phillips. Tommy Herman defeated Eddie Murdock and kayoed Cerefino Garcia in ten rounds. Murdock scored over Gaby Bagdad.

Jimmy Evans whipped Paulie Walker. Jackie Brady defeated Tiger Roy Smith. Young Jack Thompson scored over Al Trulmans. Morrie Sherman kayoed Jimmy Abott in six rounds and drew with Franta Nekolny. Baby Joe Gans drew with Al Trainor. Benny Leonard staged a successful comeback in winning from Billy McMahon.

Vincent Hambright kayoed Mickey White in six rounds and Tommy Rizzo in two. Kenny Austin was beaten by Andy Di Vodi and Battling Dozier. Frankie Hughes scored over Farmer Joe Cooper. Gus Mandell whipped Sammy Mandell. Peter Mike defeated Relampago Saguero. Roy Mitchell won from Jackie Purvis. Johnny Martin won over Billy Light. Eddie Moore whipped Cuban Bobby O'Neil.

Jackie Berg, right owner of the junior-welterweight leader, defeated Buster Brown. Manuel Quintero kayoed Walter Still in one round. Steve Haliako scored over Johnny Hayes. Pete Nebo whipped Jackie Davis and kayoed Dave Smith in three rounds. Bobby Mays defeated Andy Callahan. Billy Lynch scored over Georgie Salvatore. Tommy Grogan whipped Billy Vaughn. Ralph Lenny whipped Murray Elkins. Mickey Cohen scored over Jose Estrada. Victor Peralta kayoed Justo Suarez in the tenth round at Buenos Aires. Orrie Mosher whipped Herman Perlick and Joe Trabon scored over Kenny Hill.

In the lightweight division, Battling Battalino showed his ability by whipping Eddie Ran, a highly rated welter. Bat also kayoed Billy Shaw in two rounds. Sammy Fuller stepped into the elite class by whipping Ray Miller and knocking out Billy Wallace in seven rounds. Harry Dublinsky defeated Tommy Grogan and drew with Young Firpo. Firpo scored over Sammy Offerman. Battling Gizzy defeated Eddie Lord and Eddie Anderson. Wesley Ramey defeated Benny Bass and Lou Terry. Bass also lost on a foul to Frank Bajorski in three rounds.

Johnny Jadick defeated Wildcat O'Connor. Maxie Strub whipped Sammy Dorfman. Eddie Cool won from Mike Marshall. Eddie Mack kayoed Frankie Fink in three and Jack Kane in six sessions. Johnny Lucas whipped Jackie Pilkington and lost to Lew Massey. Pilkington drew with Willie Siegel. Barney Ross scored over Nick Ellenwood. Tod Morgan disposed of Johnny Albin in eight rounds. Bobby Pacho drew with Armando Santiago. Tony Falso stopped Harry Devline in the fourth round. Ray Kiser kayoed Jimmy Reed in four rounds. Joey Ferrando whipped Al Ridgway.

Kid Chocolate, leader of the junior-lightweights, defeated Dominick Petrone in Cuba. Tracey Cox kayoed Tony Leto in two rounds, Mickey Doyle in four and was disqualified in the eighth round of his bout with Eddie Lord. Joey Costa scored over Benny Britt. Al Foreman kayoed Tommy Little in two rounds. Davey Abad scored over Kid Herrera and lost to Erwin Berlier.

Baby Arizmendi, classy Mexican, defeated Claude Varner in the featherweight class. Freddy Miller scored over Johnny Datto. Nel Tarleton won from Al Foreman. Fidel La Barba won over Varias Milling. Tony Sciolino, a junior-lightweight, won from Tommy Paul. Johnny Pena defeated Archie Bell. Domencio Bernasconi kayoed Lucien Popescu in three rounds. Hymie Wiseman won on a foul from Wilbut Chevalier in the third. Johnny Mitchell whipped Jimmy Vaughn and Jackie Britton kayoed Frankie Graham in the second.

Al Brown, lanky bantamweight titleholder, defeated Golf Ball Bernard. Speedy Dado won from Baby Arizmendi and kayoed Rodolfo Taglia in seven rounds. Young Tommy won over Canto Robleto. Emile Pladner drew with Antol Kocsis and whipped Jimmy Thomas. Antol Kocsis scored over Billy Landers. Eugene Huat kayoed Lucien Popescu in ten rounds. Jackie Wilson won over Mose Butch, Willie Davies and Baby Face Mathison. Izzy Schwartz defeated Jack Terranova and Freddy Lattanzio. Petey Hayes won over Mike Reyes.

Midget Wolgast, leading the flyweight division, scored over Little Pancho in the Phillipines. Pancho triumphed over Tiger Connell, Henry Kudo, Johnny Gabucco and Joe Mosquindo. Young Perez whipped Schaeffer from Germany. Mickey McGuire won over Jackie Brown in England. Phil Tobias defeated Kid Vaquero. Babe Triscaro kayoed Joey Ross and Luis Carpentero. Pablo Dano won over Wally Walker. Maurice Huguenin defeated Van Ekeren in France. Frankie Donnelly won over Franklyn Young and Jackie Light.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

The following are my ratings for the month ending March 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion MaxeyRosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	George Nichols	Dave Shade	Johnny Indrisano	Billy Petrolle
2—Ernie Schaaf	Dave Maier	Marcel Thil	Billy Petrolle	Battling Battalino
3—Primo Carnera	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Jimmy McLarnin	Sammy Fuller
4—Mickey Walker	Adolph Heuser	Frank Battaglia	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
5—Max Baer	Bob Godwin	Chick Devlin	Eddie Ran	Tony Herrera
6—King Levinsky	George Courtney	Young Terry	King Tut	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Steve Hamas	Billy Jones	Harry Smith	Lou Brouillard	Bobby Mays
8—Charley Retzlaff	Harry Ebbets	Ben Jeby	Jackie Brady	Pete Nebo
9—Young Stribling	Al Gainer	Gorilla Jones	Teddy Yarosz	Steve Haliako
10—Lee Ramage	Lew Scozza	Paul Pirrone	Tommy Herman	Jack Portney

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Tracey Cox	Lew Feldman	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—BattlingBattalino	Al Foreman	Nel Tarleton	Pete Sanstol	Young Perez
3—Sammy Fuller	Benny Bass	Freddy Miller	Young Tommy	Young Pancho
4—Wesley Ramey	Joey Costa	Fidel La Barba	Newsboy Brown	Babe Triscaro
5—Harry Dublinsky	Roger Bernard	Eddie Shea	Vidal Gregario	Mickey McGuire
6—Battling Gizzy	Pety Sarron	Baby Arizmendi	Emile Pladner	Phil Tobias
7—Ray Miller	Tony Sciolino	Kid Francis	Eugene Huat	Jackie Brown
8—Johnny Jadick	Joe Ghnouly	Johnny Pena	Antol Kocsis	Mariano Arilla
9—Young Firpo	Maurice Holtzer	Tommy Paul	Jackie Wilson	Valentin Angleman
10—Maxie Strub	Mike Dundee	Frankie Wallace	Ross Fields	Maurice Huguenin

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Frankie Nour, Roumania.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Mack, Philadelphia, Pa.
Featherweight—Frankie Zinn, Harrison, Ohio.
Junior-Lightweight—Pinto De Sa, Portugal.
Lightweight—Patsy Rosenbloom, Baltimore, Md.
Junior-Welterweight—Tommy Romano, Ossining, N. Y.
Welterweight—Freddy Steele, Tacoma, Wash.
Middleweight—Harry Sacks, Toronto, Canada.
Light-Heavyweight—Tommy Walsh, New York City.
Heavyweight—Dick Madden, Boston, Mass.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

ANTOL KOCSIS of Hungary took the nod over Billy Landers in eight heats at Alexandria, Va. Landers did all the leading and really deserved a better fate. Lew Jollas lost a hair line duke to Bobby Burns, Jabe Navos turned the lights out on Kid McShea in round two.

Lew Raymond of Baltimore pasted Pepper Young of Norfolk, Va., in eight rounds at Rockville, Md. Sailor McKenna beat Arthur Debeve in a slow eight. Jimmy Tramberia spotted Marino Marini ten pounds and then handed him a trouncing in six. Tommy Horn belted Billy Reed for four rounds and Sailor Oden folded up in three heats to Billy Essinger.

Dick Welsh of Philadelphia and Al Martin of Baltimore fought a fast eight-round draw at Portsmouth, Va.

Natie Brown, New York heavyweight stopped Herman Weiner of Baltimore at Alexandria, Va. in the seventh because of an injured eye.

Four eight-rounders at Ritchie Coliseum, located six miles out of Washington, drew the largest gate seen in these parts in a long time. A poor substitution in the wind-up made the show a flop, however. Miki Gelb was substituted for Antol Kocsis in the feature against Dick Welsh. Gelb was far too big for Welsh and the bout turned out to be a very tame affair. Lew Jollas beat Bobby Burns in the best bout of the evening. Jollas had previously lost a close one to Burns. Billy Strickler won over Al Trainer while Eric Lawsen bested Vince Forgione in the other eight.

The best bout of the month was an eight-rounder between Reds Barry, 17-year-old Washington heavy and Bob Godwin, Southern light-heavy Champ. Godwin had just previously held Maxie Rosenbloom to a draw and looked to be a sure winner but Barry took the play from Godwin as early as the first round and had his lighter opponent in a bad way in the final round. Much to the surprise of the fans Referee Heinie Miller gave the nod to Godwin. The verdict caused a mild riot. Another sensation was caused at this show when one Bob Turner of Newport News, Va., flattened Henry Irving of Washington in one heat. Irving is very popular in Washington where he has knocked out most of his opponents to date.

Vince Dundee returned to Baltimore to win a technical K. O. over Vince Forgione of Philadelphia in four rounds. Vince Serio pasted Sailor McKenna in the semi-final of six heats.

Pickups—Little Jeff, former flyweight of Baltimore has been through boxing for four years and is still in his twenties. Benny Schwartz is another Baltimore boxer who has been washed up for several years and is still in his early twenties. Lou Mayrs, a Baltimore lightweight of a few years back fought over 100 battles and was through before he became 21 years of age. Reds Barry, the Washington heavyweight has engaged in forty battles and is only 17 years of age.

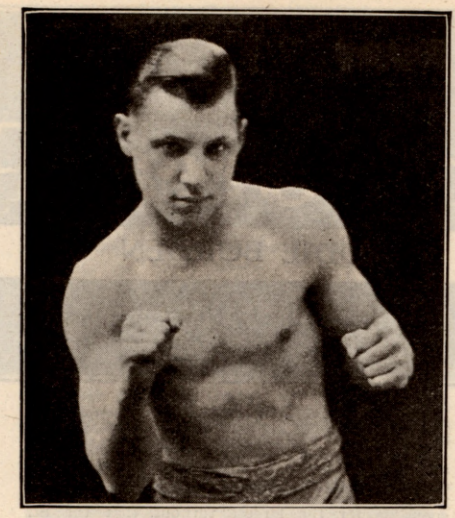
Washington fight fans are looking to the opening of the Mid City Arena this summer. C. E. "Fats" Cornell of Washington is backing the enterprise. The handlers of Henry Irving, Washington middleweight, used very poor judgment in sending the inexperienced Henry against a seasoned veteran like Bob Turner recently at Alexandria. It took less than two minutes for Turner to flatten Irving Jackie Portney, Baltimore southpaw, has trouble getting work. The good boys shun him and the matchmakers will not book him with the ordinary fighters as it would not be a contest. A Joey Goodman-Jackie Portney match would take in Washington. A Maxie Rosenbloom-Reds Barry tilt would also go big. Joe Smallwood, former Washington welter, is going great guns in Wilmington, Del. Tim Charles, former Washington heavyweight, boxed Jack Dempsey two heats at Toledo, Ohio recently. Young Van, a Washington middleweight, recently turned pro and has scored three successive knockouts, his last knockout victory over Battling Dick was most impressive. Jack Quigley, Washington lightweight, scored an impressive win over Jessie Belt at Alexandria.

AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

BIG JEFF CARROLL, the Biloxi Bruiser, dropped a ten-round decision to Ralph Ficucello, New York heavy, at the armory here. Tiny Eller, John Allen's new heavy, kayoed Red Carpenter, from Little Rock, Arkansas, in the third. Terry Roberts, McAdenville Mauler and Jimmy McDuffy, Atlanta, drew in ten. Knockout Stallings put the skids under Louis Esposito, of Monroe, in two. Mickey Maroon, 145, Monroe, outpointed Stumpy Braswell, 143.

Rambling Rufus Miles, Charlotte's star welter, drew with Jimmy Reed at Jacksonville.

Danville, Va.—Bill Feamster, Salisbury, N. C. light-heavy, won a ten-round decision over Al Edwards, local boy.



Frankie Hayes, Philly welter

Little Boy Safrit, Kannapolis lightweight, kayoed Jimmy Smith, of Philadelphia, in four.

Augusta, Ga.—Tommy McGovern, lightweight of Charlotte, and Ears Batfield, Macon, drew in ten rounds here.

Dewey Kimrey ran his 1932 kayo list up to four when he kayoed Big Jeff Carroll in two minutes here. Rufus Miles won over Tug Phillips, Erie welter, and Jimmy Swinson, crack lightweight, of the Tenner stable, came from behind to kayo Ray Collins in the ninth.

Firpo Hipps, 154, whipped Knockout Stallings, 161, and Wade Allison, 127, scored a two-round knockout over Paul Tate. 130.

Jimmy Swinson, lightweight, whipped Johnny D'Marco, Philadelphia, at Charleston, S. C.

Big Sid Terris lost a ten-round decision to Frankie Edgren, Wyoming heavy, at Jacksonville. Jimmy Swinson, stablemate of Kimery, whipped Young Kirshney in the semi-final.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM GEORGIA

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

GEORGE NERON, of Greece, lost a close decision to Joe Lohman here. Neron was sick on the night of the fight.

In the semi-final, Jack Denning, light-heavyweight of North Carolina, won by a technical knockout over Bill Sykes and Joe Fino, bantamweight champion of Mexico, won over the veteran Midget Mike Dundee, of New York.

Patsy McGrath, of Savannah, knocked out Joe "Kid" Peck, of Columbus, Ga., in the second at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Jimmy Reed, who made a big hit in Savannah and had not lost a decision there, was put to sleep by Ray Keiser, of Tulsa, Okla.

Eddie Burl, former Savannah fighter who is now fighting out of Miami, Fla., won a twelve-round decision over Alf. Jerome, of New Orleans, at the Coliseum Arena, at New Orleans.

Jimmy Griffin, of Valdosta, won in Florida over Pat Flaherty, of Savannah. This makes the first bout that Pat lost in one year.

Ernest Sagues, the Chilian schoolmaster, won a decision over Jimmy Griffin, of Valdosta, at Palatka.

Rough House Glover won a close verdict over Ray Dunn at Savannah. Both men are colored.

Jake Denning, merchant of socks and jabs, outpunched Carl Knowles, Rome boy, to win seven out of ten rounds at Savannah.

Those seeking information regarding Georgia fighters and clubs, should enclose a two cent stamp to cover postage for an answer. Address all communications to the writer—c/o Savannah *Morning News-Evening Press*, Savannah, Georgia.

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Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

IN one of the most desperately fought contests seen in the Madison Square Garden, of New York, in many moons, Billy Petrolle, the Iron Man of the roped square, came through with the greatest triumph of his venerable career when he stopped the game, aggressive bull-dog of Connecticut, Bat Battalino, in the twelfth and last round. With arms hanging helplessly at his side, the blood flowing freely from a deep cut on the bridge of the nose that was inflicted in the second round, his face discolored from the frightful punishment meted out to him round after round, Battalino reeled, punch-drunk, ready to collapse, when Gunboat Smith, the referee, humanely stepped between the beaten gladiator and his foe and halted the contest with only one minute and a half more to go for the finish of the battle. To be exact, a minute and thirty-one seconds of the final session had been completed when the end came.

When Joe Humphreys held up the right hand of the Fargo Express in token of victory, a cheer such as seldom has echoed through that spacious House that Tex Built, greeted Billy. And well did he deserve it for no fighter in recent years had given such a great exhibition as did Petrolle. Almost to a man, with the exception of the 2,000 fight fans who had come from Connecticut to root for the home hero, the 17,000 persons rose and cheered. It was a great night for Madison Square Garden, which took in a gross of $65,959.85 and a net of $56,104.34, and a greater night for Petrolle, the "Old Man of Pugilism."

Jackie Kid Berg looked very good in whipping Buster Brown. This was Jackie's first comeback attempt and he is far from finished. Harry Schactman is boosting the prowess of Benny Grabstein, promising Bronx 122-pounder. Joe Ghnouly added another victory to his list in vanquishing Herman Folins at the Oakland A. A. Paddy MuHins, a real veteran, pased away a few weeks ago. Paddy was seventy years of age and his passing was attributed to heart disease. A gentleman of the old school and loved by all. A genuine loss.

Sammy Fuller, lightweight from Boston, established himself firmly in the hearts of the New York fans with his two sterling performances against Ray Miller and Billy Wallace at Madison Square Garden. In both, Fuller got off the floor to win decisively. He dropped Miller in one of the fourth, and then disposed of Wallace in seven rounds, after Sammy had gone down in the fifth.

Fuller finished Wallace in spectacular fashion. He decided the battle when he beat Wallace to a right hand punch and he felled Billy in deadly fashion. Wallace arose and staggered around the ring at the count of nine then fell into the referee's arms. The bout was wisely stopped before further damage was done.

In the future, Sammy will have to be reckoned serious in both the lightweight and junior-welterweight classes. He can make 135 after a little struggle but fits comfortably in the notch between the 35 and 40 pound figure.

Morrie Sherman, Detroit welterweight, now fighting under the Johnston banner, really whipped Franta Nekolny in the semi-final but was forced to be satisfied with a draw. Nekolny was dropped in the second round and was credited with aggressiveness which accomplished nothing. Franta loses plenty of energy by making effective motions but very little damage is done. Tony Falco, Philly lightweight, made his professional debut here an eventful one when he stopped Harry Devine, clever southpaw from Worcester, at the end of the third round. Devine suffered a badly cut eye and the bout was halted between the third and fourth chapters. Al Rossi, another splendid prospect, looked great when he kayoed Harold Henderson in the sixth round of their ten rounder. Henderson showed supreme courage against the hard hitting attack of Rossi and was deserving of a better fate.

Mannie Seaman, who trained Benny Leonard in the heyday of his career, is now seeking youngsters who are undeveloped physically to teach them the rudiments of physical culture—Mannie can be reached through THE RING office—Belmont Park Arena located at Garfield, N. J., will resume open air operations early this month. Lew Barnett will be the promoter and Sammy Richman will assume the rôle of matchmaker. They can be located at 1775 Broadway, N. Y. C., and their phone number is Circle 7-6255. Irish Kane in Pittsburgh is handling the affairs of Jack Wilson, rugged middleweight, who fought Enzo Fiermonte in the Garden shortly.

Benny Leonard staged a remarkable comeback at the St. Nicholas Rink against Billy McMahon and after going through ten tough, gripping rounds, came out the winner. Leonard was responsible for the largest turnout that the St. Nicks have had in years and it was refreshing to gaze at the ringside gathering, people who have remained away from boxing circles since Leonard's retirement. It was a gala occasion and replete in every respect for a successful comeback. A few more of these same bouts with opponents of McMahon's calibre will restore that vanished following and return them to reality.

Harry Ebbets, blond thunderbolt, turned in two good victories, one over Roscoe Manning and a knockout over Unknown Winston, a rugged New England heavyweight. Paulie Walker lost his first start on the Coast to Jimmy Evans but Walter Cobb expects to have better luck when he gets going. Three boxing shows in different locations running the same night drew good houses—Leonard-McMahon drew $7,400; Dublinsky and Firpo in Philly drew $7,500 and Ebbets with Winston was a sellout at $4,000.

Four gymnasiums in Greater New York monopolize the training activities of local and visiting boxers—Grupp's at 116th St., St. Nicholas Gym at 66th and Columbus, Stillman's on 57th Street and Pioneer Gym at 44th Street, offer every possible convenience that one could hope for. Specators may attend the activities daily and see plenty of action for their twenty-five cents. Billy and Charley Grupp are fine instructors and they always keep tutoring their clients. Grupp's Gym is a popular place, likewise The Pioneer, Charley Doesserick's fistic emporium. Eddie Ran was put out of the picture by Petrolle, then redeemed himself by flattening Billy Townsend and Marty Goldman and then was beaten by Battling Battalino. In the last bout he suffered a stroke of misfortune when he fractured his right hand in the third round. The Pole has established himself as a thrill provider. Murray Waxman and Jackie Gordon have visions of another Lew Tendler in Al Ciullo, who is rolling up many knockouts. Al is a southpaw with great prospects.

The real comeback of Jackie Kid Berg will be problematical until he faces first class competition. Solly Krieger, Brighton Beach middleweight, has returned to action, after resting five months due to an injured mitt. Lew Tendler did a nice thing in coming from Philly to watch Leonard go through the motions against McMahon. These two, once formidable rivals, drew $450,000 at the Polo Grounds some years ago. Emile Pladner looked bad in his American debut against Antol Kocsis who held him even but the Frenchman looked much better in scoring over Jimmy Thomas at Pittsburgh a week later. Rex Williams, handling Frankie Hughes, Indiana welterweight, is expected to make an eastern invasion. Henny Andrews is handling Bob Moody around Syracuse. Moody is a Negro heavyweight who started his career in Cleveland and looks very good. The Dubois Athletic Club at 5768 Dubois Street, Detroit, has opened operations under the direction of Al Rogers.

Ernie Schaaf remains as dangerous as ever after his decisive victory over Young Stribling. Ben Jeby made a great Chicago debut when he kayoed My Sullivan in nine rounds but suffered the same humiliation when Frank Battaglia put him away in the first session. George Nichols, a rank outsider, whipped the prime favorite, Dave Maier in the final round of the light-heavyweight elimination tourney in Chicago. Nichols will have to dispose of Rosenbloom before he will be universally recognized as the champion. Sidney Roth has retired from the managerial rôle and his assistant, Marty Fuller, has taken over Teddy Martin, who lays claim to being Tony Canzoneri's chief sparring partner. Eddie Tray, Allentown gladiator, with twelve knockouts in sixteen starts, is being handled by Georgie Sheppard and Irving Gross.

Izzy Grove, following his two-round knockout at the hands of Paul Pirrone, is expected to retire and assume the rôle of booking agent for radio and stage stars and musical bands. Dr. Bier reports that his Pompton Lakes, N. J., training camp is open the entire year. So is Gus Wilson's place at Orangeburg. Gus is a great conditioner.

Steve Trojack, promising Winnepeg heavyweight, is out with a challenge to Larry Gains for the heavyweight championship of the British Empire. This is the stuff that champions are made of. Buddy McArthur was knocked down four times in the eighth round of his bout with Martin Levandowski but came on to win. Incidently, this is the first defeat suffered by Martin since deserting the amateur ranks. Cy Schindel disposed of his opponent in twenty-seven seconds in Newark and erased twenty years from the life of his manager, Dick Peters. Sammy Shack, New York featherweight, after vagabonding four years on foreign soil, is ready to resume action here. He fought in various parts of Europe, Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

Nel Tarleton, featherweight champion of Great Britian, showed his class by whipping the lightweight champion, Al Foreman, in a twelve round bout. Tarleton has been given assurance that the world's featherweight title will not be bestowed upon any individual until he is eliminated. A big fuss is being made in New York over the expected arrival of Cleto Locatelli, Italian lightweight, who is said to be the greatest fighter of today in foreign circles. Statements have been released by many that they will handle his affairs when he arrives but our guess is that Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs will be the lucky ones. Izzy Schwartz, noting the comeback success enjoyed by Dempsey and Leonard, got into the spirit of the chase and won two fights, whipping Freddy Lattanzio and Jack Terranova. Joe Trabon is fighting in good form around Kansas City and believes that he can duplicate the success in the East so expect him here any day.

Tony Galento is now being handled by Pete Todd. In his first start under new management, he whipped Ted Sandwina. The failure of Wallace to get over Fuller was pathetic in many respects. Billy is a veteran and wanted to make this last year in boxing an eventful one. Wallace is anxious to take up radio singing as a career and achieved considerable success in his various tryouts. He sang before Paul Whiteman at an audition contest in Detroit and went over great. The night before he clashed with Fuller, he sang at the Palace Theater on a bill that featured Russ Columbo and his work was greatly admired. Billy is a clean cut type, a credit to boxing and we wish him every success in his new undertaking. Sam Pian and Art Winch handled Wallace for the bout and this was Wallace's first start under their management. Pian and Winch are now handling a radio singer and a tap dancer in Earl Mastro, who is supposed to have given up his stage career and began preliminary training in Los Angeles for his first love, boxing. Mastro is too good a fighter to lose these days.

That Schaaf-Paulino bout has been getting an awful kicking around and judging by present indications, they may not meet before the summer season arrives. Charley Retzlaff went over big in disposing of Jack McCarthy in Boston. That should eventually develop into a match with Ernie Schaaf. Luis Gutierrez and Kid Chocolate are expected back for the open air shows. Chocolate is good for a return match with both Canzoneri and Battalino. Teddy Berg, kid brother of Jackie, looks promising in the gymnasium and seems to carry much more hitting power than his brother. Sammy Goldman and Tony Canzoneri have opened a haberdashery and clothing store on Broadway which should definitely kill any rumors that these two were at loggerheads. It also leads one to believe that Tony doesn't intend to fight much longer.

Sol Gold has fully recovered from his appendix operation and looks better than ever. "Broadway" Sam Roth, an inveterate Bob Olin rooter, is disconsolate because his favorite is laid up with a bad hand. Al Weill is prepared for the summer season with the Queensboro Stadium and the New Haven club at Savin Rock. Dan Parker, of the *Mirror*, is causing plenty of discussion with his frank, outspoken columns. The Golden Glove bouts at the Garden turned away thousands of people and over 22,000 people managed to cram their way inside. Sammy Goldman is managing Ruby Goldstein and believes that Ruby can yet make the grade. Harry Dublinsky has developed into a good card in Philadelphia. Joe Malone and George Schaeffer are handling a group of promising youngsters. The Wallace-Fuller match drew a record low in the Garden for gate receipts.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

AL RIDGEWAY returned to the wars to fight Joie Ferrando and lost a close 10-round bout to the Ashtabula, O., terror. Al Trivisonno beat Johnny Curtin. Billy Gerber won from Tony Paggi. Benny Reggo won over Danny Martin. Lou Mancini lost to Mickey Paul, and Dom Rizzo defeated Lou Ordini in six rounds.

Paulie Nieman, of Guttenberg, lost a close 6-round decision to Ray Napolitano at the 106th Armory in Brooklyn.

At the Hollywood in Jersey City, Lou Lombardi stopped Joe Barnes in 2. Nick Cuspito K. O.'d Chink Baker in 2. Joie Tagg finished Mickey Makar in 1. Sam Panico won from Danny Martin. Jimmy Reilly K. O.'d Danny Costa in 2. Larry Williams polished off Battling Cristie in 2. Nick Rugiano did the same to Norman Kip in 2.

Lou Lombardi returned to the Hollywood and scored a K. O. over Joe Cole in 3 rounds. Nick Ruggiano lost to Frankie Orlando in 8. Tony Paggi drew with Bill Breadon in 6. Mickey Macker K. O.'d Steve Burrone in 1, and Larry Williams beat Adam Ramsky in 4.

Georgie Hamilton reopened the Elks Club in Bergenfield. Paul Cavalier stopped Pavisi Presidio, of Italy, in 1 round in the star bout. Frank Benzzone fought to a gruelling draw with Louis La Paige. Tony Cal lost to Reddy Banks and Jerry O'Keefe drew with Bobby Maguire in a slashing bout.

Harry Carlton won by a T. K. O. over Mike Samuelson in 4 rounds at the Oakland A. A. Sammy Russo stopped Sammy Miller in 1. Benny Reggo K. O.'d Eddie Compana in 1. Joe Kammisky finished Benny Diamond in 2. Carl Ely and Clyde Markey drew in 6 rounds.

Joie Costa, tough little battler of Jersey City, won over Benny Britt in Philly.

Paulie Nieman got the nod over Ives Horrelon in 6 rounds at the 212th Armory in New York.

Lou Lombardi scored his third straight K. O. when he flattened Phil Griffin in 4 at the Hollywood. Jack Lombardi stopped Joe Fish in 1. Nick Ruggiano K. O.'d Joe Mareno in 2. Mickey Baker finished Mickey Ford in 1. Danny Costa lost to Bobby Montalbano in 4, and Joie Tagg did likewise to Frank Pescella in 4.

Frankie Carlton stopped Gus Worman in 3 rounds at the Oakland A. A. Freddie Grasso drew with Sammy Russo 4. Tony Paggi T. K. O.'d Jimmy Jones 3. Sammy Rello won by a T. K. O. over Johnny Daly 4, and in the semi-final of 6 rounds, Lou Ordini kayo'd Silent McBride in 2.

Lou Lombardi and Al Tedisco fought to a draw at the Hollywood. Nick Ruggiano stopped Frankie Orlando in 4. Johnny Darcy K. O.'d Jimmy Serrio in 1. Joie Tagg finished Young Lambert in 1, and Charlie Rainie put the crusher on Dave Stadder in the first.

Bobby Brady signed a three-year contract with big Sam Cohen.

Fighters and managers send your news to the writer at 205 41st St., Union City, N. J.

Any one wishing to buy THE RING and don't know where to get one, get in touch with the writer at the above address. Fighters should get the books issued by The Ring Book Shop.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, AND VICINITY
By ADOLPH PIZZI

THE Market A. C. of Newark, has closed its doors for the remainder of the indoor season.

Vince Dundee of Silver Lake, leading contender for the middleweight title, paid a visit to his old home town, Baltimore, and scored a K. O. over Vincent Forgione of Philly in the fourth.

Mickey Biss, hard hitting welterweight of Garfield, scored a T.K.O. over Frankie Turrano of Freehold in the fourth, at the Paterson Armory.

Ernie Ratner, Silver Lake lightweight went over to Wilmington, Del., to score a victory over Tony Loftus, and then jumped over to Philadelphia, only to be stopped by Al Rowe of Phila. in the seventh.

At Belmar, Charley Russo, Hackensack lightweight, was T. K. O'ed in the second by Ray Meyers, of New York, former national amateur champion.

Young Roxey, Newark veteran bantamweight held Bobby Magnolia of Newark, to a draw at Market A. C. On the same card, Wilbur Marsh of Montclair beat Kid Bon Bon of Jersey City, six rounds. Bobby Hamilton, Elizabeth veteran, beat Ken Hoot, of Newark.

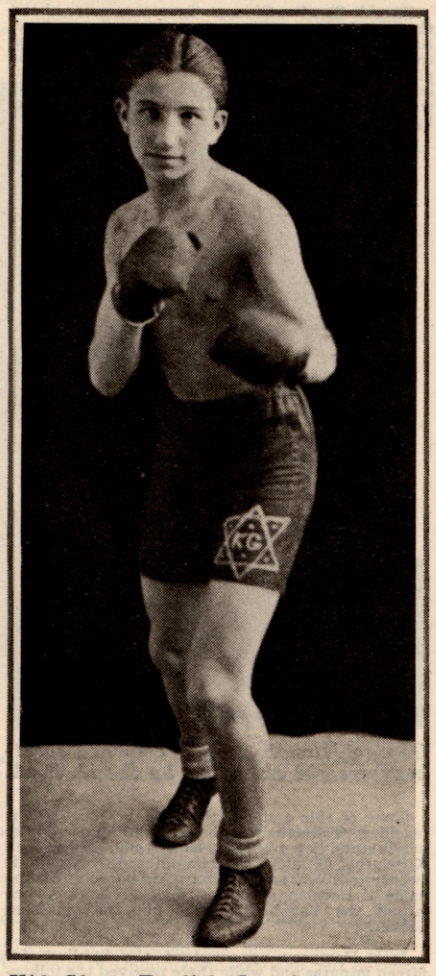
Plainfield—Tony Lambert, Newark welterweight, held Joe Capici, local boxer, to a six-round draw. Lambert then followed with an eight-round victory over Mickey Terry. Jay Mecadon, South Orange beat Al Perretti, Bloomfield, in six rounds. Walter Pluckard, Orange, beat Joe Nopalitano, of Raritan.

Tony Galento, Orange heavyweight, defeated Ted Sandwina in ten rounds, before the largest crowd of the season at the Garden. Jimmy Batchelor, Newark, beat "Lightning" McManus, of England, in the eighth round semi-final.

Orange—Bert Eisner, Elizabeth, lost to Sammy Russo, of West New York, six rounds.

Eddie Bowling, Plainfield, K. O'ed Sammy Russo, West New York, in the fourth.

Walter Pluckard, Orange welterweight, scored an upset when he K. O'ed Joe Capici, of Plainfield, in the second. Eddie Durano, Montclair, K. O'ed Gus Long, Raritan, in the second.



Kid Glass, English flyweight, a corking prospect, touted highly by Frankie Jacobs

Elizabeth—Bert Eisner, Elizabeth, defeated Rocky Albano, also of Elizabeth, in six rounds. Billy "Buck" Boyle, Newark, defeated Bucky Jones, Morristown, six rounds. Al Diamond, Paterson, beat Alonzo Smith, Montclair, in six rounds. Johnny Nelson, Silver Lake, beat Johnnie Murphy, Newark, in six rounds.

Bud Mangino, Bound Brook Southpaw, defeated Lud Abella, Morristown, in eight rounds at Plainfield. In the semi-final, Ernie Tedesco, Newark, fought to a draw with Charley Charnefsky, Bound Brook.

Al Rossi, Silver Lake welterweight, making his debut at Madison Square Garden, scored a six-round knock out over Harold Henderson, of New York.

For information, in regards to this column, address your letters to the writer at 613 North 6th Street, Newark, N. J.

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WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

JOHNNY JADICK, Philadelphia, displayed every asset of a real champion when he trounced Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale kayo artist, before a large crowd at the local Armory A. C. Floored in the first round for the count of nine, Jadick came back strong to win the unanimous decision of the officials. In the preliminaries Tommy Liberto, York, slammed out a six-round victory over Charley Russo, Pittston lightweight; Tommy Britton outslugged Johnny Attardo, Pittston, 6; Joey Greb, Hilldale, won over Jimmy Knight, Carbondale, 6; Jimmy Gallagher, Plymouth, outpointed Jackie Allen, city, 4; Jack Corrigan, Kingston heavy, trounced Tony Mozart, Scranton, 4.

Weiner Wilch and Johnny Lopaskey renewed their feud before a large crowd at the Arena A. C., but after six rounds of slugging, the bout was declared a draw. The last time they met Lopaskey scored a one-round K. O. In the other bouts at Jimmy Henihan's Arena A. C. Marty Mellett outpointed Joe Sweeney, Hanover; George Brezna kayoed Young Gushanis, 3; Andy Poschaw, Hanover, techinal kayo over Pete Sisco, Askam, 3; Georgie Radice won over Eddie Blank, 4; Tommy Logan, Vermont, outslugged Mike Romanchik, Edwardsville, 6.

Georgie Radice, better known to the fistic fans as Young Dillon, of East End, created quite an impression by the decisive manner in which he trounced Eddie Blank.

Jimmy Henehan is sure giving the local youngsters a chance to do their stuff and is running every Monday night at the Arena A. C.

In his second appearance here within a month and against the same opponent, Whitey Laubaugh, Williamsport, reversed the decision by winning from Tommy Rollo, Plymouth kayo artist, at the Arena, A. C. In the other bouts Frankie Erne, Williamsport, drew with Tommy Britton, 6; Joe Vichers, Hudson, and Billy Bushnock, Pittston, drew, 6; Billy Swilp kayoed Joe Swoizak, Scranton, 3; Nick Alapeck, Luzerne, outpointed Leonard Statsavage, 4; Eddie Blank, Pringle, drew with Billy Sprow, city, 4.

Jackie Britton, Pringle Pepperpot, made a big hit with the local fans by stopping Frankie Garcia, of Utica. Garcia claimed an injury to his arm. In the preliminaries, Marty Mellett stopped Johnny Langan, Scranton lightweight, 3; Doug Gibson outslugged Jack Lester, 6; Billy Swilp won over Tony Petronas, 6; Joe Petronas drew with Georgie Brezna, 4; Charley Powers outpointed Georgie Gotcha.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MAESTRO

LEO SALKIN, who managed Pete Herman up to the time Herman won the bantamweight title from Kid Williams, has returned to the game as the manager of Larry Johnson, South Side heavyweight. Johnson has a contract with Jack West Side O'Keefe, which doesn't run out until September, but he already has placed himself under Salkin's management. O'Keefe will get the manager's cut until the contract is up. Salkin is at present managing the Oriental Theater.

I am proud of the following letter I received from Jack Parker of 66 Cambridge Mansions, Battersea, London, S. W., England:

"Dear Frank: As an enthusiastic reader of THE RING for some time I think it is time I took the opportunity of writing you and thanking you for the excellent standard maintained on your page of 'In and Near Chicago.' I think your writings are the best feature of an ultra-magnificent publication and I know my remarks are heartily endorsed by my friends who read THE RING.

"Your stuff always is in the nature of conversation which passes between friends with interests in common and your intimate sidelines on fistic celebrities written in an inimitable pleasing style afford much more interest than pages of baloney and ballyhoo on this prospect and that comeback. You can see why your newsy, informative writings are so popular with us, even though our knowledge of Chicago is limited to geography books.

"Though I think you are THE RING'S best contributor, the editor never seems to publish your picture. I hope you won't think it too much of a cheek if I ask you if you could send me an autographed photo of yourself. In exchange I would be willing to mail you a copy of *Boxing*, the British weekly. I hope to make a trip to the Chicago World Fair in 1934 and trust that I shall have the opportunity of thanking you personally then. But meanwhile, carry on with the good work of 'In and Near Chicago' and help maintain the enjoyment which it affords to many of us around here."

Thank you, Parker! That's O. K. However you do our editor, Nat Fleischer, an injustice when you say he hasn't printed a photo of me. He has. Will send you a photo as quick as I can.

Here are two more letters I think are interesting. The first is from Joe Ferry, former boxing instructor at the University of Illinois, who is in Publix-Paramount movies at Hollywood under the name of Russ Clark.

"Dear Frank: Frank Borzage never did any boxing, but my pal, Dave Butler at Fox, was a good amateur up in 'Frisco. Dave directed Sunnyside Up. I was an Irish cop in that picture. Vic McLaglen, of Fox, boxed Jack Johnson years ago in Vancouver a six-round draw. I was A. A. U. eastern middleweight champ in 1920. Schooled by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, I worked with George Chip, Harry Greb, Joe Borrell, Frank Carbone, Soldier Bartfield and Jack (Fifty Thousand) McCarron. I was to turn pro under Phil Glassman when my dad threatened to shoot me if I didn't quit fighting. Bat Levinsky and I took lessons together, but he's a lot older than I am.

"In Jimmy Cagney's next picture you will see Joe Rivers boxing with Cagney. Also Abe Roth, one of California's best referees and Dan Toby, the Joe Humphries of the west coast. I was on the Warner lot with this gang. A swell bunch! When you see Sir Sigmund please remind him to see Nate Lewis about my gloves. My gloves are in all the big clubs here and the Pacific Fleet is sold solidly on 'em.

"M. G. M. wants me to do a fight picture with Wally Berry, but Par said: 'Nay, nay Pauline!' Eddie Goulding, the director of Grand Hotel, went over the top with me a couple of times. We were in the same regiment and same company in the A. E. F. Please remember me to Sig."

Thank you, Joe. I showed Sig Hart your letter and he will write you any information he gets. Seeing that you started Les Marriner on a ring career you will be interested to know that the former Universtiy of Illinois football player has started training once more.

The other contribution comes from Eddie Dunne, of 756 Seventh Avenue at New York City.

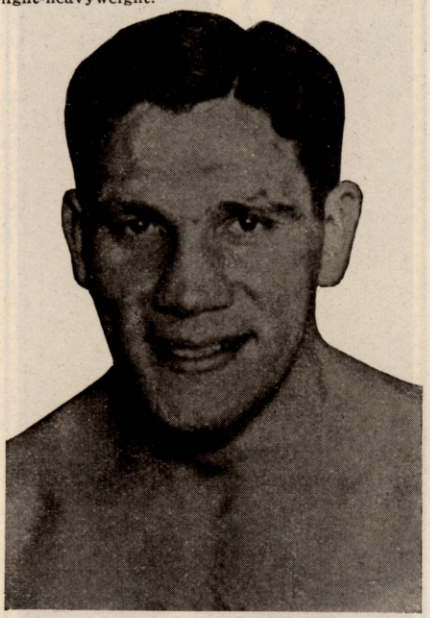
"Friend Frank: I read your article about Lew Raymond in THE RING and it was interesting. Did Lew ever tell you he managed me? I was the first boy that Raymond managed. It was in 1906 and I was only sixteen years old. I had been boxing over a year then and was considered a fairly good bantamweight. That was before the boxing commissions came into existence and the boys weren't matched ahead of time. They went to the arena on fight nights and were matched then and there.

"Raymond and I had a small bedroom on the east side and money was scarce with us quite a few times. Well, sir, one afternoon Lew had fifteen cents and we couldn't beg, borrow or steal another dime. We were hungry. The Pelican A. C. of Brooklyn was running then and Lew thought it would be a good idea to go there. Three o'clock Lew and I went to a saloon on Madison Street and he went in while I waited outside for five minutes. Then I went inside. I went to the bar, alongside Lew. He had bought a glass of beer and asked me if I wanted a drink. I said no but we edged over to the free lunch counter and believe me pal, we sure filled up and then walked out.

"That evening we spent our last dime for carfare to the Pelican A. C. Jim Shortell was matchmaker and referee and when we got there I asked old Jim to put me on and he did. I stopped some kid in one round and was told not to get dressed. Shortly afterward fought another boy. I stopped him in two rounds. A little later that night I fought for the third time in the headline six-round bout against Jimmy Capper, who also had stopped two boys. We boxed a draw. I received eight dollars and gave Raymond two dollars. How's that for a story, Frank. Ask Lew about it."

That's a great story, Dunne. Thanks for sending it to me.

Frankie Sanello, Chicago flyweight, is one of the the best looking young prospects ever seen here. At Boston last year he entered the Golden Gloves tournament and finished second, losing the championship in the finals. He has engaged in eleven encounters and won ten, two by knockouts. He is trained and managed by Danny Gasparo, former light-heavyweight.



George Nichols, newly crowned light-heavyweight champion by the N. B. A.

Some of this and a little of that—Joe Ferry is teaching Tallulah Bankhead and Frances Dee, movie stars, how to box at Hollywood, Calif. Jack Kilbourne, middleweight champion of Australia, is twenty-four years old and formerly boxed under the name of Herman Brunden. Chicago Rudy Vallee is not the Vagabond Lover but the Vagabond Glover.

Jack Dempsey appeared at the Stadium for fifteen minutes and while there received the following telegram from Yakima, Wash.: Jack Dempsey, c/o Schaaf-Stribling fight, Chicago Stadium. Things breaking tough. Would appreciate your help if possible. Wire. Joe Gorman. That, fans and fanettes, is an idea of how Dempsey is bothered by people he never heard about.

Sammy Mandell, former champion lightweight, received $200 for whipping Al Spivey at Miami, Fla. Hymie Wiseman was born in Chicago twenty-one years ago and returns from Des Moines, Ia., to live with his parents. Joe Glaser manages him.

Do you know that—Members of the British Boxing Board of Control are called Stewards and not Commissioners? Boxing gloves for fights in all states where ring bouts are legalized cannot weigh less than six ounces? Gen. John V. Clinnin, president of the National Boxing Association and chairman of the Illinois Athletic Commission, closes his eyes while dictating letters?

Jack London, the late famous novelist, wrote the best story when Jack Johnson defeated Tommy Burns in the fourteenth round for the heavyweight title at Sydney, Australia, December 26, 1908? John Gully, a former British title holder, was later elected to Parliament?

Gene Normile, one of Jack Dempsey's former pilots, was Jim Coffroth's right hand man at Tijuana, Mex.? Teddy Hayes' real name is Theodore Weinstein? Jack Kearns' right monicker is John Leo McKiernan? Billy Petrolle's wife is an Italian-American and they have a child four years old?

This is one story ballyhooing a fight that made good and was told by Barney Abel:

We usually hear a great deal of ballyhoo before an important fight takes place and quite often the action of the ballyhoo is true in the fight game. One of the best pieces of ballyhoo ever staged took place in Boston a few years ago, with Jock Malone as the star performer. Malone, who has retired from the ring and now is a cabaret entertainer, was matched to fight Frank Moody, light-heavyweight champion of England, at Boston. And Jock, in his characteristic way, stated that if Moody beat him he would jump off any of the bridges o'er water in or around Boston.

The day of the fight, Malone weighed 20 pounds less than Moody and in order to keep the boxing commission from forbidding the match, drank several quarts of water to make up the difference in poundage. As a result, Jock entered the ring against Moody waterlogged, which slowed him up considerably and the Englishman won the decision.

Immediately the newspapermen requested Malone to jump off the Charlestown bridge and into the water below but Jock had left Boston for Chicago. Later he was matched with Johnny Wilson, former middleweight champion, at Boston and on the day of Malone's arrival, Boston newspaper men reminding Jock of his promise, and he told them he'd make good.

The day after the Wilson battle he arose early, arrayed in pants, shirt and straw hat. He went to the Charlestown bridge, where about 10,000 persons had gone to see the leap. Besides, there were five photographers and three newsreel cameramen. Jock climbed to the top and with a wave of his hand, plunged into the waters below, a distance of 100 feet. Unhurt, he started to swim to shore when someone shouted:

Hey, Jock! You lost your hat! Malone immediately swam out again, secured the hat and upon returning to shore, threw the hat back into the river. Jock Malone had made good his pre-fight ballyhoo.

Fistic Chips—Jimmy Bidwill, the young fellow who had to give up boxing because of a weak heart, although he was chock full of gameness, trained and seconded the Rockford Golden Gloves champions while they were in Chicago. In 16 matches during the Tournament of Champions, Bidwill coached the Rockford boys to 10 victories. Although only one of the qualifiers, Adam Smith won a title. Billy Celebron, Joe Romano and Al DeShepherd lost hairline decisions. Stanley Pozdra, 20 year old boxer, is an usher at the Academy Theatre.

Henry Firpo's right name is Hank Hintelman. Ben Jeby's correct monicker is Jebaoltowsky. Dempsey returned to Chicago following his bout with Joe Docter at Toronto, Can. I scooped the newspapers in and out of Chicago by one full day in the *Tribune* on March 7, by announcing the signing of the nontitle match between Harry Dublinsky and Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champ, at Philadelphia.

George Blake was paid $2,500 for refereeing the Schmeling-Stribling fight. Lou Magnolia refereed three title bouts in one week in 1925. Battling Nelson, lightweight champion from 1908 to 1910, was actually christened Battling Nelson.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES

By ROCKY CONTI

THE best of the 147 pounders in this locality is Tiger Roy Smith, Negro Flash. This youngster is rated seventh best welterweight by the N. B. A. and should prove one of the foremost title contenders during the current year, although little was heard of Smith previous to his victory over Eddie Ran and his knockout over Bucky Lawless.

Abe Meyer Lichtenstein, Jewish welterweight, is back from a successful Coast invasion. Abe Meyer has fought the best and would like a crack at Tiger Roy Smith for the local welterweight championship.

Another local fighter that the fistic world will hear from shortly is Orlando Ozzimo, Rochester's promising lightweight. This former amateur star has yet to lose a fight and recently beat Happy Pinti at Syracuse.

Some bouts we would like to see—Tiger Roy Smith vs. Billy Petrolle; Steve Haliako vs. Sammy Fuller; Johnny Baker vs. Tommy Glennon; Abe Meyer Lichtenstein vs. Tiger Boy Smith.

Managers and fighters wishing to make connections in this district should get in touch with the writer, 5 Wait Street, Rochester, N. Y.

DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

THE fight game in Arkansas is going along fine, despite Old Man Depression. Things are certainly on the uplift as evidenced by the many great bouts held over the State during the winter months. The amateurs are coming in for their share of the limelight, too.

At Ft. Smith.—During the month 'some great amateur bouts were held at the Welfare Building, featuring the Ft. Smith Boys' Club boxers.

At Marianna.—Jimmy Hyde, Tulsa bantamweight and Scrip D'Olive, of New Orleans, boxed eight rounds to a draw as the headliner on a thrilling fight card—Jimmy Mullens of Memphis, and Wilton Austin of Hughes, heavyweights, went eight rounds to a draw—Kid Fruit of Memphis kayoed Tiger Brant in a good heavyweight battle—Hugh Mixon, Jr., former Vanderbilt track and football star, refereed all the bouts.

Hot Springs.—Tony Leto, Miami, Florida, 130 pounds, scored a T. K. O. over Joe Lynn, Terra Haute, 129 pounds, in the seventh round—Chick McMinn, 130, Birmingham, won over Jack Cohen, 133, of Chicago, in six—Panama Kid, of Panama, stopped Kid Jenkins, of Little Rock, in three.

In a great boxing tournament between two of Arkansas' leading high schools, the Little Rock Tigers beat the Ft. Smith Grizzlies. Little Rock won six of the eight bouts. Boxing is making much headway in high schools of this state as a part of the athletic curriculum.

Stuttgart.—"Dutch" Seifert, 205 pounds, Moca boxer and wrestler, kayoed "Peck" Martin, 193, in the fifth round at the American Legion Arena. Martin was down 13 times and Seifert, 7. "Hammer" McVey, 158 pounds, Stuttgart, won over Henry Jones, local middleweight in the semi-final.—Al Dennan and "Snooky" House, local fighters, boxed a four-round draw.

Two members of the 1928 Ft. Smith high school football team are boxing stars at their respective universities. Dougless Hill, all state guard in 1928, is Tulane's leading slugger and heavy champ of the Southern conference—Frank Holhert, freshman at Washington and Lee University, who was quarterback on the same Grizzly team with Hill, is feather champion of his college.

Marianna.—In the feature bout of the American Legion Boxing Show, Scrip D'Olive, bantam champ, of Mississippi, knocked out Kid Collier, of Batesville, Mississippi, in the sixth—Billy Hyde, of Marianna, stopped Tommy Franks, of Memphis—Tommy Hoffman, of Helena, Ark., kayoed Richard Horne, of Marianna—Ben Howard, of Helena, kayoed Battling Siki, of Lupelo, Mississippi.

Hot Springs.—Jackie "Kid" Berg, world's junior-welterweight leader, acted as referee in the Spruce Givas, 143, and Dwight Fryer, 146, bout, stopped that great fight in the third round, awarding it to Fryer on a T. K. O.—Panama Kid, from Panama Canal Zone, stopped "Strut" Truman, of Hot Springs, in round one—Orie Smith, 147, Fresno, California, beat Jack Kay, 149, of Copenhagen, Denmark.

Jackie Vaquero, lightweight, from Little Rock, has been winning some great fights in the Southwest. Jackie is a very promising lightweight.

A home state boy making good out on the Pacific Coast is Jack Griffin, a lightweight, who hails from down Eldorado way. A boy who holds a draw with Hymie Miller.

Hot Springs.—Leroy "Kid" Dugan, bantam champ, of Arkansas, stopped Little Luck, of Little Rock, in 1 minute and 50 seconds of the second round—Dwight Fryer lost a decision to "Whitey" Joe Mellinor, of Tampa.

Arkansas has fine fighters in three divisions: Jack King, of Little Rock, welterweight champion—"Sturger" Steele, of Ft. Smith, lightweight champ and Leroy "Kid" Dugan, of Blytheville, truly king of all he surveys in the bantamweight division—In the middleweight division, Sidney Scarlett looks like a comer and in the heavyweight section, "Dutch" Seifert and Tommy Davenport would put on a whale of a fight.

Fight fans send your news to this scribe at 1923 Locust Street, Texarkana, Arkansas, before the 5th of every month, so as to cooperate in making this a worthy column.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

CHARLEY RETZLAFF put the castors under Dick Daniels in one round. . . . Larry Udel is the latest of Minny's great heavyweight prospects. . . . Udell tilted Jimmy Gibbons on his ear in two heats. . . . Chattering Jack Hurley has taken over Udell's contract. . . . Hurley promptly paired his boy with old man Gasparo. . . . Gasparo got sleepy near the middle of the second round. . . . The Dublinsky-Grogan show in St. Paul was poor. . . . Dick Demeray squelched the comeback of the "Hard Luck Kid," Mickey McDonough, in a few rounds. . . . Frankie Knauer, a carbon copy of the King Tut, looks impressive. . . . Hennipen Avenoo Leavitt and Hennipen Avenoo Fliegel are piloting the new Tut. . . .

It has been some time since your humble scribe has picked up the old pencil and made an attempt to shelve the Minnesota leather lungers. The divisions in Minnesota are extremely lopsided; the greatest field seemingly in the feather, welter, and heavyweight classes.

In classifying the heavyweights, I have placed Lasky over Daniels largely because of the Dane's disappointing performance in St. Paul when Retzlaff stopped him in a round.

Here are the classifications. Only the cream of the local resin rompers have been included.

Heavyweights: Charley Retzlaff, Duluth. Art Lasky, Mpls. Dick Daniels, Mpls.

Light-heavyweights: Larry Udell, adopted from Dakota. Wallie Wohlwend, Lake City.

Middleweights: My Sullivan, St. Paul and Billy Light, St. Paul.

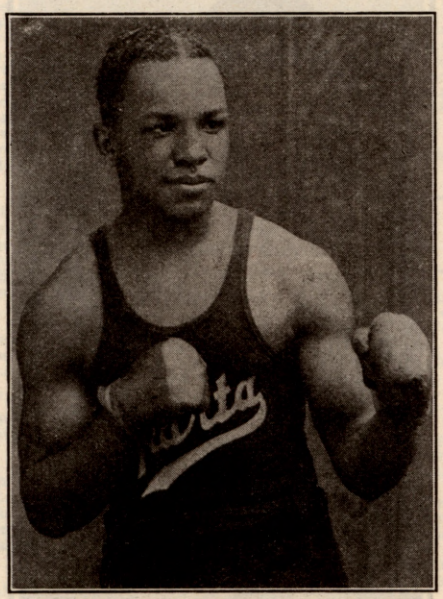
Welterweights: Billy Petrolle, Duluth. King Tut, Minneapolis.

Lightweight: Billy Petrolle, Duluth.

Featherweights: Paul Wangley, Mpls. Jackie Sharkey, Mpls.

Bantamweights: Britt Gorman, Mpls. Ollie Bartlett, Mpls.

Flyweight: Britt Gorman, Mpls.



Tiger Joe Randall, crack middleweight from Pittsburgh

Your humble correspondent is always glad to hear from fight fans. Any news, comments, etc., can be sent to 5328 York Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

"HEAD OF THE LAKES" SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN
By JOHNNY ENNIS

FIRE that destroyed the Silver Spray gymnasium in Duluth some time ago, left boxers of that city without a place to train. Eddie Kelly, local fight promoter answered the S.O.S. Now we have Minnesota boxers training daily on the Wisconsin side of y.

Eddie Ruidle is a great little fighter and a greater drawing card. . . . Joe Bendis, local heavyweight, will have to figure out when a "Boo" is not a "Boo." Win or lose, Joe always gets the Razzberries but it keeps him working. . . .

Mickey Stanfield handed the hard-punching Roy Reykdahl, Ashland lad, his first defeat after the latter had won six fights via the K. O. route.

Young Lahti, 18-year-old Cromwell, Minn. lightweight, looks like a comer. He displayed plenty ability and courage in his last two fights against the veteran Izzy Levine of Duluth, to whom he lost a close decision and Jack King of Sioux City, Iowa, whom he whipped.

Johnny Erjavec won from Bill Cardeaux, Virginia, Minn. . . . Eddie Ruidle, Proctor, defeated Mike Brady of Duluth. Mickey Stanfield beat Roy Reykdahl, Ashland. . . . Ronny Schroeder and Joe Bendis, heavyweights, fought to a draw. . . . Harry Rankin defeated Dick Secord of Ashland, and Gordon Harmon whipped Frank Kalus of Proctor.

Jimmy Lund, Eau Claire, Wis., knocked out John Serbin, Ironwood, Mich. Bushy Gerris, Park Falls, Wis., k. o'd Billy Notten of Ashland. Leonard Shanks, Mellen, Wis., knocked out Lawrence Markham, Odanah, Wis. Rob O'Brien, Ashland, and Ernest Newman, Washburn, fought to a draw. Joe De Hate, Ashland, and George Masler of Mellen also fought to a draw.

Duluth, Minn.—Charley Retzlaff's one-round knockout over Dick Daniels was one big, grand surprise.

Angelo Puglisi ended Johnny Erjavec's winning ways when he clinched a decision in a six-round setto.

Nick Lahti, Hibbing, Minn., and Eino Jola, Eveleth, Minn., put on a great battle for the unofficial Finnish middleweight championship of Minnesota.

Carl Sharkey, Duluth, won from Ray Hanson of Knife River, Minn. . . . Ronny Schroeder, Superior, whipped Billy Bigelow of Duluth. . . . Izzy Levine, Duluth, knocked out Young Klaus of Proctor, Minn. . . . Harry Benson, Superior, and Joe Sachen, Chisholm, Minn., fought to a draw. . . . George Horwitz, Fargo, N. D. and Porky Noruk, Duluth, a draw.

IN CENTRAL WISCONSIN
By JACK MILLER

STEVENS POINT, WIS. After having staged only seven cards, this small city in the center of Wisconsin has developed into probably the third best boxing spot in the state. The athletic club has staged seven shows and had four sellouts. Good matches featuring boys that threw gloves from gong to gong, has been the secret of the club's success.

Irish Kennedy won the decision over Doc Holly, of St. Paul. Kennedy hails from Iron Mountain, Michigan, and no matchmaker will go wrong in booking the Michigan boxer as he is a great "club" fighter. Other bouts saw Ted Algiers knock out Kayo Buchana, Midget Palmer kayo George Cardinal, Herbie Thompson defeat Pete Starchoviak, and Chief Miller win over Frankie Webber.

Ted Algiers, of New London, beat Tiger Claws, Porto Rican, of Milwaukee on a foul in the seventh. Johnny Baker, of Minneapolis, and Tony Myszka, of Athens, heavyweights, gave the fans plenty of action. Midget Palmer vs. Buster Paige and Jackie Kellar vs. Jerbie Thompson were good. Palmer, Paige, Kellar and Thompson have all the ear-marks of future greats in the boxing game and are crowd pleasers deluxe.

Eau Claire, Wis.—Roy Peters, Indian from Chicago, won the decision over Jimmy Murray, the Rockford Flash. Murray had piled up kayo after kayo and was a prohibitive favorite to "take" Peters. But it was a great fight. Eau Claire is second only to Milwaukee as a fight center.

Sheboygan.—The last card here was headed by Irish Kennedy and Ernie Kath. Kennedy won by a technical kayo in the seventh round.

Green Bay.—The club here featured Gorilla Jones, the National Boxing Association's middleweight champion, against Bud Saltis, of Chicago, on April 7.

Oshkosh.—This city showed Max Schmeling in an exhibition.

Chuck Singer, of Minneapolis, has a fighter in Midget Palmer, who looks promising.

Matchmakers who are looking for fighters that please will not go wrong in getting in touch with Everett Wells, of New London. In Herbie Thompson, Wells has a fighter who has never made a bad showing.

Will Grow Your Hair Or Cost Nothing

After: Jack Slavin At 65

You all know Jack Slavin, formerly Middleweight Champion Boxer of Australia and America. He's now 65, but when he was 45 he was bald. See untouched photos at sides.

Before: Jack Slavin At 45

When he was touring Asia the Sultan of Johore introduced him to a Hindu Prince who, in jest, attempted to pull the few straggling hairs that remained at his temples. Jack was angry, and to appease his anger the Prince handed him a formula, saying: "Here, this will grow your d.... hair." Imagine his delight when it DID.

He has used this formula and treatment for 17 years with success on thousands of bald heads.

It is guaranteed to grow hair on your head, stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff and relieve itching scalp, or your money will be refunded—every cent of it.

There is no need for you to suffer from baldness any more. Send NOW for free information. Sent in plain sealed wrapper without obligation.

SLAVIN INSTITUTE, Dept. A-37, 737 Butler Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

NEL TARLETON, when he kayoed Douglas Parker in the 7th round at Manchester, further emphasized the forlorn hope that any of our aspiring feathers may have of wresting the title from him. Since Parker K. O.'ed Johnny Cuthbert, he has fancied his chance against any featherweight in Britain, but in Tarleton he was meeting probably the best title holder of any weight in Great Britain to-day.

Len Harvey scored a points win over Jack casey, the cast-iron boxer from Sunderland, in a 15 round bout at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was an overweight match.

Don McCorkindale received a raw deal when he was declared the loser in his bout with Maurice Griselle at Jeff Dickson's Palais des Sports, Paris. McCorkindale had it all after the 2nd round.

Willie Hamilton kayoed Alistir McInroy (holder) in the 2nd round of a contest for the welterweight championship of Scotland at Glasgow.

Gene Corri who has been ill for some little time, has received a cable from Hugh D. McIntosh, asking whether he will be available to referee a World Title bout which will take place in Australia.

The tournament which Alf Mancini, popular Notting Hill boxer organized in aid of the local 'kiddies' Outing Fund, was a huge success financially. Every patron received value for his outlay. Ex-Seaman Watson easily outpointed Boyo Rees (Wales) over 15 rounds. Herbie Hill also outpointed Dod Oldfield in a 15-round flyweight bout, and Mancini made his official farewell to the ring when he boxed a three exhibition with the capable amateur, Viscount Knebworth, M. P. As Alf made his exit from the ring, he received a tremendous reception.

Jack Peterson, young Welsh heavyweight 'hope' of whom I spoke hopefully before he made his professional debut less than a year ago, appears to be travelling in the right direction. He has yet to taste defeat. His professional victories tote up to a round dozen, his latest being the most creditable as it carried with it the heavyweight championship of Wales. At Greyfriars Hall, Cardiff, a tournament which attracted 10,000 spectators, was held in aid of the Cardiff Royal Infirmary and in the top-liner, Peterson opposed Dick Power (holder) for the heavyweight title of the principality. Peterson so overwhelmed his opponent that he had the holder down for keeps in round 4. The winner is speedy and displays ferocity, added to which, he makes his own opportunities instead of waiting for them like very many of the 'hopes' that have only proved hopeless.

At this Cardiff tournament two other champions lost their titles, Freddie Morgan the Welsh flyweight champion went under to Jerry O'Neill and Terence Morgan, the Welsh bantam 'king' lost to Stan Jehu on a points decision.

Jim Hunter, lightweight champion of Scotland, lost on a points decision to Len (Tiger) Smith over a dozen rounds at the Barnsley Stadium. They boxed at over the lightweight poundage.

Nel Tarleton, our brilliant feathers champion, won in 15 rounds with Al Foreman, the British lightweight champion on the Liverpool Football Ground, on March 17th. The weight was fixed at 136 lbs.

Gus Platts has taken Don Shortland under his wing, and will, in future act as his manager. Well here's luck to Gus.

Mick McGuirke, coming Newcastle flyweight, appeared to have little difficulty in gaining a points victory over Jackie Brown the British title holder, in a 15-round bout at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Charlie Hickman, the showman boxer who recently captured the imagination of the 'fans' when he won a heavyweight competition at the Crystal Palace, got the surprise of his life, and at the same time dissappointed a goodly following of his supporters, when he was soundly beaten by Tom Tucker in a 10-round bout. Tucker is a Lancashire man, and long past the youthful stage, so far as boxers go. The victor is far from being a champion, but Londoners will want to see more of him and he will be a safe card for any London promoter to play.

Fred Webster, ex-lightweight champion, who has now gone up in the welter class, narrowly outpointed Harry Mason in a return 15 rounder at the Blackfriars 'RING.'

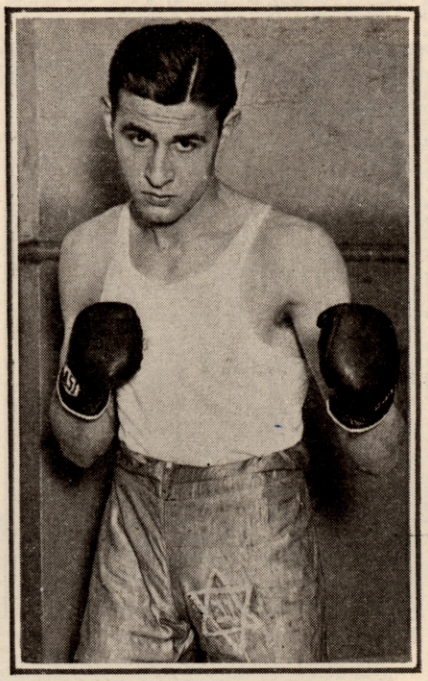
George Gordon, the middleweight champion of Scotland, repeated a former victory over Fred Shaw when he scored a comfortable points win over the latter, at the Music Hall, Edinburgh.

Alf Barrett scored a points win over Johnny McMillan in a hard fought 10-round contest which took place at Gourock.

George Rose, Bristol welterweight, is apparently working overtime. He put in a couple of appearances in Staffordshire rings within 7 days. At Hanley he K. O.'ed Pat Haley in the first round of a 15, and at West Bromwich he registered a comfortable points win over Fred Oldfield, in another 15 rounder.

Johnny King, Manchester's star bantam, who not so long ago lost to Dick Corbett in a title bout, made an appearance at Belle Vue Manchester in a 15-round bout with Dick Burke the Liverpool star, and at the conclusion of a clever and attractive encounter, King was awarded the decision.

Jack Hood, welter champion, after a spell of idleness, met Charlie McDonald at Birmingham in a charity tournament, and whilst the contest travelled the full distance, Hood ran out an easy winner, having outclassed his opponent in every round.



Teddy Berg, young brother of Jackie, now in New York.

Alf Mansfield, former East-end flyweight— who fought some hectic battles with Jimmy Wilde, is now able to see again after being blind for some years. He was recently advised to consult a famous French Professor who operated upon him, with the result that Mansfield can now see. It is probable that a further operation may take place, when he will probably regain his sight completely.

BRITISH BOXING RESULTS

The 'Ring'—Tommy Little outpointed Mick Hill over a dozen rounds by a big margin. Spike Noble clearly defeated Kid Socks on points in another 12 rounder. Dave Crowley, top-notch flyweight, received a points decision over Praxille Gyde (Belgium). Len Beynon beat Tucker Winch. Harry Corbett beat Phil Richards in the 2nd round, the latter being disqualified for persistently holding. 'Panther Purchase' (South Africa) and Evan Lane (Wales) boxed a 15-round draw. Johnny Quill kayoed Jack Donn in the first. Sergeant Trinder narrowly outpointed Rene Morris (Australian) over 15 rounds. Tommy Hyams was awarded a narrow point's decision over Phineas John. Bud Walley kayoed Billy Jones in the fourth round.

At Paddington.—Tucker Winch, a rapidly rising bantam, scored a somewhat easy point's victory over Young Siki. Tommy Little easily outpointed Tommy Lye over the 15-round journey. Fred Webster got a hair-breadth point's win over Billy Bird in another 15 rounder.

At Ilford.—George Meecham stopped Alex Foster in seven rounds. Charlie East defeated Flutey Green on points over 12 rounds. Fred Smith was declared the winner on points in his bout with Wal Disney.

At Croydon.—Jack Garland, the Irish featherweight champion, was hard put to it to gain a points decision over Cuthbert Taylor in a 12-rounder.

At Kilburn.—Johnny Stanton got a near point's win over Young Johnny Brown. Arthur Boggis kayoed Newsboy Kirk in the second round. Herbie Fraser got the points verdict over George Newman in 10. Tommy Little beat Fred Buttericks in 12.

The Stadium Club.—Jack Peterson, Welsh heavyweight champion, kayoed George Slack, Yorkshire heavyweight, in the fifth. This, the latest of Peterson's victories, was probably the most impressive since he joined the professional brigade. Jack Middleton, a rapidly rising Scotch flyweight, made the crowd sit up and take notice when he kayoed Arthur Norton in the third. The Scotch laddie will go far at the game.

Johnny King, the Northern area 118-pounder, defeated Dick Burke, the Liverpool Thunderbolt recently.

Frankie Ash, veteran of the 112-pound brigade, made a reappearance at The Ring, London, to conbat Youth in Dave Crowley, the Clerkenwell bantam, and needless to say, Youth won.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Mick McGuire, the local flyweight, fairly set the River Tyne on fire when he soundly trounced Jackie Brown, British and European flyweight champion. The contest was scheduled for 15 rounds and the agreed weight was 114 lbs., 21 lbs. over the fly-weight poundage, consequently the title did not change hands. George Willis halted Danny Evans in the sixth, due to Evan's eye injury. The damaged optic had to be stitched by a surgeon. Willie Unwin outpointed Dick Bartlett over 10 rounds.

At Barnsley.—Chuck Parker by outpointing Jim Learoyd, reversed the decision of their first meeting, and now that each boy holds a decision over the other, a third meeting is under consideration. Harry Evans defeated Harry White on points after a hard-fought bout. Sonny Lee was just a bit too good for Albert Baker in a 12-round contest. Willie Farrel gained a point's decision over Bert Taylor.

At Plymouth.—Dixie Cullen outpointed Tommy O'Neill in a close contest, and probably the result flattered Cullen a little. Seaman Fraggott kayoed Arthur Rees in the 11th round. Seaman Fraggott kayoed Al Clark.

At Nottingham.—Billy Mellors and Colin McDonald boxed a very fine 12-round draw. Tommy Allen scored a points win over George Goadby.

SCOTCH BOXING RESULTS

At Glasgow.—Bobby Lees outpointed Alf Craster in a rattling good 10-round contest. Lees showed much improvement in this, their third meeting. As in the two previous between these boys, Craster carried off the honors on both occasions. Dan McGarry, Scotch feathers champion, proved an easy point's winner over George Giffo. Joe Frame and Billy McGann opposed each other in a 10-round contest, and after one of the best fights seen here for some time, the referee declared it to be a draw. Jim O'Neil, a contender for the Scottish bantam title, easily accounted for Seaman Billy Jack, and Frank Ryan outpointed Kid Smith in a ten rounder.

At Gourock.—Alf Barrett outpointed Johnny McMillan over the 10-round journey. Joe Frame readily defeated Johnny Donnely on points in another 10 rounder. Kid Johnston outpointed Bob McGoffog in a hard fought 10-round bout. Alf Craster cleverly defeated Fred Hughes on points in 10 rounds.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Belfast —Jack Fisher beat Davy Barr on points in a 10 rounder. Bob Bell outpointed Bobby Traynor in another 10-round bout. Jim Gilmour stopped Jim Brown. George Kelly outpointed Jack Stratton over 10 rounds. Davy Barr stopped Kid Caulfield in the eighth round. The veteran Jim Douglas was a lucky fellow to 'tackle' for a draw against that good boxer Jim Gilmour.

IRISH BOXING RESULTS

Tommy Dowlais outpointed Ivor Drew in a 12 rounder at Tredegar. Billy Nicholas comfortably gained a point's decision over Bunny Edgington in a 15-round bout at Merthyr. Cowboy Morgan kayoed Phil Coates in the third round. Barney Keiswetter, the South African, who has been making South Wales his happy hunting ground of late, met a worthy opponent in Billy Thomas, and at the close of a 15 rounder at Bargoed, the referee declared it to be a draw. The Monmouthshire middleweight, Billy Viner, is coming along nicely. He put up a fine performance at Pontypool when he comfortably outpointed Trevor Evans a much more experienced battler.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE early spring season in European boxing was an exceedingly lively one and in Paris and London several excellent matches were promoted by Jeff Dickson. One of the biggest attractions held at the Paris Palais des Sports between Primo Carnera, the Italian giant, and the European heavyweight champion, Pierre Charles, attracted over 18,000 paid admissions. Carnera gained the verdict at the end of ten rounds, the limit. Carnera was a decided disappointment.

Jeff Dickson has his plans made for the erection of the stadium which he will control in London, England. It will be the biggest indoor stadium in the world and the most complete. As in his Paris arena he will have an ice plant and during the winter season ice hockey will be given a big play. Dickson will probably take over the stadium in Brussels and transform it as he did the Velodrome d'Hiver in Paris, into a beautiful Palace des Sports. Such a move will give him a chain of three cities which would permit him to stage the world's greatest attractions. There has been some talk of his also taking over the running of the Sports Palace in Berlin. Boxing has been very dull in Germany this season and a promoter of Jeff Dickson's calibre is required there to resurrect it.

Neusel, the slender German who packs one of the best punches seen in Paris rings in many months, slaughtered Soren Petersen, the Swedish heavyweight, in the supporting bout to the Carnera-Charles tilt. In the fourth, Neusel sent in a short snappy one with the right which sent the Swede down for a long count. Neusel, is one corking good heavyweight and he is going to stand some beating from the best of them. In Germany he made a fine record, winning all of his fights and never having been knocked off his feet. Next to Max Schmeling, he is the best of the German heavyweights.

At an entertainment run off in Algiers, Locatelli, the clever Italian lightweight, defeated Deemet, of Belgium, on points over ten rounds. At the same entertainment, Fumot and Rolando fought a ten-round no-decision bout and Dacunto defeated Si Ali on points. Rosello defeated Ali Ben Hadj on points and Salerio defeated Said on points.

At the Central Sporting Club of Paris, Raphael the former lightweight champion of Europe, and later the welterweight champion of France, won a point victory over Barboten.

Catrain, the French featherweight who hails from the city of Lyons, defeated Sandjack, the champion featherweight of Egypt, at the Paris Ring.

Eugene Huat, who is now fighting as a bantamweight, put up a beautiful exhibition against the European champion, Popesco, when stopping the latter inside the scheduled ten rounds. Since entering the bantamweight class Huat has shown great improvement.

It was Gus Wilson who advised Huat to quit making the flyweight class and Gus had the right dope. It was hard work for the French boy to scale at the "fly" limit and he in many of his fights entered the ring in a very weakened condition. He is now good and strong at the bantamweight limit.

The young German boxer, Riethdorf, a featherweight whom I have mentioned previously, continues to make good. He is one of the best at the weight we have seen in the Paris local rings for some time. In heavyweight, Neusel and Riethdorf, Germany has two cracking good fighters. Jeff Dickson has both signed up for several contests in France, England and Spain.

Maurice Griselle, French heavyweight champion, defended his title against Georges Gardebois at the Salle Wagram Arena. It was a slashing bout with Griselle winning in the fifth round, when the challenger retired. In the supporting bout between welterweights Al Berry, of France, and Longhi, of Italy, the Frenchman won in the fourth.

Marcel Thil, French middleweight champion, defeated Tarante, the American Negro boxer who had been doing so well in Europe for a few months. The French champion, however, knew too much for Tarante.

A heavyweight tournament was held three nights in Paris in an endeavor to find a French white hope to be developed and coached as a world's contender for the heavyweight crown. The tournament attracted sixty-four young men, of whom only one, Andrea, showed any promise.

The Central Sporting Club of Paris, the local nursery of boxing, has done a lot to help develop the young ring aspirants of France. It was from the nursery where such excellent material as Marcel Thil, Young Perez, Gene Huat and many others who have made good in the ring received their early starts. It is without doubt one of the best of the little clubs of France.

Vuillamy, the French welterweight champion, degeated Barbotteau, also of France, in a ten-round contest held at the Central Sporting Club. Barbotteau took the match on at short notice as a substitute for Ali Ben Said.

M. Paul Rousseau, was again reelected president of the French Boxing Federation. Mr. Rousseau, who is also secretary of the International Boxing Union, is one hard working, honest and efficient official.

Young Perez, the world's flyweight champion won a decisive point victory over Schaefer, of Germany, in Zurich.

At the Paris Ring, welterweight Malassagne defeated Levasseur on points in six rounds. Lightweight Spagnoli defeated Hamon on points in six rounds. Featherweight Creamer beat Mitelhauser in the fourth and Monteil defeated Kik Boss in the fourth.

Guy Bonaugure, clever featherweight fighter, defeated Parisis, on points in ten rounds at the Central Sporting Club, of Paris.

Many of the German boxers find engagements in England and France.

Lightweight H. Ferret defeated Desnoulet at the Paris Central Sporting Club in ten rounds.

A number of French amateur boxers who were dissatisfied with a number of rulings of the French Boxing Federation, have formed a new French Boxing Amateur Federation. Outside from where they live, outside of their own circles such a body will not be recognized as amateurs, as they demand money for the time they are away from their regular work.

Since the change in the Spanish government boxing has been very quiet there.

IN THE PHILIPPINES

By AUGUSTO CORDERO

RICARDO MARTINEZ, promising bantam, has died. Among Martinez's recent victims were Cunning Nene, Kid Pacana, Tony Sacramento, Dommy Reyes, Rush Amio and Joe Grande. Martinez was one of the best bantams ever developed in the Philippines.

Little Pancho, flyweight champion of the Orient and brother of the ill-fated world flyweight champion, Pancho Villa, is making good in his drive for the world's flyweight crown. He whipped Tiger Connell, Hawaiian bantam, in their fifteen-round return bout at the Olympic Stadium; turned the tables on Henry Kudo in a ten-round contest and then followed it with an overwhelming victory over Johnny Gabucco. Little Pancho also scored over Joe Mosquindo, Pampanga's pride, in a hectic ten-round argument, and later repeated the victory. Watch for this boy! He may yet fill the place vacated by his great brother.

Entering the ring a heavy favorite, Young Uzcudun, local light-heavyweight, received the surprise of his life, when he met defeat at the hands of Tony Gora, Japanese middleweight. It was Uzcudun's first defeat in two years.

Joe Grande fought a good draw with Little Dempsey, hard hitting featherweight.

Young Fernandez, lightweight champion of the Orient, again proved too much for Tommy Fielding in their return bout at the Olympic Stadium. Fernandez, present title holder, who won his title from Kid Vicente, is the same Fernandez who knocked out Al Singer. Fernandez recently won the welterweight crown when he decisively defeated Frank Malinao, local welterweight.

That a boxer is better than a fighter has been proven again, when Clever Sison, clever featherweight, recently beat Jack Jamora, a slugger.

Ireneo Flores, the last of the fighting Flores clan, drew with Max Santos, welterweight, in a six-rounder. The decision was booed by many who believed that Flores was entitled to a decision. Firpo, local featherweight, won on a foul over Angel de la Cruz.

Open your eyes, folks—Pablo Dano, former flyweight contender, now a bantam, whom many critics considered as through, is still knocking 'em cold over here. After giving Johnny Gabucco a knockout pill in the fifth round, he beat Tiger Connell. Then he beat Henry Kudo, heralded as the Japanese flyweight champion of Hawaii. A wallop to the chin stopped Kudo in the second round. Pablo is now in Australia under the guidance of Sam Feldman, an able American manager.

Angel Dano, flyweight, who is following the footsteps of his brother, Pablo, fought a ten-round torrid draw with Little Abayan, clever flyweight.

A lucky punch sent Fighting Abordo, fast rising featherweight, reeling to the canvas in the first round of his scheduled ten-round bout with Joe Sison. With murder written in his eyes, Abordo stood up, fought back and won the bout. Al Konze and Killer Goch fought an interesting six-round draw.

Small Montano, stablemate of Little Pancho, trounced Dommy Reyes, at the Olympic Stadium.

Newsboy Brown, bantam from California, Cris Pineda, another bantam, and Lew Pacion, featherweight, are now with us. They have been contracted by the Alunan Park officials for three fights each here in Manila.

IN COLON AND PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

By ANTHONY CHARLES

AT the Gymnasium of Panama City, Panama boxing fans were much surprised by the verdict of the referee in calling the Eddie Frisco-Kid Lombardo fight here a draw, although Eddie took eight of the ten rounds from the welter champion of Ecuado.

K. O. Pinzon defeated San Blas Baby in six rounds. Kid Charol II defeated Speedy Mendoza in four rounds. Kid Herbert beat Joe Gonzales in four rounds. Kid Alfaro beat Kid Santoya in four. Battling Nelson beat Kid San Blas in four.

Davey Abad is now in Havana.

At the Auditorium, Colon City, R. P.—Young Joe Walcott, veteran battle lion of Colon, easily defeated Johnny Casper, Boston bulldog, in 10 rounds. Kid Cardenas, of Cuba, and K. O. Fenghe, of Africa, heavyweights, were thrown out of the ring by the referee in the fifth round of a scheduled 8-rounder for stalling. Kid Ambrosio and Sid Brown battled six furious rounds to a draw. Al Rios and Kid Pomares battled four interesting rounds to a draw. Young Hererra took the nod over Battling Alvarado in four interesting rounds. Kid Charlie took the decision over Kid Bayne, the human punching bag, in the third round of a scheduled four rounder. Bayne refused to fight.

At Alegre Bull Ring, Panama City, R. P.—Davey Abad, leading junior-lightweight contender, took a hairline decision over Kid Hererra, ex-featherweight champion of the Isthmus in 10 furious rounds. Abad was knocked down twice.

Phil Tobias, snappy New York flyweight, was given the decision over Kid Vaquero, of Colon, in eight rounds.

Benny Rodriguez, Cuban flyweight, won by a T. K. O. over Kid Herbert, of Colon, in the sixth round. The bout was fast and interesting.

Leo Douglas won by a T. K. O. over Filipino Kid in the second round of a scheduled four rounder, on account of the latter receiving a fractured hand.

News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

THIS state, particularly the sporting element in the western section, is involved at the present writing in one of those throes concerning a ring ruling which in the end are frequently of considerable benefit to boxing. On the night of March 14, at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, while a bout was in progress between William "Gorilla" Jones, the new N. B. A. middleweight champion, and Frankie O'Brien of Hartford, Conn., Commissioner Daniel J. Kelly, the recently appointed member of the Massachusetts State Commission, interfered. He ordered Referee Jack Watson to stop the bout, declare it "no contest," also to declare the purse money forfeited. It appears that Watson did yield to the Commissioner to the point of stopping the bout, in any event, did stop it, but he gave O'Brien the decision and waved Jones to the showers. The fact remains, however, he did not fully comply with the order, and, to all intents and purposes, acted as he saw fit. This act of independence has boosted Watson from comparative obscurity into state-wide limelight.

It is not within our province to argue the case in this column, but it must be self-evident to all students of boxing that whether the O'Brien-Jones bout was good, bad or indifferent, Watson was the official referee and while the affair was in progress he had entire charge of the ring. No one, whether he be commissioner, promoter, police official or spectator, had the slightest legal or moral right to interfere with him since boxing is legalized in this state. From time immemorial, a referee has been the absolute monarch of the domain within the ropes. While the commission may rule adversely to the views of the sports writers, many of whom are sustaining Referee Watson, the fact remains that the state boxing laws fully justified that official in his refusal to allow the Commissioner to dictate to him from outside the ring while the action was in progress.

It gives us much personal pleasure, and may be of interest to the readers, that the following full-face box appeared in the Boston papers of March 16: "A fight of several years, waged largely by Doc Almy, the veteran editor of boxing, came to a successful conclusion yesterday when Governor Ely signed the new boxing bill authorizing the giving of draw decisions in Massachusetts rings. Though draw verdicts had previously been given for years in this state, the same came under the official ban when the sport was legalized about 11 years ago.

"The agitation in favor of a return to the old-time system, launched several years ago by Doc Almy, was first taken up by former Representative Thomas Smith of Fall River, later by the special committee on boxing and wrestling, and again fairly recently by Representative William Corbett of Somerville, a former boxer. His views were presented in the form of a bill to the public safety committee, and, on its being approved by that body, went before the State Legislature and received favorable action. The next move was to present the bill to Governor Ely. The new law will go into effect in about 90 days."

For many years we have been friendly associated with Phil Schlossberg, but despite the fact, we must say that the showing of Arthur DeKuh, his big Italian protege, against Jack Dorval, now of Quincy, at the Boston Arena, was anything but hot. These giants collided in the 10-round main bout of the Argonne A. A. tourney with Dorval the victor. In view of the pre-fight talk that the united idea of Schlossberg and DeKuh was to get an early "shot" in Boston against Ernie Schaaf, it attracted about 6000 fans. Compared with the earlier bouts on the card, this affair was slow, draggy and aroused but slight enthusiasm. Neither of the big fellows created the slightest impression that Schaaf has any reason to fear or avoid a ring meeting with either.

Several of the contests under the main event were very good. In one, Vernon Merlin, 150, of Roxbury, again lost to Jimmy Abbruzzi, 149, of Warren, R. I., in a return that was a sizzler. In another bout, a very good heavyweight prospect was uncovered in Elmer Chase of New Bedford. Chase, a graduate from the amateurs, is a big kid weighing 191. He was paired with Bud Mignault of Brockton, another ex-amateur who was making his Boston "pro" debut. They covered eight hot cantos, the verdict going to Chase.

Chester Lanier of Medford, a husky colored boy, who for a couple of years has been a thorn in the side of the amateur light-heavies, made his "pro" debut in this tourney against Frank Carlo of Everett, who won the decision. The week before Lanier was a contestant in the N. E. amateur championships, losing in the heavyweight final to Joe Uzdavinis of Haverhill.

The annual New England amateur championships came up for settlement at the Arena early in the month and attracted plenty of spectators. In all 46 bouts, the show lasted from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until 12:30 next morning. The contests as a whole were very good, particularly so in the trials and semi-final rounds. The outstanding performer was Jimmy McCarron of Somerville, a bank clerk by occupation, winner of the 135-pound class title. He gave the "dope" a wicked slam, also created a sensation when he whipped Steve Salek of Lowell, junior national champion, also defending N. E. champion, a boy with a big "rep" and dangerous fighter. McCarron eleminated Salek in the semi-finals, a tough fight, and next settled Nat Bor of Fall River, state champion and protege of Dave Lumiansky, in the final. Both of these bouts were rippers but in each case McCarron was clearly entitled to the award. Joe Uzdavinis, heavyweight state champion, connected with the N. E. title through his defeat of Chester Lanier of Medford, while Al Zappala of Lawrence, state champion in the 175-pound division, won the N. E. title. The following were crowned N. E. champions for 1932-33:—112-pound, Francis Walsh, Worcester; 118, Henry Burns, Arlington; 126, Dan Tardugno, Lawrence; 135, James McCarron, Somerville; 147, Bruno Tosi, Beverly; 160, Mike Diconza, Fitchburg; 175, Al Zappala, Lawrence; heavyweight, Joe Uzdavinis, Haverhill.

In an overweight bout at the Boston Garden, Jackie Fields, the recently re-crowned world's welter champion lost to Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, over 10 rounds. As readers may recall, beating champions and getting the small end of the money, also no titles, is nothing new for Indrisano. Several years ago in Boston rings he whipped Joe Dundee, the then holder of welter honors, also Tommy Freeman, for which he was paid off largely in the form of cheers.

The bouts under the Indrisano-Fields fight were good. In one, Buster Price of Lynn, a comer in the middleweight division, took on the hard-hitting Joe Zelinsky of Winthrop and bested him in eight rounds of rugged fighting. In another, Adolf Heuser, Johnny Buckley's Teutonic windmill scrapper, defeated Rosey Rosales of Cleveland.

In addition to the draw decision idea, put into the boxing laws of Massachusetts this month, two other measures, long our hobby, have found official favor. No longer will any boxer, though it was the prelim boys we had in view, have to pay $25 outright for his license fee in this state, a system of 11 years' standing. A new law has graded this fee, and, although the total will continue to be $25, the boxer will pay down but $10 on his first appearance, $10 on his second and $5 on his third, all of which is bound to make the going much easier for kids just breaking into the "pro" game. The fee of managers has been reduced from $25 to $10. Another new boxing law put into effect this month bars two or three managers from monopolizing an entire show as has been the case in the Bay State for years. The new law reads—"No manager shall have more than two of his boxers appearing as contestants on any one boxing card."

It hardly needs be stated that wrestling is a sport unto itself. As has frequently been stated in the column, it is going "great guns" here in Boston and vicinity. On the night of March 16, two shows running in opposition to each other attracted individual houses of 5200 and 6500, a grand total attendance of 11,700, while a third tourney, staged on March 17, the very next night, drew 8000 customers.

How Lou Brouillard, present N. E. welter champion, won and lost his world's title, all in the short space of three months, a situation closely paralleling that of Eugene Criqui of France and his limited tenure of the world's featherweight throne, continues a topic of interest in Bay State fistic circles. There are various versions being fanfested. It seems to be agreed that to get the titular "shot" at Jack Thompson in Boston, Lou had to bind himself to meet Jackie Fields. It is contended, however, that Brouillard could have met Fields in Boston over the 15-round route, wherein he, a distance fighter, might have had some chance. His board of strategy, however, allowed themselves to be kidded into having the fight staged in Chicago, a distance of 10 rounds, also into going through when it was known that the Worcester boy was in poor shape as a result of the low blows he had received in his fight with Paul Pirrone in Cleveland, and subsequent tough melee with Baby Joe Gans in Montreal. Seemingly, Brouillard had the luck to win the title, and the bad luck to be maneuvered out of it, all in the short space of three months. As a result of it all, Brouillard's board of strategy has undergone some changes. An offer from Ray Alvis to take over "a piece" of Lou has been turned down, the boy's legal affairs are now being guarded by Charles S. Murphy, a prominent Worcester attorney, and Maurice LeMoyne of Worcester has been announced, or rather, has announced himself, as sole manager of the ex-champion.

The last night of February—an Argonne A. A. attraction—saw Henry Firpo, known as the "Bald Eagle" of Louisville, Ky., defeat Leo Larrivee of Waterbury, Conn., in a fighting 10-rounder. Firpo did the better and cleaner work, while Leo was wild but willing. At that it was so close that the vote of the officials in favor of Firpo was not unanimous. The bout marked Firpo's initial appearance in Boston, and, in all probability he will show here again at any early date. In one of the other contests, "Dutch" Leonard of Waltham, a middleweight of considerable ability, stopped Eddie Adonis of Boston in three cantos. It was Leonard's second win within a few weeks over Adonis. In this same tourney, Abbruzzio of Warren, R. I., and Merlin of Roxbury, mentioned in a previous paragraph, had their first collision. They slammed all the way with the decision going to the Rhode Islander.

Charley Retzlaff, the lanky, right-hand slugger from Duluth, Minn., made a successful Boston debut, and settled Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, his opponent in the main bout at the Boston Garden, in the second minute of the fourth round. A barrage of lefts and rights to body and chin laid McCarthy out cold, face down, just as a belated towel came sailing in from his corner.

The bout over, Johnny Buckley, manager of of McCarthy, publicly challenged Retzlaff in the name of Ernie Schaaf. "I will let Schaaf fight this chap," he called out, "and Retzlaff can have the long end of the purse." Jack Hurley, manager of Retzlaff, then busy dolling up his man, made no response to the challenge.

Incidental to the feature, Jack Sharkey, the American heavyweight champion, made his first appearance in a Boston ring since 1928. His stuff was of the exhibition sort, headgear, big gloves, etc. He took on Eddie Malcolm, a big colored boy from Minneapolis for two rounds, and Petro Lopez of New York, and Owen Flynn of So. Boston each for one round. Sharkey was down to fighting weight—203 pounds—and in good trim.

In other bouts on the card, Mateo Osa of Spain was outclassed by Paul Cavalier of Paterson, N. J., and lost to the latter in six rounds. The bout being stopped in that stanza because of a cut over Osa's right eye. Johnny Dixon, formerly of Boston College, who is being brought along via the set-up route, stopped Gus Karlson of Dorchester in four rounds.

Berlin, N. H., which is keeping the game going in that section of New England, came through with a good show, in which Johnny Lerous, a local welter star, went to a 10 rounds draw with Harry Alexanian of Worcester, Mass. Herman Prince, 130, defeated Harvey Peele, 126, of Worcester in three rounds.

Jack Sharkey, on the radio air the other night in a warm-up of his scheduled fray with Max Schmeling, also the show at the Boston Garden in which he appeared, announced that after he gets through with the world's champion, he will fight Ernie Schaaf of Boston if the latter desires such a bout. This may sound a bit peculiar as Sharkey has a "piece" of Schaaf, but, aside from this, the fact remains that all is not entirely harmonious between Messrs, Sharkey and Schaaf. The pupil is feeling his oats and has been reported as saying that he thinks he has Sharkey's "number." We think he has the wrong "dope," but, however—.

Al Rodriques of Portugal, at present staying in Lowell, Mass., where he is under the joint management of Bobby Goldman and Al Mello, came through over Bobby Brown of Lowell in a torrid 10 rounder fought at Salem, Mass.

That few sons ever excel their fathers in ring craft was again demonstrated the other night at the Boston Garden. In one of the early bouts, Gardner Thomas, son of the late Joe Thomas, in his prime one of the middleweight lights of the ring, lost to Tommy Harper of Boston. Thomas fought willingly enough, but was clearly defeated.

Ernie Schaaf, emulating Jack Dempsey, has gone into the exhibition business. His first essay was at Fally River, where he met three opponents—Henry Owens, Pat McCarthy and Big Boy Burlap, each in two three-minute rounds with big gloves. At Portland, Me., Schaaf went through with the same programme.

Attention, Ring Readers

Through an arrangement with the Everlast Sports Goods Co., all readers of THE RING are entitled to a 15 percent reduction on Everlast merchandise. This does not include books. **Send for The Ring-Everlast card to THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.**

"ALL FOR $1.00. SEE PAGE 2 AND READ ABOUT GUS MARTEL, THE K. O. RECORD HOLDER OF THE WORLD AND DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS"

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

LOU BROUILLARD, recently deposed as welterweight ruler by Jackie Fields, will soon start a new campaign which he hopes will land him another crack at the title. I am confident that Brouillard will prove himself one of the greatest welterweights in the business before another year has passed and perhaps he will regain his title. Brouillard has not shot his bolt. He will bear a watchful eye.

Worcester has high hopes of again having a member of its boxing fraternity represent the colors of our country at the coming Olympics. Francis Walsh, a small Irish lad who has swept through three titular tournaments to gain three crowns, looks like the United States flyweight representative. Holder of the Worcester County, Massachusetts, and New England flyweight titles, Walsh looks like the best bet to furnish a stiff argument when the nationals are held.

Wrestling still is the major indoor sports attraction with Jack McGrath at the helm to insure satisfaction. Boxing among the professionals is dead. Not a show has been staged here in months and no prospects of one in sight.

Gus Sonnenberg, one of the greatest wrestlers in the game, disposed of Marin Westenberg in two out of three falls. Westenberg scored a mild sensation when he pinned Gus with a tackle to gain the first fall in six seconds. Gus took the next two. Casey Kazanjian threw Tommy Texas and Jack Sherry and Charlie Hansen drew.

After Henri DeGlane, world's champion, had lost the first fall, he won on a default from Charlie Hansen who was injured when he fell out of the ring. Billy Bartush drew with Lennert Anderson and Archie Golembeski flopped Joe Hatch. Stanley Pinto drew with Casey Kazanjian in a 30-minute prelim.

The popularity of this magazine, "The World's Foremost," is truly far reaching. A credit to its publisher and its staff. With so many inferior and low-priced pamphlets on boxing cluttering up the market to attract the attention of readers, it is proof that it takes more than a gaudy cover and a low price to induce a real fight fan to know the best. From far off Nicaragua, a marine, Jackie O'Connell, writes to his brother for his monthly copy of the greatest publication ever edited, THE RING. Congratulations, Nat Fleischer!

Address communications to the writer at 20 Madison Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

THE past month was a dull one in this section as far as boxing goes. Hookie Jackson and Big Boy Burlap were the only boxers in this section to engage in any bouts. Another blow struck the fistic racket in this section when the Thames Arena in New London where most of the Westerly boys did their fighting was closed permanently.

Jackson, Westerly's hard punching middleweight dropped an eight-round decision to Horatio Velha of Portugal in a bruising battle. The Westerly boy entered the fight in poor shape, as he was unable to train for a week prior to the fight. Despite the handicap, Jackson put up a fine bout, and though he lost the battle he made such a fine impression that he will be seen in Fall River again.

Big Boy Burlap, R. I. heavyweight champion did not fare any too well in an invasion of Florida. The Westerly slugger engaged in two bouts. He lost the first to Obie Walker in six frames, when his right eye was badly damaged, and in his second engagement a week later, with Tiger Henderson he suffered another technical knockout when the damaged optic was again opened.

Burlap's first engagement on his return to the north was a two-round exhibition against Ernie Schaaf of Boston. The Westerly boy performed creditably against the Boston gob.

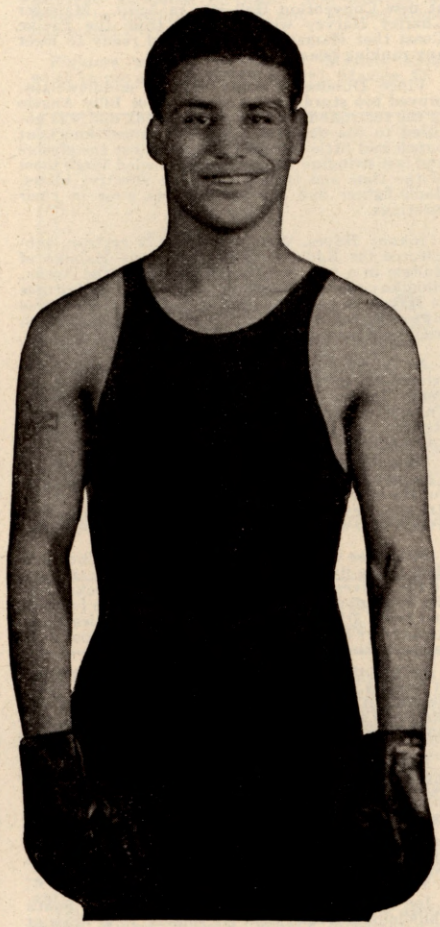
FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

AT Waterville, Cowboy Jack Willis of Portland knocked out Eddie Salvi of Everett, Mass., in the first minute. Bobby Cochetti of Dover, N. H., now fighting out of the Miles' stable of Waterville and Johnny Wilson of Bath, were even in a six-round mill. Jimmy Pearl of Bangor handed Cecil Grant of Waterville a terrific pasting in six. Young Scotty and Frenchy Fournier, both of Waterville, boxed a draw.

Young Leslie King of Bangor scored decisively over Mike Fortier of Bangor and Al Parent of Augusta. King is in line for a bout with Georgie Paulin, State Feather "champ."

Louie Nemis, Bangor's welterweight sensation, upset pre-battle predictions when he decisively defeated the highly rated Baby Jack Renault of Boston over the six-round route at Bangor. Jerry Duprey, middleweight champion of Maine, fought it out to a draw with the rugged Leo Salvas, holder of the middleweight champion of New Hampshire. Timmy Burns, Bangor Bad Boy, took Jimmy Pearl into camp in six, while Leslie King smashed out a clean-cut win over the classy Al Parent of Augusta in a torrid four-rounder. Tommy Brennan of Bangor beat the Sulo Kid of Newport.

At Augusta—Al McCoy of Waterville, scored a victory over Roney Caret of Augusta. Pancho Villa of Waterville knocked Bud Fisher of Rockland down three times and emerged the victory. Young Jack of Augusta won by a shade over the Honolulu Kid of Waterville. Johnny Mack, the Winslow light-heavyweight won over Cureie Vigie of Augusta in the third. Young St. Thomas of Waterville won on a technical kayo over Young Roy of Hallowell.



Pancho Villa, New Bedford, Mass., lightweight, who beat Sammy Fuller

Jerry Lamontagne, New Hampshire bantamweight champion, outscored Joe Dow of Lawrence in six rounds at Bidderford.

At the Westbrook Arena, the fight fans saw Tuffy Ferland of Rochester, N. H., come back strong in the closing rounds to even matters with Johnny Naples of Portland. Both are featherweights. Bobby Ferland, brother of Tuffy, beat Johnny Ridlon. Billy Shaw stopped Benny Tate in one minute of the second round and Blondy Gayton knocked out Kid Garrett after 40 seconds in the third.

The ratings for the champions in this State ending this month follow:
Bantamweight — "Ginger" Beck, Portland; Featherweight—Georgie Paulin, Bath; Lightweight—Paul Junior, Lewiston; Welterweight—Louis Nemis, Bangor; Al McCoy, Waterville, (a toss-up); Middleweight—Jerry Duprey, Bangor; Light-Heavy—Max Berg, Lewiston and Heavyweight—George Washington Glover.

A promising, well-known fighter who will box under the Direction of Charley Miller, the well-known conditioner, in this State, is Mike Payan, the Indian chief, a welterweight with a good record who will train at Miller's famous camps on Moosehead Lake. Promoters should write to Charley Miller at the Windsor Hotel, Bangor, Me., or Moosehead Health and Training Camps, Greenville, Maine.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

BEFORE a capacity house at the Holyoke Arena, Harry Ebbets, blond thunderbolt, won by a technical knockout over Unknown Winston, of Hartford, Conn., in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Referee Jack Dekkers, of Springfield, stopped the bout owing to a large cut on the left side of Winston's face.

Battling Archie, of Hartford, Conn., a stable mate of Winston's, showed the fans some nice punching power, when he put the sturdy Roy Powers, of Holyoke, Mass., down three times before knocking him out in the third round.

Steve Sapowski, of Holyoke, Mass., won his second straight fight over Art O'Day, of Easthampton, Mass., taking the first three rounds and losing the fourth.

Billy McCorkingdale, of Holyoke, won a four-round decision over Freddie Blaine, of Holyoke.

Gorilla Jones, of Akron, Ohio, the N. B. A. middleweight champion, lost his fight to Frankie O'Brien, of Hartford, Conn., when referee disqualified Jones for not trying, in the eighth round. O'Brien had ten-pound weight advantage over Jones.

Al Gauthier won from Press Johnson, of Akron, Ohio, in an eight-round semi-final. This fight was the best one of the card. Gauthier fought one of the best fights of his career. Al Annone, of Springfield, Mass., won over Al Celentano, of Hartford, Conn., in a six-rounder. Annone had not fought in Holyoke in over a year.

At Pittsfield, Eddie Gates suprised his followers by winning over Joe Mangold, the hard punching middleweight, from that city.

Roger Kenney, of Springfield, Mass., who had a very successful amateur campaign, is considering turning professional in the near future.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

THE bouts at the Waltz Dream resulted as follows: Solly Blair defeated Johnny Boyd; Jimmy Rhodes knocked out Larry Wagner; Billy Passamento defeated Irish Benny Cohen and Joe Brody stopped Carl Mays; Harry Kid Murphy drew with Lud Abella. At Paulsboro as follows: Johnny Duca defeated Georgie Kelly; Nick Nicholas and Al Evans drew; Charley Loughran, brother of Tommy, knocked out Al Corbett in two rounds.

Johnny Lucas, Camden lightweight, was given a raw decision with Lew Massey in Wilmington, according to the sport-writers. Lucas' streak of twenty-one bouts without a defeat ended when he was beaten by Joey Costa.

Jim Tunney, Audubon light-heavyweight, reminds one of his famous namesake. He recently beat Tom Kapsack in a great fight.

Joey Allen, Camden featherweight, is a real crowd pleaser. He appears regularly at the Paulsboro Boxing Arena.

Al Daley, another Camden featherweight, has engaged in twenty-one battles without a set back. He was held to a draw by Johnny McShea in his last start.

Johnny Duca, welterweight from Paulsboro, was presented with a robe by the Mayor of that Borough, with the inscription "The Paulsboro Paralyzer."

The writer can be located at Max Hoff's Gymnasium, 6 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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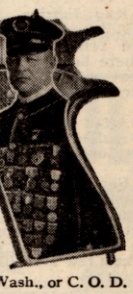

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

THE Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission scored a knockout over Benny Bass, former world's junior lightweight champion when it fined the veteran Philadelphian $1000 and suspended him indefinitely for fouling Frank Bojorski in a bout at Pittsburgh.

This was the second time within four months that Bass had been fined and suspended by the board, which punished him in a similar fashion after he was disqualified for hitting Jackie Pilkington low in a bout at the Arena late last fall.

All precedents were broken by the Commission when a scheduled match between Bass and Harry Dublinsky of Chicago at the Arena was vetoed, despite the fact that it had been signed prior to the Pittsburgh incident. As the Arena had gone ahead with its advertising and other preliminary details, Bass was also ordered to pay those bills.

Danny Devlin of Allentown once again felt the sting of Tommy Rios' punches and lost a ten round decision to the Wilmington middleweight at the Cambria Club. In his first meeting with the Delawarian, Devlin sustained a deep cut over his eye in the sixth round and Rios was credited with a technical knockout.

Johnny Dixon of Frankford, knocked out Billy Reese, North Philadelphia, in the second round at the Cambria. In the other bouts—Frankie Nelson of Wilmington, beat Jay Canady, Allentown, in six rounds; Al Evans, of Frankford, won over Bowers Baldwin, of the same neighborhood in six sessions; and Tommy McGreevy, North Philadelphia, stopped Joe McGlashen, Port Richmond, in the first round.

Amateurs of New York, several of whom scored victories in the Golden Glove tournament, and leading Philadelphia amateurs, boxed before a big crowd at the Arena.

Young Firpo of Pennsgrove, fought one of the best bouts of his career in gaining a ten round draw with Harry Dublinsky of Chicago at the Arena. The western youth ruled a 3 to 1 favorite but Firpo who had been inactive for some time, came through with a magnificent rally and was entitled to a draw verdict. In the ninth round Firpo dropped Dublinsky for a short count.

Billy Angelo, Leiperville left hander, scored the twelfth solar plexus knockout of his career when he flattened Matt Rice of Gilberton, Pa., coal region football player, in one of the preliminaries to the Firpo-Dublinsky windup. Several weeks earlier, Billy knocked out Connie Josenio of New York in the same fashion at the Wilmington Auditorium. Angelo began his career Feb. 27, 1927, by knocking out Young Mitch in the first round with a solar plexus blow at Essington. By flailing a mean left uppercut for the body, he has connected more times with that vulnerable spot than any modern fighter.

That rising young light-heavyweight—Al Ettore of West Philadelphia, turned in his twenty-fifth straight victory since turning pro by stopping Wally Sears of Minersville, Pa., in the fourth round at the Arena. Sears had previously stopped Matt Adgie, veteran West Philadelphia ice toter, once Ettore's pal and later his bitterest neighborhood rival.

Pat Haley, Kensington veteran, who started his ring career as an amateur at the People's Theatre in 1922, has decided to retire from the ring. The recent injury to his eye made him give up the sport. Haley has had more than 250 professional bouts.

Camden fight followers think well of Jim Tunney, a young heavyweight. Across the river from Phillie they say he packs a terrific wallop but is somewhat shy on science.

Jimmy Wallace, a Philadelphia featherweight, who appeared in the ring about a half dozen years ago, is now conducting a flower shop in South Phillie.

Young Nationalista, a Filipino bantamweight, has invaded Philadelphia, and is on the warpath, hoping to meet the best boys in his class.

Bobby McLeod, former Scotch featherweight of Kensington, is now custodian of the gymnasium at Temple University. He was a "big shot" battler at the Cambria about ten years ago.

Ray Jeffries, 1931 Philadelphia and district middleweight amateur champion, is president of the Tribunal at West Philadelphia High School where he is a student. He has developed into a heavyweight but still boxes as an amateur, having turned down many tempting pro. offers.

After being on the sidelines for a year Tommy Donohue of the Seventeenth Ward is anxious to get back in action.

For real courage, Jimmy Smith of Kensington is entitled to a wreath. Although suffering three small broken bones in his hand in the recent bout with Johnny Pepe at the Cambria, Smith carried on and won the decision. Smith has decided to take a few months rest to let the bones knit.

Tony Morgano, South Philadelphia featherweight southpaw, suffered his first defeat in forty professional fights when Jackie Willis, colored boy of the same section, stopped him with a cut eye in the seventh round at the Broadway A. C. Both were fighting their fortieth pro. bout, and Willis came through with his streak intact.

Charley Loughran, 18-year-old brother of Tommy Loughran, former world light-heavyweight champion, made his professional debut by gaining a knockout over Al Corbett of Camden in the second round of a bout at Paulsboro, N. J. Young Loughran first dropped his opponent with a hard right under the heart in the second round and followed with a right to the jaw which sent Corbett face forwards on the mat. Referee Tom Waters stopped the bout to save the Camden youth. Young Loughran weighs 156 pounds. Everything he wore in the ring was his brother's—bathrobe, trunks, socks and shoes.

Promoters Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis have lined up Steve Hamas to appear in the windup at new Convention Hall late in April. Manager Charley Harvey wired Gunnis from the Pacific Coast that Hamas was willing and ready to meet any ranking heavyweight.

Vince Dundee, Newark Italian middleweight, proved too sturdy and aggressive for Billy Angelo in the ten round windup at the Arena and was entitled to the decision. Angelo's famed knockout punch had little chance to land against the elusive and fast swinging Dundee who crowded Vince most of the time and landed the most effective blows. Each fighter had won a previous bout in their meetings.

Johnny Hayes, West Philadelphia veteran, substituted for Eddie Cool against Steve Halaiko of Buffalo in a ten-round semi windup at the Arena. Halaiko conceded Hayes seven pounds. In fairness to Hayes, he took the bout at short notice and was always trying to nail the New York state youth with his dangerous left hook.

Al Tendler, South Philadelphia lightweight, not related to the famed Lew, was knocked out by Petey Gulotta of New Orleans in the first round. Tendler ran into a storm of vicious punches and Referee Lew Bailey counted Al out after the third knockdown.

Nick Venore, South Philadelphia southpaw, takes a delight in stopping English fighters. He knocked out the veteran Billy Hood in the third round at the Arena. Several weeks earlier he finished Bert Tubbs also of England. Venore is a 159 pounder.

Mike Dee who fought in and around Phillie more than thirty-five years ago, is now one of the trainers at the University of Pennsylvania. He looks after the baseball squad and also helps with the football and track athletes. Dee trained the Phillies when Alexander, Dooin and others of the old school were in their prime.

Joey Costa of New York, made a good impression in beating Benny Britt, Philadelphia junior lightweight, in six rounds at the Arena. Costa had three and a half pounds and a few inches advantage. Both boys put up a pleasing bout.

Nate May, a former Austin Club amateur, has turned professional and joined forces with the Phil Glassman stable. He is a 120 pounder.

Jackie Willis, colored battler from South Phillie, turned in another victory when he gained the eight round decision over Ernie Caeser, a veteran also from South Philadelphia, at the Broadway A. C.

Joe Foglietta and Teddy Baldwin, two South Philadelphia rivals, went six rounds to a draw at the Broadway with plenty of action.

Lew Searles, of South Philadelphia, had the better of a six round tiff with Jackie Brandon of North Philadelphia at the Broadway and Billy Lyon held to a six round draw by Tiger Walcott.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
BY WILLIAM PIKOR

EXTENSIVE preparations for a busy open-air campaign here are already in the making, and together with an abundant supply of local talent, the outlook for the coming out-door season looks bright. We have star fighters in this locality that rank with the best. In George Panka, Pittsburgh has a heavyweight worthy of note. He learned considerable as a sparring partner for Max Schmeling.

Teddy Yarosz is another capable ringster of whom big things are expected this summer. To date Teddy has engaged in exactly fifty professional engagements and has yet to taste the sting of defeat in a professional bout. Watch Teddy this year!

The year 1931 brought out Battling Gizzy, the windmill lightweight from Donora, as one of the best attractions of the year. The ring services of Battling Gizzy are in great demand by the leading fight promoters throughout the country as a result of his peculiar, though spectacular style of boxing—the brand of fighting that made Harry Greb a world champion and a real drawing card. As a whirlwind scrapper Battling Gizzy is second only to the late Harry Greb.

The outstanding news for the month in this section follows:

Tony Herrera defeated Denver Mickey Cohen at Motor Square Garden in ten rounds.

Jackie Wilson, rangy colored bantam upset the dope twice by whipping Willie Davies and Mose Butch. Jackie previously defeated Ross Fields.

Jimmy Thomas, another ebony-hued bantam, was beaten at Motor Square Garden by the French title-holder, Emile (Spider) Pladner. Battling Gizzy won from Eddie Lord on the same card. Both were ten-round bouts.

"Apples" Meyers tossed up the sponge at the Moose Temple Auditorium.

The "rasslers" are here again at the Motor Square Garden and going well.

Jackie Fields, world's welterweight champion, attracted another bumper crowd at Jules Beck's Motor Square Garden arena. Fields took on Jimmy Belmont again. The latter received a bad lacing and was stopped at the end of the eighth round.

Jules Beck, matchmaker of Motor Square Garden, and Joe Mazer, general manager, have taken over the Moose Temple Arena where they operate weekly shows.

Others who figured prominently in the news of the month are—Charley Baxter and Jack Clements. Baxter looms as a potential threat in the lightweight ranks. He scored over Benny McArthur and in previous bouts he defeated Danny Delmont, rugged Chicagoan, and Eddie Brannon, flashy Smoky City Negro. Clements, a heavyweight from Swissvale, came through with a 38-second kayo over Jerry Hart and followed with a technical k. o. win over Charley Broad, of McKeesport. Eddie Kapphan runs every Friday night at his new club on Addison and Center Avenues which he calls the Arena. Eddie operates popular-priced shows. Max Elling, former district amateur champion, is winning steadily in the pro. ranks.

Benny Bass, of Philadelphia, met with disqualification in the third round of his bout with Frankie Bojorski at Motor Square. It's somewhat pathetic to watch a former champion of two classes having a bout stopped at his expense for foul-fighting.

Jack London, who brought out and developed Mose Butch from a novice in the simon-pure ranks to a main bout performer at Motor Square Garden, picked up another piece of promising fighting machinery in Johnny Cataline, a junior-lightweight from Charleston, West Va. London got his newly-acquired fighter a preliminary match against the tough Sammy Paris and Johnny came through in grand style. Cataline looks like a comer.

Emmett Rocco, the Ellwood City heavyweight, is ready to don the mitts again. In the future, a brother, Benny Rocco, will book him for bouts.

Cuddy De Marco, ex-welterweight star, returned to the roped arena. This time as a manager. Cuddy has Johnny Hazel, a lanky amateur, who recently made his pro. debut by winning on a technical k. o. with Cuddy in his corner.

Guy Salero is mowing down opponent after opponent. During the month Salero defeated K. O. Kelly at Motor Square in eight rounds and trounced Indian Tiger West in the topspot at the Moose Temple Arena.

MONONGAHELA VALLEY, PA., DOPE
By MICKEY TODD

CHARLEY MASSERA, an East Monongahela boy, who went to New York to make good, seems to have hit the right trail. He left here weighing 165 pounds but right now is around the 185-pound mark and advanced so highly that Damon Runyon, New York writer, commented on him favorably in a recent column. He has scored eight knockouts in thirteen fights.

Lee Sala is after a bout with Indian Tiger West for the middleweight championship of the Pittsburgh district. Sala has been making rapid strides.

Tiger Joe Randall, local welter, boxed Billy Holt for the Negro welter title of this district. Holt received the decision which was booed by the fans.

Scotty Graham, Donora flyweight, recently recovered from a slight attack of the flu. He is ready for action again.

Buck McTiernan is training for a comeback. He is after a rematch with Vince Dundee or Ben Jeby.

My rankings of the Mongohahela Valley fighters are as follows:

Flyweight—Scotty Graham.
Bantam—Willie Davies, Tony Marino.
Featherweight—Petey Jahns, Steve Senich.
Lightweight—Battling Gizzy.
Welter—Jimmy Belmont, Tiger Joe Randall.
Middleweight—Lee Sala, Billy Flannigan.
Light-heavy—Bruna Sala, Ray Fay.
Heavy—George Panka, Emmett Rocco.

Attention, fighters and managers. Send your dope for publication in THE RING to the writer before the 13th of the month. Also mail photos. My address is: Todd A. C., Donora, Pa. Many thanks!

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE, the Cuban wonder boy, defeated Dominick Petrone at the Fronton Stadium in the stellar bout of the month for the benefit of the Santiago de Cuba earthquake sufferers. It was attended by a packed house and with a fine supporting card, the show was a hummer. Chocolate earned the judges decision over Petrone.

Davey Abad of Panama, is here in training.

Gilbert Castillo, known down south as the "Cuban Flash," returned home for a visit and took on Frankie Cruz whom he beat in five rounds.

Henry Santos, known as "Baturrito," came over with a surprise when he knocked out Castor Fernandez, the Spanish cyclone. Castor recently was outpointed by Santos, and asked for a return bout which cost him plenty.

Chino Alvarez of Tampa, was awarded a poor decision over Baby La Paz, who deserved a draw at least.

Julio Recio and Johnny Labrada put up a hurricane four-rounder with Labrada carrying away the honors. What a scrap these kids put up.

Marzo Fernandez returned to the wars after a year's lay-off and easily beat Jim Valentino in six torrid rounds.

Fillo Echevarria, the little warrior from San Sebastian, Spain, came through with a ten-round victory over Santana, a hard punching southpaw, who was coming strong in the eighth and ninth round, but Fillo's cleverness earned him the duke in the last round. Fillo's manager is Manolo Brana, sporting editor of one of the local papers. Manolo Alvarez, a hard punching featherweight, is his stable mate.

Kid Barcelona, just graduated from the amateurs, earned a six-round draw with Tommy Barredo, Cuba's clever bantamweight. Barcelona, a good southpaw, is growing fast and will probably be a welterweight within six months.

Julian Mirave, middleweight from Asturias Spain, came over like a house on fire in whipping Benny Vagloichan of Jerusalem. Benny put up a game battle, but was just a little too slow for the onrushing Mirave. Mirave is also managed by Manolo Brana.

Rafael Valdes, probably one of Cuba's greatest boxers, can't get any opponents. He is a clever flyweight and would go great in the States.

William Martinez, the little blond bantamweight, looks great in his workouts. He'll soon be seen in action.

Luis Parga is doing great at the Fronton Stadium where he promoted the Kid Chocolate-Petrone fight.

Pepe Conte, Cuba's great sports writer, is promoting amateur fights at the Arena Commercial in Cerro. Pepe also has a fine stable of boxers.

Panchon Martinez is back in town after a successful amateur tour in the U. S. His manager, Dr. Pinango, is lining up some preliminary bouts which will probably lead him into a chance at the Cuban bantam title.

Pedro Proenza, managed by Pepe Conte, is coming back fine and training hard for his coming bout with Antonio Hevia.

Castor Fernandez, after his defeat by Henry Santos, is resting up but will soon be training for bouts. Fernandez is a hard puncher and still has a chance to shine again in the lightweight division.

Antonio Santana has several offers from Panama.

Aramis Del Pino has taken over Miramar Gardens and has mapped out some good cards for local fans. Aramis knows the game and should make good in his attempt.

Tony Cuervo will also promote at the Fronton Stadium-affiliated with L. Parga.

Fernando Rios refereed the Kid Chocolate-Petrone bout.

BOXING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS VERA

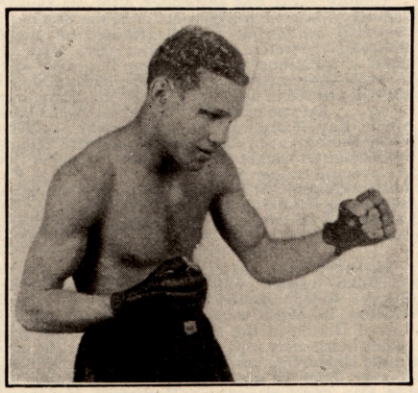
LUIS ARIZONA, welter, kayoed Juan Noguez in the sixth round. Bernardo Peña scored over Luis Portela in ten rounds. Jesus Flores won over Pedro Mendieta in eight rounds. Carlos Pavon outpointed Roberto Picazo in six rounds. Juan Robles defeated "Cabeza Cuadrada."

Ricardo Manzanillo, promising bantam, outpointed easily Carlos Pavón in ten round bout. The toluqueño Bernardo Peña won from "Para Seca" Gonzalez in ten rounds. Cuban Kid Joe stopped Hermenejildo Gonzalez in the second. "Gato" Perez defeated Nicolas Partida in six rounds. Pancho Villa, brother of Manuel, drew with Olegario Molina.

At Monterrey—Battling Chico stopped Jimmie Murphy in the first. Kid Roy defeated easily Jimmie Valentine in ten. Kid Laredo won over Battling Cruz in ten. Kid Johnson scored over Francisco Loera. Simon Ramirez stopped F. Ortiz in six. Baby Langford scored a technical K. O. over el "Cubanito" in the third. Kid Esquivel whipped Simon Rodriguez. Baby Garcia won a foul over el "Gallo Negro." Kid Pancho drew with Kid Carmona. Kid Salvador defeated Cleofas Sierra in four. Kid Hernandez whipped Kid Guerrero in four rounds. S. Rodriguez won a ten decision from Baby Langford. Kid Laredo won by T. K. O. from Kid Franco in the tenth round. Alf Ross drew with the middleweight champion of Cuba, Angel Kid Sanchez, in ten rounds. Battling Cruz whipped Al Chocolate in ten. Kid Gorilla defeated Baby Langford in ten. Angel Kid Sanchez won by K. O. from Gregorio Ollervides in the fourth at Chihuahua.

Merida. Yuc.—Cuban Ramon Perez stopped Marcial Zavala in the third. Battling Chocolate beat Miguel Reyes in ten. Al Herrera kayoed Eduardo Escalante in three. Kid Sanchez was beaten by Battling Lopez in ten. Manuel Rosado triumphed over Kid Erosa.

Fighters wishing to show in Mexico, should write to me at Cuauhtemotzin 257, Mexico, D. F.



Gilbert Castillo, good Cuban bantamweight

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

RUSS LEIGHTON, who will be remembered as the lieutenant of the late Tom Duggan in the latter's sporting enterprises here and in New York several years back, is the latest addition to Montreal's fistic promotorial ranks. As manager of Mike McTigue and other noted ring warriors as well as his associations with Duggan, who goes down in history as the man who introduced professional hockey to New York, Leighton has acquired the experience to qualify as a first class fight promoter here. He plans to operate regularly at the Mount Royal Arena, once the mecca for good fights when Duggan was the big noise around here a decade ago, and will open up with a bang-up card.

Leighton will probably feature Leitham against either Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight king, Routier Parra, colorful New York Cuban, or Willie Davies, classy Charleroi veteran, in the main ten-rounder. Leighton is also operating one of the best training gyms in Montreal at 694 Cathcart street and it will probably be the headquarters of the fighters billed on Arena shows. The popular promoter would like to hear from managers of active and good fighters at his address, 1957 St. Luke street, Montreal.

The boxing season opened here when Jules Racicot staged his first big show at the St. Denis Theatre. Billy Townsend, blond Vancouver welter, failed to prove as good a drawing card as expected as the crowd was far below expectations. He clashed with Johnny Nemis, promising Maritime welter star and knocked out Nemis in one round. Townsend beat the Maritime star to the punch as Nemis tried to duck under a right which caught him squarely over the temple instead of the jaw as intended and out went Nemis. The punch was a mighty lucky one.

The semi-final eight rounder between Harry Leibovitz, Raoul Godbout's flashy flyweight, and Tommy McBeigh, Townsend's bantam stablemate, was the best fight of the night and the only one that went the route. Leibovitz outboxed and outpunched McBeigh consistently and romped off with a decisive victory. Godbout is pointing Leibovitz to a Canadian bantam title match with Bobby Leitham and the lad is coming along at a fast gait.

Both prelims, scheduled for six rounds, ended quickly. Eddie Martin stopped Tony Fugazi in the second after both had hit the canvas in the initial canto. Robert Paulhus, the Sorel Socker, socked Danny O'Connell, local featherweight, to sleep early in the first heat. O'Connell substituted on a few hours notice for Ernie Jarvis, Syracuse, who was held up at the border. Promoter Racicot was disappointed with the discouraging attendance as he went to great pains to introduce Townsend and Nemis to the local fight public. However, he announces that he will start promoting again in May, when he expects to run regularly at the Baseball Stadium.

Al Foreman scored his ninth straight win when he knocked out Tommy Little in the second round of the feature at the Ring Blackfriars. The heavy hitting British Empire Lightweight champion had previously disposed of Glyn Mainwaring in the first heat at Ilford. Later, Al lost a close verdict to Nel Tarleton.

Young Peter Jackson, Babe Denico's colored featherweight ace, is going through a busy campaign to fit himself for a good season here. The lad is a popular card here, and Vincent has just returned from Miami, Florida. On his way back he stopped off long enough in New York to sign up "Spider" Pladner, great French bantam, to headline the card against any bantamweight selected for him.

Battling Sig Tracey is preparing for a busy season and is anticipating offers from Winnipeg to meet Del Fontaine, Charlie Belanger or Frankie Battaglia. The rugged Norwegian middleweight and light-heavy star has been keeping busy all winter as coach of the Belding-Corticelli amateurs and at the same time he has been producing winners.

The amateurs have been going strong and good crowds have been attracted to their shows. Outstanding local prospects for Olympic honors are Phil Lightheart, Tommy Sullivan, Louis Nickilo, Johnny Keller, Harold Stewart, and one or two others. The City Championships produced worthy titleholders in Lightheart, heavyweight; Beaulieu, light-heavy; Harry Lane, middle; Nickilo, welter; Art Primrose, lightweight; Johnny Keller, feather; Harold "Babe" McLeod, junior lightweight; Eddie Heathfield, bantam; Bobby Martin, flyweight; Leo Dery, 108 lbs., and Jackie Kinmond, 100 lbs. Provincial Supervisor Dennis White has about the best contingent of amateur boxers on the continent under his wing.

WESTERN CANADA JABS
By "SPIDER" SPENDER

WHAT with the interest being taken by the cash customers in hockey and amateur boxing, the pro glove game in Winnipeg has been hard hit. Steve Trojack, Winnipeg's lumbering heavyweight, boasts that he will take the Canadian, and British Empire titles from Larry Gains, but refuses to meet Al Conquest.

Quina Lee, former flyweight star from Birmingham, Ala., is back from Chicago. Quina has a host of followers in Winnipeg, and fans still remember the thrilling battles he staged against Frenchie Belanger, and Frankie Wolfram, popular Winnipeg boy.

Al Conquest outpunched Del Fontaine in a slam-bang, smashing eight-round bout. The fight clearly proved that Conquest ranks as a contender in both light-heavy and heavyweight divisions.

"Tiger" Fisher, Saskatoon middleweight star, added Freddie Blocksidge's scalp to his belt at the Walker Theatre, Winnipeg.

The boys who have shown the most improvement during the past year, are Frankie Wolfram in the bantamweight division; Young Stroppa among the lightweights; Haydn Robinson in the welter class; Freddie Blocksidge in the middleweight division and Al Conquest, light-heavy and heavyweight.

Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg bantamweight firecracker, made a hit with Fargo, N. D. fight fans in his bout with Britt Gorman, of Minneapolis.

Although he forced the fighting practically all the way, and did the most effective work at long range, Haydn Robinson failed to score a victory over Emil Lust at Medicine Hat, at the Empire Theatre. They set a fast pace throughout and never slackened until the ninth round when Robinson's second tossed the towel into the ring. Both boys weighed in at 147 lbs.

A great match for Winnipeg would be a battle for the Canadian middleweight title, long vacant, between Frankie Battaglia, and Johnny Nemis, welter and middleweight champion of Eastern Canada.

Fighters and managers get in touch with the writer at 432 Lansdowne Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JACK STANLEY, former Boise, Idaho junior welterweight, who invaded these shores a little over a year ago, kept up his winning streak at the expense of the tough hitting Carl Neal, of Cincinnati, in the headline attraction at the Milford American Legion Arena. Stanley has taken the place of Freddie Miller hereabouts since that young gent got himself involved in the Battalino fiasco. Although Stanley has only shown his wares once in a Cincinnati ring, his one appearance convinced fans and critics that the lithe youngster has a long way in front of him. Only twenty-one years of age, Stanley has won twenty-three fights, lost two since his debut here last summer.

The Milford Arena keeps running regularly and matchmaker Blythe Jones is coming in for his share of praise in bringing some real fights to the southern Ohio Club. Jack Stanley, Ted Graham, Johnny Mack and Frankie Meiners lead the array of drawing the crowds to the arena and whenever any of these four top the card, a large crowd is on hand.

Ted Graham continued on his winning ways when he put Jess Caldwell, of Pittsburgh, to sleep in the fourth round of their scheduled six-rounder at Music Hall. Ted hit the deck for a nine count in this session but bounced back up and knocked the Pittsburgher stiff with a hard right. Graham is a good colored heavyweight who is ready for the best, but somehow his manager, Mike Griffin doesn't think so. Graham's best bout was against Roy Tiger Williams, a few months back, but despite the decision going to Williams, Graham should have received a draw.

In the best match staged at the Covington Blue Grass Arena, Jimmy Gambey, of Latonia, Ky., drew in eight rounds with Phil Scrogham, of Cincinnatti, in a heavyweight tilt. In the semi-final, Bat Leno, of Cincinnatti won from Young Helsm, of Covington.

Another all-star card was staged at the Milford sports arena when Lee Cox, clever Milford lightweight, earned a draw with Frankie Meiners, of Cincinnatti. There is talk of pairing the Milford youngster with either Maxie Koshover or Jack Stanley at the suburban club.

Some of the preliminary results the past month follow: Cricket Helson and Bobby Ammon, draw 6; Stonewall Jackson and James Brown, draw 6; Art Worley beat Jimmy Cox in 4; Young Palmo beat Jimmy Riegers in 3; Stonewall Jackson won from Jackie Raymond in 6; Red Harding knocked out Blockie Mohler in 3; Bat Leno beat Irish Chamberlain in 6; Mickey Glass knocked out Little Dempsey in 2; George Hanson knocked out Charley Green in 2; Danny O'Keefe best Johnny Ward in 3; Vic Palmo outslugged Arty Wuest in 3; Young Ross won over Vic Beccacimio in 3; Phil Scrogham and Charley Arthurs, draw in 3; Young Palmo beat Kid Skeeters in 3; Chuck Holliday drew with Buzz Martin in 3; Billy Brinker beat Jack Parker in 3; Jess Freeman drew with Buddy Kelly in 3; Paul Speeg drew with Art Bergman in 3, and Jess Calhoun shaded Billy Burke in 6.

The ten best in Southern Ohio at this writing are as follows: Heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond; Light-heavyweight—Coleman Johns, Dayton; Middleweight—Frankie Palmo, Cincinnatti; Welterweight—Jack Stanley, Milford; Junior welterweight—Max Koshover, Cincinnatti; Lightweight—Danny O'Keefe, Norwood; Junior lightweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnatti; Featherweight—Mike O'Dowd, Columbus; Bantamweight—George Annarino, Newark, and Flyweight—Young Hebe, Cincinnatti.

Dayton, O.—Before a large crowd at Eagles Hall Pee Wee Jarrell, of Fort Wayne, Ind., easily whipped Dick Clark, of Memphis, Tenn. Fighting his usual clownish way, Jarrell won almost every one of the ten sessions. In the semi-final, Jack Stanley, Cincinnatti, knocked out Irish Georgie Kline, of Philadelphia, in the first round.

Red Hardy, Louisville, won by a technical knockout over Young Puryear, Ft. Wayne, in four rounds. Young Held, Dayton, knocked out Eddie Batson, Miamisburg, in three, while Benny Lenny, Ft. Wayne, drew with Claude Wadron, of Dayton, in four sessions. The bouts were promoted by Jim Dowling, who is operating with success every week.

One of the best colored lightweights to show in this vicinity in some time is Young Tiger Flowers from Memphis. Flowers has so far waded through all opposition and is still in the midst of a winning streak.

Dick Clark, Memphis junior welter, who was eliminated in the junior welter tourney at Dayton by Pee Wee Jarrel, came back to earn a draw with Kid Wright, Richmond, Ind., welter in the headline six-round go at the Milford sports arena. Clark spotted the Hoosier welter about six or eight pounds and although badly outclassed in the early rounds made a fine comeback in the closing ones to earn the even verdict.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots. . . . Dick Clark is one of the most conscientious trainers among the fight frat today. . . . Dick never fails to hit the bed at nine while in training and believe it or not, seldom takes over one drink of water between rounds of ten, eight or twelve . . . J. W. Thompson, of Newport, made his bow in the game with the Jack Dillon-Frankie Palmo eight-rounder in Newport on March 5. . . . Palmo won, but a poor crowd was out due to the terrific cold spell which enveloped the city ten minutes before the fight time. . . . Thompson was due back three weeks later with a wrestling card, Billy Edwards on top, but the N. B. A. "vetoed" Edwards, due to a suspension. . . . Cliff McWhirter, little Canadian fly-bantam, who came here in January, has been laid up with a bad side injury since February 4. . . . McWhirter beat Cricket Ellig in his only pro start . . . is fighting under the colors of the Hotel Havlin A. C. where he is employed . . . seldom does, Charles Maxwell, general manager of the Havlin Hotel, miss a fight. . . . Maxwell is one of the most ardent boxing fans in Cincinnati, as is Johnny Horgan, the popular little Irishman manager of the Sinton-St. Nicholas. . . . Rumor spreading more widely that Chester Park will run outdoor shows this year. . . . Through a trick of fate, Danny Davis, Cincinnatti manager and promoter, saved his family from a serious accident recently.

Tommy Wells was suspended after his showing against Al Merrill in Newport . . . he was stopped in the fifth round but not disqualified as Buddy O'Krent, the referee, stated four days after the fight. . . . O'Krent must have been in a daze when he made that announcement as the Kentucky rules are still printed in black on white about disqualifications. . . . Do you remember when . . . Joe Lohman fought Ray Wallace at the old Peoples? . . . When Vince Hambright broke into the game with Batsche and the latter taught the Spic more in a week than the average trainer does in a year? . . . When Earl Butler clashed with Joe Anderson and Spider Lewis was trimming all over at the Fort? . . . We would like to see those days again . . . till next month adieu.

All superiority was removed as to who was the rightful contender for Hebe's flyweight crown when Cricket Helson dished out a lashing to Bobby Ammon in eight rounds at Milford. Ammon floored Helson in the first round, but a battering attack in the after rounds won the fight for the mite. In the supporting contests, Stonewall Jackson beat Harvey Bass in six rounds of light-heavy tilt. Lee Cox knocked out Joe Harvey in one round; Mickey Glass put out Prince Taylor in one heat while Buzz Martin shaded Chuck Holliday in three rounds.

Results at the Eagles in that city were as follows: Johnny Mack, Cincinnatti heavy, won a ten-round decision over Joe McCarthy, of Dayton. In the supporting four-round bouts, Honey Melody beat Battling Shaner; Young Held beat Rocky Dolan; Dick Leis knocked out Eddie Batson in three; Battling Warner knocked out Carl Morris in two; Red Allen beat Luther Morgan; King Rickard decisioned Thunderbolt Bayne and Tony Usas drew with Simon Nebloski.

At Columbus, Ohio, Jack Dempsey made his tour bow and knocked out both of his opponents. Johnny Chiek, of Detroit, kissed the floor for the finish count in two minutes and seventeen seconds of one round, while Eddie Anderson, of Baltimore, Md., lasted two minutes and fourteen seconds. Anderson received a fractured jaw for his services. In the supporting bouts, Lou Bloom, of Columbus, won the decision over Don McLeod, of Detroit, in six rounds, and Tony Petruzzi, Columbus, shaded Jimmy Collins, of Toledo, in six. Harry English, Toledo middleweight, won from Carl Turner, Columbus, and Jack Hoster, Columbus, fought a draw with Rocky Ridge, Toledo, in the other bouts of six sessions.

While the larger clubs of Cincinnatti are idle, Danny Davis, of the Parkway Club, stages his regular weekly all-star ten-three round bout program at the Davis Tavern on West Seventh Street. Davis puts on some great slugging bouts at the club and every week the attendance is swelling. The shows are run at panic prices of 25 and 35 cents. In the main bouts of the past month at the downtown club, Charley Arthurs drew with Phil Scrogham; Danny O'Keefe beat Johnny Ward, of New Orleans, and O'Keefe also beat Vic Palmo, tough Italian from Cincinnatti.

The results of the other bouts staged at the Tavern Club are as follows: Charley Arthurs beat Stubby Staub; George Hanson won from Mike De Pinto; Billy Savas and Earl Bruce, draw; Kid Thompson kayoed Earl Havlin; Al Hamilton won from Scotti Lombardi; Young Palmo shaded Woody Davis; Mickey Mitchell and Gene Parker, draw; Buss Martin beat Franky Zinn; Tuffy Turner won over Young Kelly. All of the bouts were over the three-round route.

Information in these parts can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnatti, O. Enclose self-stamped envelope for prompt reply. Fighters, with good records only, who want work in Ohio should get in touch with writer. Photo must be enclosed and fighter must not have any strings attached to him.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

IT looks like Tommy Freeman made the best move of his career when he decided to abandon his career among the welterweights when he lost his title and move up to the middleweight division. Tommy has been fighting with the fury of a hurricane and right now it looks like he is headed for the 160-pound title.

There doesn't seem to be anything stopping him and Tommy McGinty and Uncle Bob Sangster still feel that Tommy will make the grade. He hasn't lost a fight in the middleweight ranks and is yearning for a Gorilla Jones match.

Chico Cisneros, plucky little Mexican, is still fighting down South and Bob Sangster expects to have him North shortly. Cisneros was around Cleveland last year and was well liked.

Babe Triscaro, a real comer in the flyweight class, disposed of Joey Ross and Luis Carpentero in Akron and Toledo, respectively, on the same night that Dempsey showed his wares. Triscaro is headed for the flyweight crown.

Jimmy Vaughn, baby-faced Cleveland featherweight, went over with a bang in Detroit when he hammered out a victory over Joe Palazolla, after being dropped twice in the early rounds.

Joey Lawrence of Dayton is a consistent winner—Rosy Rosales hasn't done so well under the Ray Alvis banner—Wilbur Chevalier, Michigan feather, is expected to show here soon—Dave Harris, Zanesville promoter, is boosting the ability of Tiger Kid Walker—Dempsey sold out in both Toledo and Akron—Louis DiSantis, local feather, kayoed Jackie Johnston in Syracuse in two rounds—Harry Cohen is back in Cleveland and has a spot laid out for an ideal boxing club and expects to run very shortly—Phil Zwick has entered the featherweight tournament in Detroit—Joey Goodman is seeking action in Los Angeles—That kid Hankinson who staggered Dempsey in Akron is getting lots of attention around Cleveland and all the locals are challenging him to combat.

Gordon Mackley, of Mansfield, scored over Johnny Raibel of Cleveland in their Mansfield bout. Mackley looked very good—Jack Pallat kayoed Chuck Taggart in two rounds at Galion, Ohio—Ray Newton won over Louis Haines in Mansfield. Joe Pangello scored over Eddie Isaac in the semi-final—Jimmy Taylor drew with Paul Delaney on another show staged at Mansfield—The American Legion and the Recreation A. C. are the boxing promotors in Mansfield running weekly shows—The above information was supplied by my friend, John P. McDevitt.

Jack December, a coming welterweight from Pontiac, Mich. handled by Parson, Jr., seems to be headed for bigger things. He has been winning all his local starts and the only one who stands in his way is Marty McHale and they will meet most likely any day. Even though December is managed by my son, I predict an excellent future for him.

Jimmy Vaughn won another fight at the Equestrium when he trimmed Eddie McCarty from Scranton. I think that Vaughn is fighting too often as he seemed stale and there was something missing from his classy style—Walter Taylor is doing great with both his wrestling and boxing shows; his best fighting card is Jack December, and Joe Savoldi heads the wrestling fraternity—Although Dempsey played to capacity when he fought K. O. Christner here, they brought him back to referee the Golden Glove bouts and he arrived a day before the show and did plenty to put it over—Eddie Lord, now living in Cleveland, won the first round of the lightweight tournament in Grand Rapids by whipping Jimmy Dean of Erie.

Sixteen amateur champs were crowned at the Public Auditorium, Cleveland, the *Plain Dealer's* fourth annual Golden Gloves tournament. The outstanding amateurs who stood up were Joe Brule, Ken Disch, Carmen Barth, Tony Valore, Sammy Julian, Johnny Doubler, Chuck McCarthy—and the big star of all was George Schultz, heavyweight champion.

Here are some doings of Cleveland fighters: Eddie Simms, Cleveland, knocked out Jack O'Neill, Wheeling, W. Va., at Lorain, Ohio. Chet Smallwood stopped Kid Walker, Zanesville, in the tenth. Jackie Purvis stopped Ralph Brady, Syracuse. Joey Kushner beat Frankie Talamandez, the Mexican featherweight. Eddie Simms won over John Parker. Al Katchel, Lorain, beat George Mulholland. Jackie Purvis, of Indianapolis, beat Tug Phillips. Eddie Raskob got the nod over John Moke. Larry Pruitt beat Steve Gordon, 6.

Jackie McGann, Cleveland's little fighting harp who is after a bout with Babe Triscaro—is on the side lines with a busted duke—received in his last fight at the Equestrium, which he won.

Tommy Freeman is wanted at Minneapolis and several other towns and will have plenty to do when he arrives.

"ALL FOR $1.00. SEE PAGE 2 AND READ ABOUT GUS MARTEL, THE K. O. RECORD HOLDER OF THE WORLD AND DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS"

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

"BABY" ARIZMENDI from Mexico is one of the best little fighters seen here in years. Fighters, new faces and old, are hitting good old California. It looks like the Olympic Games are responsible for this. Midget Wolgast, flyweight king pin, is in the Hawaiian Islands, but other boys, Freddy Lattanzio of N. Y., Frisco Grande, Phil Tobias, who is in Panama at present, Lew Franklin and several others are due here this month.

The boys here in San Francisco are wondering how in the world "Chick" Devlin is getting over so big in New York. He was termed a "rassler" here but anyway, Chick, the boys here are all pulling for you.

Tommy Cello, former lightweight, has Kenny Austin, Archie Forsom, Tony Gardini, Angelo Fuste, and several others who are kept pretty busy throwing leather.

D. A. Drew, manager, wants to match his Jr.-lightweight, "Speedy" Clayton, with Joe Conde, Charley Miller, Goldie Hess, Varias Milling or Pinto DeSa.

Received a letter from a youth named "Speedy" Clayton who was in South Dakota. He wanted to fight out here. I turned the letter over to D. A. Drew. Clayton came out here. Dan improved his style but Clayton did not get a fight for over a month. They needed a sub—a lightweight up at Sacramento to fight that rough, tough hombre, Johnny Crismas. Clayton went there. Gave Crismas a neat boxing lesson and a trouncing. By popular demand, was brought back and again won over Crismas. Watch this 130-pounder. He's the goods.

Tim McGrath, who was away from the boxing game for a spell, is back with a stable of fighters that include Meyer Grace, Spud Meyers, Danny Delmont, Cowboy Jack Willis, Young Frankie Monroe, Larry Murphy, Red Millet, Alex Rowe, Elgin Moore and several others.

Clem Hamill returned from the North West with Al Citrino. Citrino has had but one defeat in twenty-six starts. While away, Al Citrino won over Mike Dundee, Eddie Thompson, Joey Magill and Young Doc Snell. Al would like nothing better than a crack at Young Tommy or Max Tarley. A win over either one of these boys would rate him, "A guy that's good."

Paddy Ryan, veteran fight manager and winner of the Congressional medal of honor, the highest award in the entire navy for bravery, is now Admiral Paddy Ryan. He pilots the ship "EL DANDY" (Joe Conde) who hails from Mexico . . . weight 126 lbs. of dynamite, and a man of war.

Weather is rather rough but sails on. Wins from Charley Miller, a tough boat, then meets up with Max Tarley and sinks him in seven heats. . . . Fuel? . . . YES. . . Paddy gives "EL DANDY" (Joe Conde) his ship— Frijoles (Mexican beans) Tortillas, Enchiladas, tamales, Chile con carne and sometimes chorizo. . . . Then he's off again. . . . Runs into a crafty sailing vessel in Martin Zuniga, who's never tasted defeat and directed by that famous fight character, George Blake, loses a close one but maintains his prestige like a warrior of old. Fuels up with tamales and is now ready to go. All Paddy needs now is a guitar and a senorita to make the picture complete.

Charley Cook, N. Y. manager, arrived here with his heavyweight, Joe Sekyra. Moose Taussig is handling Tom Corbett and Baby Tiger Flowers from Omaha. T. N. T. Robleto lost a torrid ten-round nod to Young Tommy at Dreamland. Young Corbett won over David Velasco in ten rounds, and Wesley Ketchell won from Sammy James of Pheonix, Arizona, at Sacramento.

Promoters Ancil Hoffman and George Putman will run open air fights at the Seals' Stadium.

Ralph Manfredo stopped Jack Tut in two rounds at Dreamland. Manfredo, a relation to Young Corbett, is a fine prospect. He is being handled by John (Silent) Burdick.

Frankie Klick will leave these parts and invade eastern shores this spring. He is now a stable mate of Hans Birkie.

John Burdick reports that Lou Zimerman and Tod Juan have started to train and will be ready for action shortly. Wonder what Fred (Windy) Winsor is up to now. Saw him at Sacramento at the Ketchell-James fight. Jack Conmell is a steady winner. Vallejo boxing shows are being promoted now by Tony Smernes, the Vallejo sportsman who also promotes wrestling.

Dark as night, noisy as thunder and bangs away. What is it? A storm? Heck No! That's Vincent Morris, Dan Drew's colored 122-lb. puncher.

Gilbert Attell and Kenny Austin of Omaha, boxed ten rounds to a draw. Gilbert had Kenny on the canvas for a nine count and had him in a bad way on several occasions. Claire Tollestrap won the nod over Joe Snitcher. Cecil Jordan won over Joe Robinson. Archie Forsom won from Manuel Frutato, Pietro George beat Cowboy Brooks.

Bert Perry offered to buy half of LeRoy Haynes' contract but was rejected. Young Tommy, bantam sensation, may make a trip to the Islands.

Rudy Mendoza, Los Angeles Mexican, has had fifty-one fights. Of these he's lost three. Two of these fights, he lost at Dreamland recently. Now Rudy wants to change managers. It is a bad move, Rudy, losing three out of fifty-one fights is a good record, in fact, that's what I call good management.

Martin Zuniga, George Blake's featherweight, won a close decision over Joe Conde in ten rounds. Zuniga displayed a classy left jab, and proved to be a wonderful boxer.

D. A. Drew wants to match Jack Newland, his light-heavyweight with Don Colgate.

John Mateo, Filipino lightweight, would like to meet Charley Hendricks or Les Smith.

Vincent Morris and Alex Romero fought a draw. A rematch would be a natural.

Jack Johnson, former world's heavyweight champion, says he can lick any heavyweight on the Pacific Coast. Don't talk out of turn, Jack, you're too old. Besides, there are young heavyweights here on the Coast that can flatten you. Talk like this makes it bad for the fight game. When a man's thru—he's thru.

'Twas heard that Canto (T. N. T.) Robleto will hang up the gloves and settle down and get married.

A new list of State champions will be picked when the Commission meets in Los Angeles. With the next issue of The Ring, I will list the California champions, the way they are given to me by the State Athletic Commission.

A youngster, Jack Kelly, wants to show his wares in this neck of the woods. From word received, this lad is a comer and hails from Philadelphia.

Tiger Jack Payne is another who will be seen here shortly. Payne is a middleweight who has the rep of beating good heavyweights. He won from George Courtney, K. O. Christner and drew with Bearcat Wright.

Seal Harris, big Negro heavyweight won from Kenneth Lee at the Golden Gate Arena. Bert Perry is his manager.

Andy Divodi, welterweight, now under the management of Frank Tabor, making a comeback, is hot on the trail of Young Corbett III. He won his last three fights with ease. Alphonse Gonzales, Gaston Lecadre and Kenny Austin were his victims.

Batt Dozier won a ten-round decision over Kenny Austin at the Golden Gate Arena. It's an old story but here it goes, "Battling Dozier wants a match with Young Corbett or be recognized as the State welterweight champion." Now comes Jimmy Evans and challenges young Corbett. What a popular man Mr. Corbett is getting to be.

Benny Ford has a new heavyweight who is six feet two inches tall, and weighs about 220 lbs., Denny Lenhart and Jimmy Hanna put on a rip-tear fight that is the talk of the fans. Frankie Stetson of San Francisco has been winning all his contests of late.

Los Angeles promoters . . . How about Joe Conde vs. Baby Arizmendi for the featherweight title of Mexico? A shot for the Olympic . . . Conde has K.O'ed Manuel Pancho Villa in Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico in six rounds. He is a sensation in San Francisco. He whipped Charley Miller and Max Tarley in seven heats.

How about Martin Zuniga vs. Baby Arizmendi? George Blake would like nothing better than to close for that match . . . Zuniga won from Conde, a close one but he won. . . . Joe Conde was suspended on account of illness. He was a sick man when he fought Zuniga. . . . A rest will do Conde good. . . .

Lee Ramage, Pop Hubley's heavyweight is the best looking prospect in and around Los Angeles. . . . He will be champion, if he is not rushed along too fast. . . .

Fidel La Barba pounded out a win over Varias Milling. Fidel is going after the featherweight title. Baby Arizmendi holds a victory over La Barba.

Johnny Keyes, "Mayor" of Chinatown, better keep "Tuffy" Pierpont in six-round bouts for another year. If he don't, he'll bump off a good prospect.

Armand Emanuel was stopped by that good looking heavyweight Steve Hamas in Los Angeles. Eddie Mack is coming to Los Angeles. Ace Hudkins wants to fight Steve Hamas. Lou Daro is promoting wrestling in the Olympic in Los Angeles. Some newspapers say that Star Frisco should have won over Auggie Curtis. Others, that Curtis should have gotten the decision. According to reports, the draw decision was the right decision.

Referee George Bradford, from points east, is doing very well here in Northern California, and is well liked by everyone.

I showed D. A. Drew my copy of "Training for Boxers," written by Nat Fleischer of The Ring Magazine, who also wrote several other good books, and D. A. Drew says that "Training for Boxers" is the best book of its kind he ever laid eyes on. Dan is quite a fight critic and he knows what he's talking about. He recommends this book to all fighters, managers and trainers. Come on fight fans, just the book you should have. You don't have to be a fighter to own one. Get your copy from The Ring Magazine, 11 West 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Tom Corbett and Baby Tiger Flowers have been making quite a name for themselves down in San Jose and now will shift their quarters to San Francisco.

Fred Pearl and Eddie Sylvester are promoting boxing shows at Sacramento. Benny Wagner shows wrestling shows at Santa Rosa.

San Rafael will open boxing shows this spring. Watsonville boxing shows are being promoted by Steve Irland.

Boxers with no strings that would like to show in California, get in touch with writer at 923 Union Street, San Francisco, Calif. Also, managers, promoters, etc., wishing information on conditions of fight game in California, get in touch with writer. (Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.) Receive over a hundred letters in less than a month, and letters get mixed. Avoid this by sending self-addressed envelope.

For California news, read The Ring Magazine, and you'll have all the late boxing gossip in Frisco left hooks.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS. Thrilling a sellout crowd and putting up the most sensational fight and card in years, Ah Wing Lee, the Chinese southpaw, labeled as the "Shanghai Express" or "Yellow Peril," and Benny Pelz, "Hebrew Hurricane," formerly of Grant High School, threw dynamic fists at each other for a draw in six. Joynny Hansen, Portland welter star, stopped Nels Ferguson, 146½, Calgary, in one. Tony Portillo, 148½, Seattle Spaniard, defeated tough Johnny Spencer, 146, Seattle, in six. Roy Ockley, 137, stocky Montana slugger, decisioned Kim Albertson, 137, Sacramento. Al Mustola, 123, Clatskanie Fin, outslugged Chuck Carnera, Seattle, in four. Tony Pecorara made his boxing debut by left-handing Harold Westover for a nod in four.

Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, stopped Pat "Wildman" O'Hannigan, popular Irish boxer, in four. "Punch 'Em" Paul Delaney, Washington middleweight slugger, and Ray "Showboat" McQuillan, Portland Negro, went to a draw in six. Red Barber, Seattle light-heavy, lost in six to Norman Wilson.

Jimmy Hanna, 147½, Pocatello, and Georgie Dixon went to a toss-up in six. Ray McQuillan decisioned Paul Delaney in eight. Al Mustola drew with Young Nationalista, Manila, in six. Andy Bundy, 127½, Oakland Negro, won a T. K. O. over Chuck Carnera in three.

At another sell-out show staged by Joe "Ballyhoo" Waterman, Ah Wing Lee and Benny Pelz again drew in a thriller. Roy Ockley, Cloudburst, Mont., outslugged "Wildcat" Carter, Seattle Negro, in six. Tony Portillo was awarded a T. K. O. over "Piece o' Mahogany" Jack Kirk in five. In the card's sensation, Ray Morgan, local favorite, scored a T K. O. over Jack Sparr, Medford, in two.

At Silverton, Ray Hannan, Silverton, defeated Bill Ellington, Tillamook. Willard Norton nodded George Becker.

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NOTHING TO BUY

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

THE boxing game in Alabama is fairly good but the wrestling game is much better in its ways and means. The wrestlers here get more chance to perform than the boxers do, for the simple reason that many places hold regular wrestling, mostly on small scales, and Birmingham seems to be the only town to hold regular boxing shows.

Our young light-heavyweight, Jack Tunney, who has been having a tough time establishing himself as a headliner in boxing here, has turned wrestler.

Chris Jordan, veteran wrestler, is teaching youngsters how to wrestle in Fairfield. He is also still promoting successfully there, as well as at Jasper.

Bill Dotley, promoter at Tarrant City, has been mixing his wrestling cards with amateur boxing lately, with some success.

Joe Calamoosa, trainer and expert rubber, is doing good business at his gymnasium in Birmingham. It is called the "Birmingham Boxing Club."

Promoter Curtis Sanford, for Post No. 115, in Birmingham, put over two successful boxing cards the past month and expects to follow it up with the appearance of Jack Dempsey. In a double wind-up Billy Mobley shaded Al Donnelly, of New Orleans, in ten rounds of featherweight milling and Jack Ausborne trounced Kid Oser, stablemate of Donnelly's, in a fight of ten heats. The preliminaries were also good. Jim Elam drew with Carl Dowdy. Whitey Sailors beat Porky Saab.

In a later card of Post No. 115, Promoter Sanford showed Battling Bozo against Babe Hunt, which resulted in a draw. In the seven-round semi-final Tom Blanton, a rising light-heavyweight, trounced Ed Kaiser, the sensational amateur champion of last year. Porky Saab outpointed Carl Dowdy in five rounds. Jim Elam, former amateur, drew with Sailor Whitey in another five-spot. This was a feather in Elam's cap. Tommy Martin drew with Hard Boy Henry in another five-round bout.

The Ensley Athletic Club still retains its quota of membership for a small club. It will have plenty of good amateurs this summer.

WEST VIRGINIA JABS
By CHARLES BIBB

TOM McCAFFERTY, light-heavy, has returned to Charleston after a very successful tour of the South. He kayoed Kid Bambeiro, light-heavy champion of Cuba, in the second round.

Three retirements among the better known West Virginia boxers have been reported—those of Russ Rowsey, Bobby Grant, and Lonnie Bowden. Others are warming up for comebacks, notably Dutch Affolter and Bobby Meadows.

This state's ring activities will be governed by the policies of the N. B. A. from now on, according to an announcement of the state athletic moguls. A good move in the right direction.

The old Manassa Mauler made a tour of West Virginia as these notes are written. He was billed at Huntington, to meet Billy Miles of Huntington and Jack Kearns of Charleston. At Clarksburg he will be a worry to Big John Parker and another opponent.

From reliable sources comes the word that the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Huntington will compete with Vanity Fair at an early date, holding their shows at the Armory. Raymond King, commander of the V. F. W., probably will do the match-making.

Billy Williams still looks like the best prospect for lightweight honors in West Virginia, although some others are coming along handsomely. Johnny Devlin, an admirable little fellow, looks mighty good among the flyweights. So does Floyd Forbes shine among the 112-pounders, but matching material is scarce hereabouts.

Few stables have survived the local depression. Only two of good size remain—that of the Melton Brothers, who have the popular Jack Kearns and others, and the writer's stable, which is headed by Tom McCafferty and Billy Williams. Bobby Grant is handling Bill Greer, of St. Albans, and claims the state heavyweight title for him.

Due to pressure of other business, "Hud" Hudson, who has been so ably conducting this column for some time, has relinquished his duties to the writer, who hopes to bring the news to readers of THE RING in some measure comparable to the fine work of "Hud." Every deserving boxer gets a fair break in THE RING, but first it is necessary that the news be sent to its correspondent. Address Charles M. Bibb, 711 Fife St., Charleston, W. Va.

Only one Charleston show to report. Mickey Doyle, lightweight of Pittston, Pa., outsmarted Johnny Cataline in ten rounds. On the same bill, Kid Cook, 141, Huntington, took the nod over Willie Bias, Logan (6); Marine Devore, Huntington, won over Bennie Burns, Akron (6); Bill Greer, St. Albans heavy prospect, hung a TKO on Jeff Skeens of Kentucky in the second heat.

Huntington.—Tony Legore, walloping wop from Rainelle, continued his socking way here by knocking out Kid Cook in the second; on the same card, Dick McDonie took a decision over Willie Yapp in six; Les Moore lost by kayo to Ed Dombroski (3); Red Akers won nod over K. O. Powers (6), and Young Jack Sharkey knocked out Jimmie Fenton. This was Sharkey's second win by kayo over Fenton.

LISTEN TO THIS . . . Johnny Cataline is now with Jack London's string at Pittsburgh. . . . With so many amateur shows here and there in the state, we should have plenty of pro action this summer. . . . Passes and politics are the bane of boxing in many sections. . . . One encouraging turn is the interest of several Charleston churches in the game . . . one church has more than a hundred boys training in its gym. . . . Where, oh, where is that state elimination tournament? . . . Tony Legore is a quick-change artist with managers. . . . Every win gets him a new pilot. . . . Pud Perdue is the latest. . . . Mickey Davies, of Huntington, is the state's youngest manager . . . he is 13 years old and has four pugs. . . . Amateurs and their coaches would do well to get books on the boxing game from THE RING . . . they save time, trouble, and temper. . . . Benny McArthur, Fairmont lightweight, is taking part in the national elimination contest at Detroit. . . . Frankie Ryan is reported to have a fight coming up at Marietta, Ohio. . . . Harry Forbes is whiling his time between bouts in Chicago. . . . Wrestling is still predominant in Charleston, under Ross Leader. . . . Harry Bartley apparently has given up managing for the time being. . . . Almost all good newsstands sell THE RING . . . If your dealer does not carry it, ask him to get it for you. . . . Nothing else like this publication on the market.

BOXING IN GEORGIA
By JACK AKIN

IN Savannah, Joe Lohman, Toledo heavy, won over George Neron, billed as the heavyweight champion of Greece, in a listless ten-rounder. In the semi-final Jake Denning, light-heavy champion of North Carolina, stopped Bill Sykes, of Jacksonville, Fla., in the seventh round.

Joe Fino, a Mexican, won the decision over Midget Mike Dundee. Honey Boy Bradford and Benny Greenfield fought a draw in the opening bout.

In Atlanta, Sailor Gibson won on a T. K. O. over Johnny Richie in the third round. In the semi-final Mickey McDaniel won over Benny Regan. Charlie Brown kayoed Frank Wheeler in the third, in the six-rounder. Blue Goose Norris kayoed Kid Holt in the first round of the opener.

Boxing is still at a stand-still here. Savannah is about the only town that has been putting on regular shows. E. D. Alexander is the promoter there and has been giving the fight fans in Savannah good fights and continues to draw.

I want the support of all the managers and fighters in the State, so send me your news and have it here not later than the 12th of each month. Send your notes to Jack Akin, c/o General Delivery, Brunswick, Ga.

MIDDLE GAWGA JOLTS
By AL DURDEN

WHAT promised to be a rough and gory battle, was ended when the top rope broke in the third round and tossed Blondy Parker and Ted Goodrich out of the ring at Fort Benning. Parker was knocked cold when his head came in contact with the oak floor.

Valdosta continues to turn out for the semi-monthly fight shows. In the last show, Jimmy Griffin stopped Grumpy Gordy, of Benning, in five rounds. Kid Baisden stopped Frankie Voight in the third.

Boots Antley, veteran southpaw, looked like his old time self when he handed Marshall Cardwell a lacing in ten rounds at Columbus.

Puggy Weinert, Benning welter, holds the record for consecutive draw decisions. He began with Saginaw Seely in the opening February show at Benning. It was a fast mill with honors even. Next, Rip Tetherton and Puggy divided the duke. Bob Allison and Puggy drew at Albany. Then three nights later Puggy and Bulldog Downs broke even at Savannah. One week later Puggy mixed and mingled with Bob Allen, at Savannah, and again both boys' hands were raised.

Rip Tetherton, Benning welter, had Marshall Cardwell on the floor for long counts on two occasions in their recent battle at Fort Benning. Tetherton won by a mile on points.

DELAWARE DOPE
By DAN McVEY

ERNIE RATNER and Tony Loftus staged a very poor fight at the Auditorium. Tony Palmer took a terrible beating at the hands of Jimmy Stewart. Tony's jaw was broken in two places. Ray Romney, old war horse, surprised the young Al Tendler by taking down the decision in their six-rounder. Joe O'Neal stopped Duke Devise in three.

Joe Smallwood, who has been clamoring for a crack at Young Ketchell, got his chance and made good his threat to trim the Chesterite. Smallwood looms as the most colorful figure Wilmington has had for a long time. He proved his drawing power by attracting the largest gate this season. The Romney-Tendler feud was renewed with the nod going to Tendler by a large margin.

Johnny Lucas, blond tiger from Camden, chalked up an important victory when he won over Jackie Pilkington. This Lucas lad is ready for the best of them. He and his juvenile manager, Anthony Georgette, have the writer's best wishes. Mickey Bliss substituted for Carl Durva and flattened Earl Dunlap in two rounds. Frankie Wells and Bob Cadsby tried to settle their dispute but were unable, getting a draw verdict.

Sid Lampe out-slugged Joe Scalfaro. Johnny Lucas beat Midget Fox and Carl Durva stopped Frankie Rawley. Solly Burman got off to a bad start when he ran into Al Jones. Jones is a very likely looking youngster.

The fans in Wilmington just will not go for names. It's fights they crave.

Well folks THE RING can be purchased at all the leading news stands in Wilmington now and if you really want to brush up on your boxing and wrestling, you just have to purchase this great publication. It gives you the low-down on the game all over the world.

IN LAKE COUNTY, FLORIDA
By DOCTOR DEMKO

KID ALLEN, speedy featherweight from Sanford, Fla., fought Luke Searcy ten of the hardest and fastest rounds seen this season at the Leesburg show, with Searcy winning by a very small margin.

Johnny Glenn, of Paisley, Fla., one of the Lake County's best middleweight amateur boxers, fought three of the best fights seen in the district A. A. U. championship boxing tournament held at St. Augustine. Glenn beat Manly Leavell, of the Florida Military Academy, stopped Johnny Schlicter, of Jacksonville, in three rounds and beat Clarence Boykin, of Jacksonville, in the final. The judges had disagreed and the referee gave him the verdict.

IN WAYNESBORO, VA.

SINCE the Governor has signed the bill legalizing boxing, things are perking up here. At Staunton, where the first show under the new regime was staged, Ace O'Brien of Reading, Pa., won from Jack Coiner of Staunton. George Red Harris of Waynesboro, won from Red Reed of Praigsville, Va., and Bobby Courtney of Waynesboro won from Frankie Wilson of Staunton.

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ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

THE ranking St. Louis fighters, follow: Heavyweights—John Schwake, Tom Pivac; Light-heavyweights—Al Stillman, Johnny Miles; Middleweights—Chick Rains, Johnny Hoekstra; Welterweights—Allan Mathews, Jack Horner; Lightweights—Lou Terry, Eddie Terry; Jr.-lightweights—Joe Ghnouly, Howard Scott; Featherweights—Peewee Kaiser, Dave Barry; Bantamweights—Cliff Doetzel, Johnny Emmerick and Flyweights—Frank Doxey, Vale Falegano.

Lou Terry and Howard Scott were honored with invitations to participate in the National Boxing Association's lightweight elimination tournament at Grand Rapids, Mich. The two local youngsters accepted. They are both good punchers.

What the local leather pushers have been doing: John Schwake lost a ten-rounder to Chuck Wiggins; Al Stillman kayoed Buck Kammen in three; Chick Rains triumphed over Kid Kober, Jack Caywood and lost to Kid Slaughter; Johnny Hoekstra dropped one to Mickey Patrick; Lou Terry tipped over Buster Brown, lost a ten-rounder to Wesley Ramey, was outboxed by Buster Brown when his right eye was closed in the second round and he fought the balance of a twelve-rounder with his vision temporarily blinded; Howard Scott beat Woodrow Williams, Charley Patrick and stopped Neil Grubbs; Dave Barry scored his fourteenth straight local victory, stopping Billy Hook in five rounds; Ray Palmer lost to Lou Vine; Allan Mathews stopped Kid Leach in one round; Woodrow Williams lost to Howard Scott and beat Leroy Dougan; Cliff Doetzel beat Vale Falegano and drew with Sammy Goldman; Paul Lang lost a close one to Steve Salina.

The open air season will soon be with us again. "Kid" Bandy plans to operate as does Jack Tippett. Other promoters have been seen talking the outdoor situation over, which seems to indicate that local fans will have plenty of glove throwing during the warm nights. Last summer Jack Tippett averaged a show per week at the Battery Arena and closed with a substantial profit. His best promotion grossed $5,600.

The indoor season has been unsuccessful financially. Plenty of star performers and good hard fights but the drawing power was not there and the fans stayed home. Probably the most sensational match of the past season was that between Howard Scott and Peewee Kaiser. Both fighters were on the floor for several nine counts but got up and kept pitching.

We learn that Sammy Offerman, popular local 135-pounder, made a fine showing at Madison Square Garden when he met Young Firpo. Firpo won the decision, but Offerman's eyes were severely cut in the fourth round which handicapped him.

Roy Mitchell seems destined to become a local card. His two victories over that good club fighter, Jackie Purvis, have turned the matchmakers' and fans' eyes in Roy's direction.

Fighters and managers looking for booking in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

MICHIGAN MITTS
By BILL PERRY

FRANKIE DONNELLY, state flyweight champion, retained his title by winning a referee's decision over Franklin Young, former title holder. Donnelly won eight of the ten rounds. Don McLeod, Northville lightweight, defeated Eddie Felton, of Chicago, in 8 rounds. Buddy McArthur, light-heavyweight, won a hard fought fight from Martin Levandowski. This is the first time Levandowski has lost a fight since turning professional.

In a return match at Flint, Battling Gizzy again won the referee's decision over "Cowboy" Eddie Anderson. Carlo Mazzola, weight 121 pounds, won the nod over Frankie Murphy, weight 122 pounds, in 8 rounds. Both boys are from Detroit.

Over at Lansing, Pettit Ferrarar won a T. K. O. over the veteran, Chuck Wiggins, in the sixth round. Ferrerar won every round by a wide margin. Wiggins weighed 201 pounds, while Ferrarar weighed only 169 pounds.

Sammy Goldman, bantamweight from Grand Rapids, is coming along in great shape. He shows improvement in every fight.

The national lightweight elimination tournament sponsored by the N. B. A. at Grand Rapids, failed to draw them through the gate on the opening skirmishes. Less than a thousand fans turned out to watch the boys perform. All the bouts went the limit—ten rounds. Eddie Koppy defeated Eddie Black. Harry Robertson defeated Genaro. Eddie Lord trimmed Jimmy Dean, and Eddie Selton won over Glen Camp.

At the Muskegon show, Orrie Mosher won the referee's decision over Herman Perlick in 10 rounds. Perlick gave Mosher a much tougher battle than Wesley Ramey did on the last card. Perlick's infighting rendered much punishment to Mosher. The bout that stole the show was between Reuben Edmonds and Pete Petroskey, local welterweights. They fought a six-rounder that was packed with thrills from start to finish with Edmonds receiving the decision, which was unpopular with the fans.

The writer can be reached at 1527 Sixth Street, Muskegon, Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS AND VICINITY
By MICKY McINTYRE

WESTERN MICHIGAN seems to be about as near to having a World Champion as it has in recent years. Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids' own lightweight is one of the first ten lightweights, having beaten such good boys as Benny Bass, Pat Igo, Ralph Lenny, Sammy Dorfman, Steve Halaiko, and Tex Takela. Martin Levandowski, Grand Rapids light-heavyweight, and former National Amateur champion has only met defeat once since turning pro. He has beaten or held his own against Charley Belanger, Matt Adgie, Jock Malone, Emmett Curtice, and Jack Scarton among others. Orrie Mosher of Muskegon recently fought a draw with Ramey.

Benny Touchstone, Detroit's best heavyweight, went down to Indianapolis and took a licking from Chuck Wiggins. Touchstone was the state heavyweight champ but he lost that title to Pettit Ferrarar of Lansing.

Frankie Donnelly, state flyweight champion, is one of the best prospects in the country. He won the title from Franklin Young and has beaten Young twice since then.

Johnny Hoekstra of Niles seems to have seen his best days. He was beaten by Mickey Patrick at Chicago in his last start.

Managers, fighters, and promoters in and around Grand Rapids send your photos and data to the writer and I will publish same in THE RING, world's foremost boxing magazine. You must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for a quick reply. All questions will be answered in THE RING. My address is: M. McIntyre, Star Route, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

Martin Levandowski, the Grand Rapids Strong Boy recently beat Rosy Rosales, Cleveland Mexican. It was Levandowski's first real test and he fought like a champion. Rosales put up a good fight however.

Buddy McArthur of Saginaw and West Virginia beat Levandowski in ten thrilling rounds at Saginaw. McArthur scored a knockdown in the second and Levandowski scored four knockdowns in the eighth frame. Bud won eight rounds with one even and Levandowski winning one.

Freddy Heinz, middleweight from Saginaw, defeated Pete Barrett, of Detroit, in the ten-round semi-final. Alex Heinz, of Saginaw, stopped Stanley Stockmal, of Grand Rapids, in the second, while Al Honos of Detroit won from Johnny Berber, of Grand Rapids in six rounds.

The leading fighters of Michigan are as follows: Heavyweight: Flash Rizer, Benny Touchstone, George Trenkle. Light-heavy: Flash Rizer, Martin Levandowski, Buddy McArthur. Middle: Frankie Misko, Joe Ruggizonni, Leon Jasinski. Welter: Morrie Sherman, Howard McLain, Pete Petroskey. Lightweight: Wesley Ramey, Orrie Mosher, Benny McArthur. Junior-lightweight: Roger Bernard. Featherweight: Billy Shaw, Carlo Mazzola, Joe Palazolla. Bantamweight: Pee Wee Wilson, Wilbur Chevalier, Frankie Murphy. Flyweight: Frankie Donnelly, Johnny Sili, Franklyn Young.

Leon Jasinski, Grand Rapids light-heavyweight, knocked out Johnny Misco, of Saginaw, in the first of a scheduled ten-rounder.

In the semi-windup Marcus Nole, Grand Rapids, and Jack Horton, Detroit, middleweights, were thrown out of the ring in the eighth round. Nole was way ahead at the finish.

In six-round bouts Ace Martin, Lansing light-heavy, drew with Emery Nemeth of Niles, while Johnny Gale, Three Rivers, whipped Eddie Hoffman of South Bend. Both fighters weighed 120.

At Detroit, Bob O'Signac, Benton Harbor, was given a thorough trouncing by Frankie Misko, Saginaw schoolboy. Through his victory Misko revenged a knockout given him by O'Signac some months ago. In the semi-windup Johnny Mitchell, Detroit, beat Frank Cebriat of Niles.

Wesley Ramey made the best fight of his career in beating Benny Bass, former world featherweight and junior-lightweight champion, in ten rounds at St Louis. Ramey floored Bass in the second.

Al Stillman, St. Louis, knocked out Buck Kammon, Grand Rapids, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout, while Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids bantamweight, and Clifford Doetzell, St. Louis, went four rounds with honors even.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

DAVENPORT, IA.—Red Heneghan the Davenport fight impresario staged a successful card as follows: Young Stuhley, Kewanee, jabbed Kid Leonard, of East Moline, at will and won eight of the ten rounds and had a big margin in their ten-round middleweight fight. Stuhley weighed 148 and Leonard scaled 157½. Young Terry, Davenport lightweight, trounced Glenn Camp, Kewanee, in six.

Sonny Loyed, Davenport, shaded Billy Blunke, East Moline in 6. . . . Cliff Beckman, Davenport, crashed a wicked uppercut on Steve Rosina's chin in the fifth and another lightweight bit the dust. . . . Young Powell, Rock Island, shaded Harold Fugate, of Clinton, Ia., in 6, and Vic Smith walloped Toad Johnston in the opener of 4 rounds.

Johnny Hippert, of Kewanee, who is now living in the Tri-Cities, has joined partnership with Peanuts Schieberl. Between the two they control about forty professional and amateur fighters. They hold amateur shows at their gym on 317½ W. 2nd St., Davenport, every week, and would like to hear from nearby amateurs and amateur fight promoters. To all professional fighters going through Davenport, stop and train at this gym. They welcome you with no charge at all. Any fight pictures sent them for the gym will be appreciated.

See you next month.

NEBRASKA'S NEWS
By J. J. BAZZELL

BOXING shows are being sponsored by the South Omaha Legion at the 25th & L Auditorium every two weeks. Ritchie Mack defeated Nach Manriquez, Atlantic, Iowa, in the eight-round headliner. Al Short, Dick Moore's middleweight protege, made short work of Al Terab in the first round. Jimmie Murphy, junior-lightweight, fought a draw with Johnny Nebone, of Edgemont, So. Dak.

Muggsy McGraw is the pride of Sheeleytown. Bobby Hughes, former University of Nebraska amateur, has turned pro.

Tommy Thomas, flyweight champion, after three years in the Simon Pures, is set for the national tournament at Madison Square Garden, April 26.

Tommy Grogan won a ten-round decision from Billy Vaughn at the Auditorium. Ritchie Mack outsmarted Jimmie Wooten in the six-round semi.

Sammy Ward, lightweight contender, is anxious to show in Omaha against Tommy Grogan. Ward has met Tony Herrera twice in close fights, has knocked out Bobby Garcia, Kid Lencho, Eddie Wallace and lots of others.

Boxers wishing to get their fight results in THE RING send your notes to the writer at The Arena Cigar Store, 215 So. 24th St., Omaha, Nebr.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

WELL, here we are again! Had two or three blow-outs in getting here, but this load of boxing news, that we have on hand, would break down a trans-continental truck. So all you good fellows, who sent notes to us this time, don't get mad if you don't see them, we just had to hold some off until next month. At this writing, Sioux City is coming back to its own as one of the leading fistic centers in the tall-corn State.

Eddie Morris, local match-maker for two Sioux City boxing clubs, informs us he is on the hunt for boxing talent, and would like to hear from managers and boxers. Mail will reach Mr. Morris at the Sioux City *Journal*.

Louie Zack, local heavyweight, lost a 10-rounder to Bearcat Wright, Omaha, at Joe Ryan's first show. Speedy Schaefer, Sioux City, beat Jim McCafferty, Omaha, in 8; Billy Love, Omaha, beat Natch Manariquez, Atlantic, in 6; Harold Rogers, Sioux City, lost to Young Rightmeyer, Omaha, in 4.

The second annual stag party for Shriners and friends at the Abu-Bekr temple, featured a boxing show with the following results: Jimmy Thompson, Sioux City, beat Buzz Smith, Liberty, Nebr., in 6; Harold Rogers, Sioux City, drew with Kid Gatewood, Decatur, Nebr., in 6; Al Phal, Sioux City, licked Phil Montgomery in 4; J. M. Bach, directed the program, with Eddie Morris doing the matching.

Picking the best card of the month from Don's Gym is no soft job, so herewith is a few of the results: Ray Mann and Johnny Lambert drew in 6; Sailor Burke, put the K. O. on Jimmy Harrison in 3; Mickey Slater knocked out Young Bearcat Wright in 3; Jimmy Mendozino and Buster Skinner drew 4; Dick Richards beat Mutt Bennett in 4.

Tiger Jack Payne, Omaha, and Louie Zack, Sioux City heavy, were billed for a 10-rounder at the Auditorium, but at the last minute, Zack, and manager, "Buster Brown" Schanke, of Omaha, decided that 1200 fans was too small a house to box for, and left the promoters, Nate Dax, and Joe Ryan flat. Speedy Schaefer, did the pinch-hitting for Zack, and earned a draw with Payne. Chuck Patterson lost to Canada Lee in 8; Jay Conlon won over Floyd Morey in 6; Young Rightmeyer, beat Sammy Mosco, in 4; Kid Jabbo shaded Gene Rasch, in 3.

This column has the honor of being requested to carry the results of the Golden Gloves tournament at Minneapolis, which was for the Northwest championship. The following champions were named: Flyweight—Walter Nolan, Minneapolis; Bantamweight—Jerry Dugan, Minneapolis; Featherweight—Owen Trickey, Minneapolis; Lightweight—Johnny Walsh, Minneapolis; Welterweight—Robert Rowell, Minneapolis; Middleweight—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul; Light Heavyweight—Frank Andorff, Anoka, Minn.; Heavyweight—Earl Sather, Minneapolis.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota—Johnny Martin Larchwood, Iowa, defeated Billy Light, St. Paul, in 10; Johnny Burds, Sioux City, knocked out Art Sickel, Sioux Falls, in 3; Ray Mann, Sioux City, knocked out Bill Bourbon, Sioux Falls, in 4; Mickey O'Day, Groton, beat Al Phal, Sioux City in 6; Jimmy Riley, Sioux Falls, beat Francis "Kid" Gatewood, Decatur, Nebraska, in 4.

Bismarck, North Dakota—Young Dixie Miller, Sioux City lightweight was knocked out in two rounds by "Wild" Kid Jaynes, the North Dakota "Grasshopper." (Readers, keep your eye on this Jaynes boy.)

Fort Dodge, Iowa—Harold Rogers, Sioux City bantam and Kid Swezey, Storm Lake, fought a six-round draw; Ike Bayouth, Tulsa, Okla., beat Bobby McLaughlin, Des Moines, in 4; George Fritz, Fort Dodge, won over Merle Carr, Ames, in 4; Joe Lucas, Fort Dodge, and Bobby La Salle, Des Moines, drew in 4; Jimmy Salvadore, Fort Dodge, beat Young Nemo, Des Moines, in 4; Glen Musselman, Fort Dodge, defeated Jimmy Cronin, Newton, in 4.

Boys working out at "Don's swat shop" on Fourth street: Buddy Harris, Tommy Ryan, Battling Bandy, Mickey O'Day, Ray Mann, Mickey Mcquire, Johnny Burds, Al Phal, Harold Rogers, Jimmy Thompson, Tommy Finnegan, Babe Barnes, Joey Rich, Tommy Sacco, Tuffy Dial, Buzz Smith, Johnny Lambert, Sailor Burke, Otis Cortez, Mickey Slater, Young Bearcat Wright, Jimmy Harrison, Buddy Short, Dick Mahoney, Kieth Weaver, Joe Shelbar, Phil Montgomery, Dick Richards, Mutt Bennett, Jimmy Mendozino.

Now you boys, can all say you had your name in the "RING," so get your scrap books. It would also be a good idea for some of you boys to get "Training for Boxers," "How to Box," and "How to Second a Boxer." No boxer or manager, with intentions of getting any place should be without them. It is money well spent. Look the "RING BOOK SHOP" over.

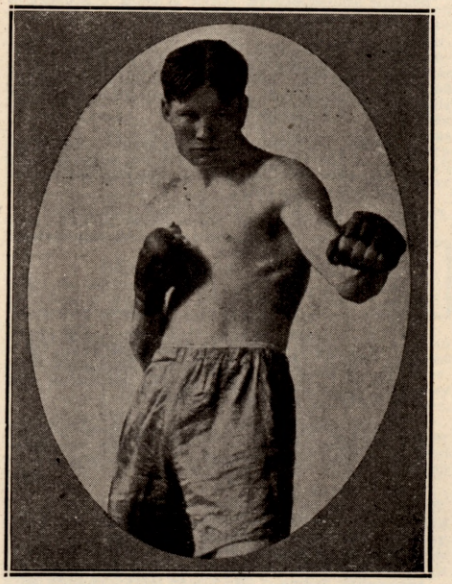
The Trinity College Academy of Sioux City, informs us that they have another good looking boxing team this year. The following boys compose this year's team; Art and Leo Barrett, Nash, Nice, Kirwin, Haverkamp, Grogan, and Landry. Coach Don Joynt is the able boxing instructor at the Academy.

Roy Gillis, Sioux City's police-man wrestler, has returned to the mat sport. Gillis is no soft spot.

Deadwood, South Dakota—Dick Demaray, the "fighting cowpuncher" of Aberdeen, South Dakota halted the long winning streak of Billy Vaughn, Torrington, Wyo., by knocking the latter out in five rounds.

Paul Anthony, former Sioux City promoter, writes from Anderson, Ind., and informs us, he has opened up a new Gym there. Paul sends his regards through THE RING to his Sioux City friends. He also states his address is 816 Jackson Street, and would appreciate hearing from his old friends in Sioux City.

Announcement is made, that Bobby Paul and Bill Hawkins have come to the parting of the ways after ten years of partnership in the boxing game in Sioux City. The two veterans parted as friends. Bobby Paul going to Lincoln, Nebr., and joining up with Frank Koops, boxing promoter there, while Hawkins has joined up with Howard Graack, well known Sioux City boxing manager.



Babe Hunt, rugged Oklahoma heavyweight

In answer to twenty-six letters asking for the names of promoters out here during the past month, I am going to give them to you through THE RING. Here they are:

Harry Jones, Riverview Park, Sioux City, Iowa; Tom Brislane, 511 Nebraska Street, Sioux City, Iowa; Eddie Morris, Sioux City *Journal:* Joe Ryan and Nate Dax, Hipp Theatre, Sioux City, Iowa; Sailor Burke, 1109 4th Street, Sioux City, Iowa; Graack and Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . Our good friend and boss, Nat Fleischer, has informed me a number of times, that space will not permit the carrying of all the news sent in, so I am forced to leave out a number of notes, you boys send to me . . . sorry. . . . Kid Whistle, and Hid Herman, are the best time-keepers in Don's Gym. . . . They make the boys step. . . . Harry Jones is waiting for warm weather . . . then the out-door shows! . . . Nate Dax, says Louie Zack has a bad case of "cold feet" caused from a Tiger Jack Payne . . . and another thing says, Mr. Dax . . . that an old gag, "not enough money in the house" . . . I have had that pulled on me before! . . . Bobby Paul writes us from Lincoln, and says, "things are fine." We counted twenty-one "RINGS" being read at one time in Don's Gym. . . . THE RING is always right up in the windows of the newsstands. . . . While this is going to press Tuffy Griffiths will be saying "I do". . . . Ray Mann is on the war-path again. From now on all long distance calls over the writer's phone must be paid in advance. . . . This to prevent wearing out shoe leather trying to collect. . . . Danny Desmond never fails to call a boxing contest "an up-lift". . . . Tom Brislane will stage out-door shows at the ball-park. . . . Jimmy Thompson is ready for tougher game, but don't seem to be able to get a break. . . . Sailor Burke is fighter, manager and promoter.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS—Cliff Perkins knocked out Ray Scott in 3 rounds at Memorial Hall. Floyd Herrington and Bob Lacey drew in 5. Earl Mason and Andy Pear drew in 4. Kid Erne knocked out Jack Thompson in 2. Billy White and Skeet McEvoy drew in 4. Babe Routh bea Kid Yale in 3.

El Dorado. Kansas—The American Legion staged a successful three-day Amateur Boxing Tournament directed by Les Showers. The winners: H—Don Thrasher of Wichita, L-H—Ike White of El Dorado; M—Lefty Schaeffer of Wichita; W—Johnny Ross of Wichita; F—Orbie Ingersoll, Fly—Frankie Keefover.

Enid, Oklahoma—Dude McCook beat Newsboy Joie Rich of Chicago in 10 rounds. Kid Granite and Babe Barnes fought a fast 10-round draw. Dude McCook is the best bantamweight in the southwest.

Kansas City, Missouri—An A. A. U. three-day Boxing tournament was staged at the International Arena. The winners: H—Jack Daniels; L-H—Bud Schildknecht; M—Joe (Red) Haas; W—Harry Kid Engle; L—Pat Kissinger; F—Royal Coffman; B—Lester Smith; Fly—Jerry Jenkins. Tom McHugh was matchmaker.

Picher, Oklahoma—Chuck Elbert "The Missouri Giant" knocked out Jack Frost in 2 rounds. Roy Stevens and Sandy Robinson fought 10 rounds to a draw. George Windham beat Sherril James in 6. Andy Bishop beat Douglas (Chief Whitehorse) Keel in 6. Reddy Daniels beat Herschel Mills in 6. Obie Brown knocked out Toby Boyd in 1. LeRoy Gibson knocked out Andrew Wright in 1. Billy Newton of Joplin promoted the bouts.

Hutchinson, Kansas—Floyd Abbott, local referee and sportsman, staged a three-day district Amateur Boxing Tournament.

Kansas City, Missouri—International Arena amateur boxing bout results: Pat Kissinger knocked out Lou Malone in 2. Bruce Jaffrays knocked out Jack Davidson in 3. Fred Schantz beat Joe (Red) Haas in 3. Harry Knecht beat Sonny Walters. Carrol Lloyd beat Joe Ciro. Johnny Royal beat Harlan Scott. Charley King knocked out Lee Hovis in 2. Joe Sherry beat Fritz Kelly. Bob Haggard beat Phil Nordveldt. Louis Love beat Carlo Morley. Mickey Johnson beat Mickey Lee.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—Frankie O'Farrell of Chicago and Stinger Steel of Forth Smith, Ark., scheduled to fight a 10-round main event were halted and thrown out of the ring at the end of six rounds. Real Villa and Frankie Graham fought six fast rounds to a draw.

Kansas City, Missouri—International Arena amateur boxing bout results: Bud Schildknecht beat Freddy Welch. Fred Schantz beat Red (Joe) Haas. Johnny Franks beat Pee Wee Weideman. Bill Ramey beat Joe Piersol. Dick Meiers beat Bus Sawyer. Ted Charno beat Harry Tresler. Tony Manners over Al Flowers by default. Oscar Schildknecht beat Yale Turnham. Louis Love beat Lary Smithmeier. Lloyd Weems by default over Ray Wheeler. Blair Stewart knocked out Ollie Skinner in 2. Glen Lee K. O'ed Mick Johnson in 2 rounds.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—A three-day Amateur boxing tournament to decide the state amateur championships. The winners: H—Gordon Mott of the Okla Aggies; L-H—Red Crisp of the Okla Aggies; M—Junior Munsell of Chilocco; W—Lewis Curtis of Chilocco; L—Howard Coulston of Duncan; F—Benny Breen of Duncan; B—Jeffy Vann of Chilocco; Fly—Phil Rahill of the Okla Aggies. Vann, Breen, Coulston, Curtis, Munsell and Crisp, winners in this tournament, participated in the Wichita meet a few weeks previous, none of them winning a title, only Vann and Crisp reached the finals.

Enid, Oklahoma—This city held a three-day amateur tournament. Tulsa, Okla., also had an A. A. U. meet. Many towns are staging such contests to select some real talent to go to the Olympics at Los Angeles in July.

Picher, Oklahoma—Tiger Jack Fox, colored heavyweight, knocked out George Dixon in 3 rounds. Roy Stevens and Chief Terrapin fought 10 rounds to a draw. Buddy Kerley knocked out Pete Brittenham in 4. Al Stanley knocked out Mike Dry in 5. Roddy Arnold beat Lefty Masters in 4 rounds. Billy Newton promoted this bout, which received much praise in the local paper.

Loose and Drifting . . . Ft. Scott has tried in vain to line up with Les Showers for the directing of an amateur tournament there. Possibly get it in the near future. Johnny Husong, the state's "Big Shot" promoter at Wichita, is attempting to get Babe Hunt and Tuffy Griffiths together. The congenial Jack Slattery is keeping his ace welter, Kenny Hill, busy.

"ALL FOR $1.00. SEE PAGE 2 AND READ ABOUT GUS MARTEL, THE K. O. RECORD HOLDER OF THE WORLD AND DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS"

NOTES FROM ERIE
By LEW KROHN

TWO great bouts recently held here were staged between Ray Collins, of Erie, and Chet Smallwood, of Akron, Ohio, Mattie Matthewson, of Buffalo, and Leo Mozdy, of Erie. Return matches of both would be welcomed by Erie fans.

"Red" Duffy's Gym, just around the corner from the Ford Hotel, is the meeting place for most of the boxing fraternity of Erie. Practically all of Erie's fighters are training at this well-equipped gymnasium.

Duke Denning recently took his stable to Charlotte, North Carolina, where Ray Collins and Jimmy Swinson put up one of the greatest fights ever seen in the South. Both boys hit the canvas several times, and had the crowd on their feet during the entire ten rounds.

The *Dispatch Herald*, with Ray Peebles, sporting editor, put up a great show in its first annual Golden Gloves Tournament.

Maxie Strub is back in shape and would like a crack at the leading lightweights of the country. Since returning to the roped square, he has fought Ray Miller, Don McLeod and Sammy Dorfman, winning from the last two, and dropping a close decision to Ray Miller.

The Auditorium A. C. ran into a little bad luck when two shows were called off at the last hour.

Johnny Piai, of Greenville, a popular middleweight two years ago, assayed a come-back, but was knocked out by I. T. Battles, colored star, who seems to be going places.

There is a great demand for wrestling in Erie, and the fans may be gratified in the near future. Keystone A. C. is negotiating for some high-class wrestling shows at this time.

The writer enjoys reading Bill Miller's stuff in THE RING, and hopes that there is lots more coming. Bill's style is what I call real reading. Let's have lots more of those kind of stories in THE RING.

Dan Reilly, Jr., has returned to manage the Ford Hotel. Dan has always been popular with members of the boxing fraternity and it now appears that the Ford, with Dan in charge, and the Reed House, with Rolfe Kilby, manager, both rabid boxing fans, will divide the patronage of boxers and their managers.

Tug Phillips, of Charleroi, Pa., is gunning for a shot at Champion Jackie Fields. Tug recently defeated Relampago Saguero at Chicago, and also Jackie Purvis at Cleveland.

Tony Gamble, a little 110-pound package of dynamite, has won practically every bout he has ever been in. On a number of occasions he has fought boys weighing as high as 120 pounds. It is the writer's opinion that Gamble will represent America at the Olympics.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

THE fight game here is well on its way to recovery The local talent is all steamed up and putting forth their best efforts and giving the fans what they want—action and plenty of it.

Joe Jordon, Mat Allen's heavyweight prospect, continues along his winning ways. He beat Tom Hambright, of Toledo, in ten fast rounds. Tommy Rogers, the Tupalo, Miss., middle, tamed Wild Bill Butler in two rounds. Spunky Gill and D. B. Poor, two of the best bantams, fought five fast rounds, with Gill getting Referee Haack's decision. Cotton Deaton outslugged Ty Tollard in five rounds. Eddie Stewart punched Bill Wilder around for five rounds to earn a decision.

Luther Orr turned in his best fight by knocking out Sailor Coleman, of Cleveland, Miss., for Orr's third straight K. O. Joe Patterson beat Tommy Rogers in ten rounds. Ray Shook, veteran welter, K. O.'ed Al Thornton in three. Bobby Jarome beat Billy Spann in five rounds. Cotton Deaton defeated Kid Priest in five.

Tiger Burns, the Mississippi lightweight, and Fred Rivalto, of Memphis, tried it over again, with the result a draw after ten hard fought rounds. Jack Holder took the veteran Joe Patterson into camp in ten. Lewis Bernard beat Joe Groves in five. Rossie King, K. O.'ed Ray Terris in one. Geo. Robertson lost to Jimmie Priest in one.

The most promising boys here are Joe Jordon, heavy; Tom Hambright, light-heavy; Luther Orr, middle; Tiger Burns, lightweight; Charley Rhodes, feather; Spunky Gill, bantam, and Earl Everett, flyweight. Other good boys are Jack Holder, Freddie Rivalto, Louis Bernard, Young Joe Dundee, Tommy Rogers, Joe Patterson, D. B. Poor.

Stuggart, Ark., is giving shows weekly under the direction of Geo. Boswell. Let's have your dope George.

Marrianna, Ark., is giving shows weekly with J. M. Hyde promoting. This is Billy and Jimmie Hyde's father. Both boys fight in Memphis.

Hot Springs has opened up again, and is drawing fair. Let's have the news Eddie.

Fighters and promoters can get in touch with the writer at 303 Lyceum Bldg.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

YOUR correspondent journeyed to Toronto on March 21 to watch his old friend, Jack Dempsey, in action against the budding Joe Doctor, best young heavyweight prospect Buffalo has uncovered in many moons.

A crowd of nine thousand fans yelled and cheered Dempsey for his thrilling fighting and at the same time gave much credit to young Doctor for his game battle.

"He is game and tough but needs experience," said Dempsey after the bout. "I hit him hard enough to make the average fighter find a soft spot but Joe came up fighting."

Manager Bert Finch wants to match Doctor with Paulino Uzcudun or Johnny Risko. Against either of these, the tall Buffalo lad will look mighty formidable.

While Doctor was making a name for himself in facing the great Dempsey, another Buffalo boy won recognition as world's champion of the National Boxing Association light-heavyweights by winning the final bout of the tournament staged at the Chicago Stadium by Promoter Nate Lewis. Nichols bested Dave Maier, Milwaukee southpaw, in a vicious bout which was so close that the officials disagreed. Nichols got the decision.

Promoter Charlie Murray, astute matchmaker of the Queensberry A. C. of this city, has Nichols signed to box Lou Scozza in a return go. Nichols beat Scozza in the Chicago tourney. Murray clinched the match before Nichols boxed the final bout at the Chicago Stadium and the articles for this encounter are on file with the New York State athletic commission.

Tony Sciolino, youthful Batavia, N. Y., scrapper, hopped into the limelight by defeating Tommy Paul in a sizzling ten-rounder which headlined the Queensberry Club's show on March 21. Picked as the underdog and with betting against him 2 to 1, Sciolino walked home with the decision, outpointing Paul handily.

Other matches on the Paul-Sciolino card resulted as follows: Frank Linhardt defeated Johnny Spagnola, six rounds (decision); Snowflake Wright won from Willard Weiss, one round (knockout); Joe Lyons won from Larry Dayton, five rounds (knockout); Joe Dempsey defeated Don Morse of Jamestown in four rounds (decision).

Wrestling Promoter Ed Delivuk has severed all connections with the Crescent Sporting Club and has organized his own club, the Buffalo Sporting Club, Inc. Affiliated with Delivuk is Jack Clifford, who has resigned as vice-president of the Crescent Club.

SOME SHORT GOSSIP—Ed Tranter and Sam Robertson deny they will start promoting again under the Velodrome A. C. colors . . . Jimmy Slattery is reported training again . . . Wrestling bouts are not drawing so well . . . Boxing seems to be coming back . . . Tiger Jack Payne, crack Negro boxer from Omaha, will make his headquarters in Buffalo and will be under the management of the writer . . . Jack may box Jimmy Slattery or Lou Scozza here . . . Red Carr has a likely looking young fighter in Johnny Holiday. . . .

Good boxers of all weights with records and who are not under managerial contract will do well to communicate with Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

INSPECTOR WESLEY pulled a boner when he went over the referee's head and stopped the bout between Tommy (Kid) Murphy and Eddie Shapiro in the eighth round of a scheduled ten. Murphy tried his best to make a fight, but Shapiro got in a shell and refused to fight. Up to the stopping of the bout Murphy was leading by a wide margin. Jackie Reilly, of Burlington, proved to the Trenton fans that he is ready for the best of them. Reilly stopped Eddie Tray of Allentown in four rounds. Reilly's manager, Kid Murphy, is working hard to land a match with either Young Terry or Johnny Oakey. Ray Maguire, hard-hitting Irishman, won over Bobby Rosen in an interesting six-round bout. Tommy Leland, of Fieldsboro, won over Joe Stanley, of Trenton, in a four-round bout. Leland scored two knockdowns. Johnny Hart, of Trenton, won by a technical knockout over Frank Pastore, of Hightstown, in the second round, when the referee stopped the bout because of a cut eye.

Ralph Fulton, of Trenton, who has done most of his fighting around New York under his right name of Manze, came back to Trenton to score the most sensational win seen in Trenton in a long time. His opponent was Charlie Miller, of New York, who has K. O.'d every opponent that he has met in Trenton. Before the bout was a minute old, Miller had Fulton on the floor for a nine count. Miller continued to plaster Fulton around until the bell ended the round. In the second, Fulton came out full of fight, and kept dropping right-handers off of Miller's chin. Miller was staggering all over the ring, and was in bad shape when referee Manley wisely decided to stop it.

Jimmy Flynn settled his feud with Mooch Murphy by gaining the referee's decision after six rounds. Frankie Cabana came back after a year's absence and earned a draw with Young Andy. Mickey Brown, a newcomer, gave Ray Maguire plenty of trouble for six rounds with his concrete chin and wild swinging, but Maguire won the bout. Ray Clark scored a knockout over Muddy Tell, of Princeton, in the second round. Harry (Kid) Specks and Frankie Warno put on a good fight for six rounds. Specks left jab and right to the body won for him the bout.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

PATSY PERRONI, Canton's sterling young light-heavy, who defeated Adolph Heuser and Joe Sekyra in his last few fights, has fully recovered from injuries suffered in an automobile accident.

In answer to several requests to furnish a list of the matchmakers in Eastern Ohio and the Pittsburgh district, here goes: Jules Beck, Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh; Bill Dummer, Complete Street, N. S., Pittsburgh; Apples Meyers, Meyers Bros. Bowl, North Braddock, Pa.; Jim McGirr, McKeesport, Pa.; Suey Welsh, Akron, Ohio; Ray Barnes, Alliance, Ohio; Ray Foutts, East Liverpool, Ohio; Al Zill, Youngstown, Ohio; Al Abrams, Salem, Ohio, and Paul McGuire, Abbott Place, Canton, Ohio.

The most likely looking youngsters in Eastern Ohio are Joey Forchoine, flyweight of Canton, Ohio; Sammy O'Dell, colored welter of Akron; Kenny Davis, East Liverpool 130-pounder, and Jimmie Gilligan, bantamweight of Toronto, Ohio.

DISTRICT GOSSIP—Phil Goldstein is having great success as boxing instructor at Pittsburgh's Y. M. H. A. and has had Jackie Fields, Teddy Yarosz, Al Brown, Jimmie Belmont and other stars as guests at his weekly amateur shows . . . It looks like the wrestlers have finally made the grade in Pittsburgh . . . Jackie Rogers, who was Pittsburgh's best card a year ago, will never box in Pennsylvania again, due to blindness in one eye . . . Jackie Wilson, colored bantam, is quite a sensation in Pittsburgh . . . Western Pennsylvania is flooded with good middleweights, among them being Joe West, Buck McTiernan, Jimmie Moore, Lee Sala, Jack Tracy, Guy Salerno, Micky Solomen, Jack Wilson, Billy Brent, Amos Jones, Carl Montebano, Harry Harris and Anson Green . . . Billy Passamento, a newcomer, looked good losing to Ross Fields at the Kapphan Arena. . . .

Guy Salerno, Jack Perry's coast middleweight, is a good club fighter . . . Eddie Kapphan cut prices to fifty cents and a buck at his arena and is drawing better. . . .

The writer was unable to send in notes to THE RING last month owing to sickness, but will try to have them in on time hereafter.

Address all communications to me at Foutts Bros. Gym, East Liverpool, Ohio.

WILL BUY

Have you any books on boxing that were published before 1910? THE RING is expanding its quarters and installing a library and will buy any old books on the sport. **ADDRESS NAT FLEISCHER**
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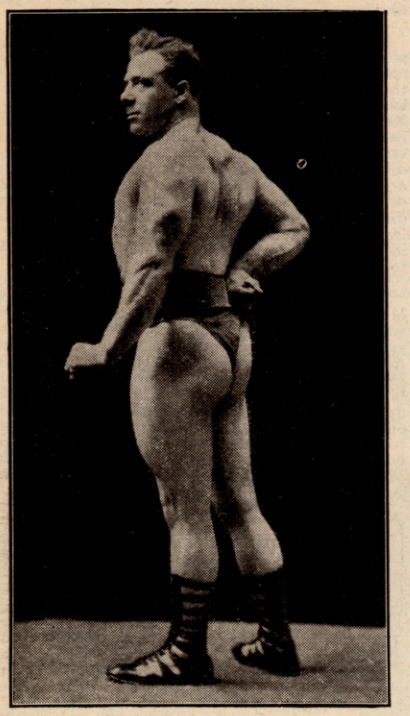
NOW READY
Books that were out of print
My Methods—By Georges Carpentier—Price, $1.00
Scientific Boxing—By Tommy Burns—Price, $1.00
The Ring Book Shop, 11 W. 42nd St., N. Y. City

The Secret of Courage



GEORGE F. JOWETT, *Champion of Champions*

Strong Men Have Courage

BECAUSE:--

1. They Have Nerves of Steel
2. Their Muscles Make Them Brave
3. Their Strength Gives Them Endurance

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You can have all of these things. Yes, you can be strong. You can have nerves of steel, you can have muscles like iron, you can have endurance—all of which will give you courage. You will be "there" and fearlessly and easily conquer feats that only strong men have the courage to attempt. Muscleless men, because they are weaklings must be cowards—strong men, because they are strong, must be brave.

Look at the picture of my body. Wouldn't you like a physique like that to be yours? Wouldn't you like to enjoy the thrills that have been mine, because of my strength? Let me tell you that in order to get strong all you need is the courage to join my army of muscle-getters —then I will give you strength. I will give you nerves. I will give you endurance so that you will have the courage to tackle any feat and easily conquer it. Don't take my word for it, put me to the test. I guarantee results so I must succeed and I must be good or I never could have earned my envious reputation of "Champion of Champions."

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SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING

By JAMES J. MANNION

AMBROSE PALMER added a very respectable-looking entry to his record when he won the heavyweight championship of Australia. The middleweight titleholder met Jack O'Malley for the heavyweight honors, in Brisbane, and won on points after fifteen rounds.

Hugh D. McIntosh caused quite a flutter when he announced his intention to bring Primo Carnera out here. He has offered Big Feet $70,000 for three fights, and, according to reports, the offer has been accepted. So now Hugh D. is angling for more big fights.

A visit by Carnera would be a wonderful tonic for Australian boxing. If both he and Dempsey come out, which is likely, with the intention of waging an Italo-American war, we will welcome them with open arms, plush carpets, and a blast of trumpets. The extent of the stimulus that would surely rise from the dust of a Dempsey-Carnera embroglio beggars speculation.

The Australian welterweight title is in dispute again. Rus Critcher was generally accredited with winning it when he stopped Wally Hancock last year, but a certain section of the press is now busy grabbing every opportunity to mention Jack Carroll as the titleholder. If it is merely a boost for Carroll, then it's superfluous. If it is a scheme for bringing Carroll and Critcher together in a title bout, it is not at all sporting, even if ingenius. I mean, it's the wrong way to go about it. If Jack Carroll is the champion, he left it pretty late in the piece before claiming the honor.

Bob Thornton was an easy winner in his mill with Pat Appleton. The Tasmanian didn't make much of an impression during the 12 rounds that were clocked off before an eye injury caused him to withdraw. Pat was willing, but the referee wasn't.

"Gene Tunney—the Enigma of the Ring" is a modern classic . . . if there is any such thing. Nat Fleischer has excelled himself in writing this book. As a biography, it is first class; as a narrative it is superb. And what's more, "Gene Tunney" is a book that is worth a position of prominence in any library. Read it!

Lightweight champion Bobby Delaney retained his title after a four-round picnic with Norman Roy. With Roy it was a case of being led to the slaughter.

Rus Critcher (10.7½) kept the Illawarra flag flying when he met Wally Maher at Newcastle. The champ completely outclassed the gritty Maher. Two knockdowns—both for nine—brought the towel from Wally's corner in the tenth.

Pablo Dano won his first two fights in his Australian programme. His first start was against Vic White, whom he outpointed in 12 rounds. The following week Dano met Wally Walker, and came out winner after an active 12 rounds. Both mil.s were staged at Leichhardt, before good houses, and with good "gates."

It seems that Pud Segar isn't destined to carry S. A. far into the fistic limelight. At Wollangong (N. S. W.), he met Jack Heeney (10.4), and took the count in round five.

Bullant Sims, (9.0) had a couple of wins. He outclassed Doug Brown, and won a hard fought 10-rounder from Jimmy Ryan.

In a scheduled 12-rounder Jack McLeod was ahead on points when a haymaker stopped him. His opponent was Young Halliday.

Ern Waddy, former heavyweight champion of Australia, had the misfortune to lose his youngest son in a street accident a little while back. The lad was run over by a motor truck in Adelaide's main street.

SMALL FRY . . . Johnny Burke won on a T. K. O. from Stan Wilson . . . Dick O'Connor beat Taffy Jones on points . . . a tiresome affair between Frank Van and Jimmy Pierce ended in James' favor, per T. K. O., in the 14th . . . Kid Rooney was easily outpointed in 12 by Billy Kelley . . . Rushcutters Bay was to be reopened with a Carroll-Henneberry war . . . but Henneberry injured his arm . . . fight postponed . . . Roy Stanley was K. O.'d by Jim Henderson at Fitzroy . . . but Henderson lost on foul to Kid Maitland . . . Billy Cooper outpointed Harry Tollis in 10 . . . after 10 rounds the third man declared the Fairhall-Fielding mill "no fight" . . . Sam Feldman reckons Jack Carroll is one of the world's best welters . . . Snowy Clarke beat Jimmy Dexter in Perth . . . American Eddie Daniels won (imagine it!) from Jim Meighan in six rounds . . . Don't forget to get a copy of "Gene Tunney."

Address me: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

NEW ZEALAND NEWS

By G. R. PHILLIPS

TED MORGAN, New Zealand welter champion and former Olympic champion, has packed his kit and departed for Australia.

News reaches us that Silvino Jamito, who made his pile and who also went twenty rounds with the Frenchman, Eugene Criqui, a few years back, is now working in a San Francisco hash house.

Billy Sullivan and "Yank" Hannaberry recently went through fifteen rounds of friendly hugging. Referee Donovan declared "no decision," and for once the crowd agreed.

Tommy Donovan went the full distance with Johnny Leckie in a tough go. A draw was the verdict.

Blackie Miller was knocked out by Billy Sullivan in the eighth round. They are heavies.

Pablo Dano, Filipino, is reported to be coming over. If he can produce the goods, he'll make money.

For news of this country write to me, care Box 1219 G. P. O., Wellington, New Zealand

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS

By SAM HART

AMBROSE PALMER, middleweight champion, outpointed Bob Thornton in 15 rounds. This is the second time these boys have fought, Palmer winning each time. Rus Critcher won a 12-round decision over Alby Roberts. These boys have met several times. Roy Tyson won on a foul from Leo Woods in six rounds. Young Gildo outpointed Harry Hyland in 10 rounds; Gildo is fighting well at present. Jack Heaney outpointed Rus Critcher, welter champ, in a 15-round non-title fight. Jimmy Pearce won on a foul in 11 rounds from the American colored welter, Eddie Daniels. Spider Roach got the nod over Teddy Lawler in 15 rounds. Jimmy Pearce outpointed Eddie Daniels in a 15-round fight.

Bobby Delaney, lightweight champion, had an easy one served up to him in the person of Norman Roy whom he knocked out in four rounds. This was Delaney's first fight since his return from New Zealand. All efforts to get him in the ring with Bobby Blay for a title fight have been to no avail.

Whacker O'Grady outpointed former lightweight champion Norm Gillespie, in 15 rounds. Wally Hancock won on a foul in 11 rounds from Alby Roberts. Pablo Dana, newly arrived Filipino flyweight, outpointed Vic White in 12 rounds.

Two veterans, Jimmy Hill and Billy Grimes, fought a 15-round bout, Hill getting the decision. Both boys have fought in America. Jimmy Pearse won on a technical knockout from Frank Van in 14 rounds. Jimmy Kelly outpointed Kid Rooney in 10 rounds. The fight between Ern Evans and Al Singleton was stopped in the second round and awarded to Evans on a T. K. O. Singleton had a bad cut over his eye.

Tom Parker outpointed Perc Hall in 10 rounds. Russ Critcher, welter champion, showed a bit of form when he knocked out Wally Maher in 10 rounds.

Pablo Dano won his second fight in Australia when he outpointed Wally Walker in 12 rounds. Young Gildo again outpointed George Hyland in 12 rounds. The decision met with a mixed reception as many thought that Hyland had won. Gildo has had several questionable decisions given to him lately.

Jack Haines has started training seriously for a comeback. He expects to fight in a couple of months if passed o.k. by the doctor. Personally would like to see him keep out of the game. His illness was too serious to permit him to come back as the brilliant Jack Haines of old.

Bobby Delaney is causing more trouble than any other fighter in Australia. Delaney is lightweight champion. First he agreed to fight Bobby Blay for the title at the Sydney Stadium. He pulled out of that fight and went to New Zealand. After his return from New Zealand he signed up for three fights at Mawson's Stadium. His first fight was against Norman Roy billed as for the Lightweight Championship of Australia. It was a farce. He played with Roy, knocking him in the fourth. Delaney then signed up to fight Tommy Fielding of Canada, at Leichardt's Stadium. A few days later, he pulled out of the bout, saying he will only fight Fielding at Mawson's, and Leitchhardt Stadium took out an injunction restraining Delaney from fighting until he honors the Fielding agreement.

Bob Thornton, former middleweight champion, won on a technical knockout from Pat Appleton in the 11th round. Thornton has everything to make him a champion but he lacks that killer instinct.